NOV. 25,
1939

# Liberty

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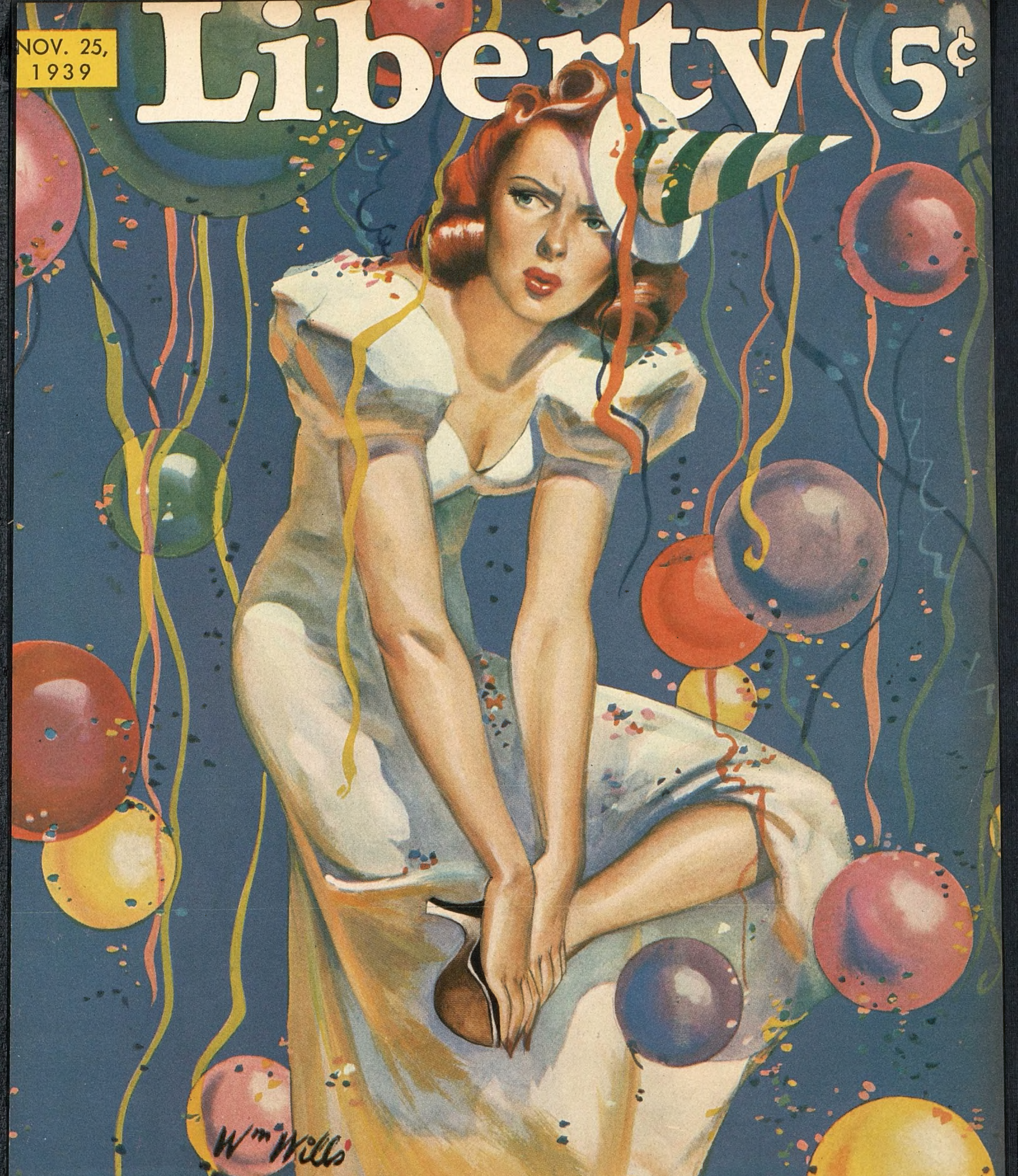
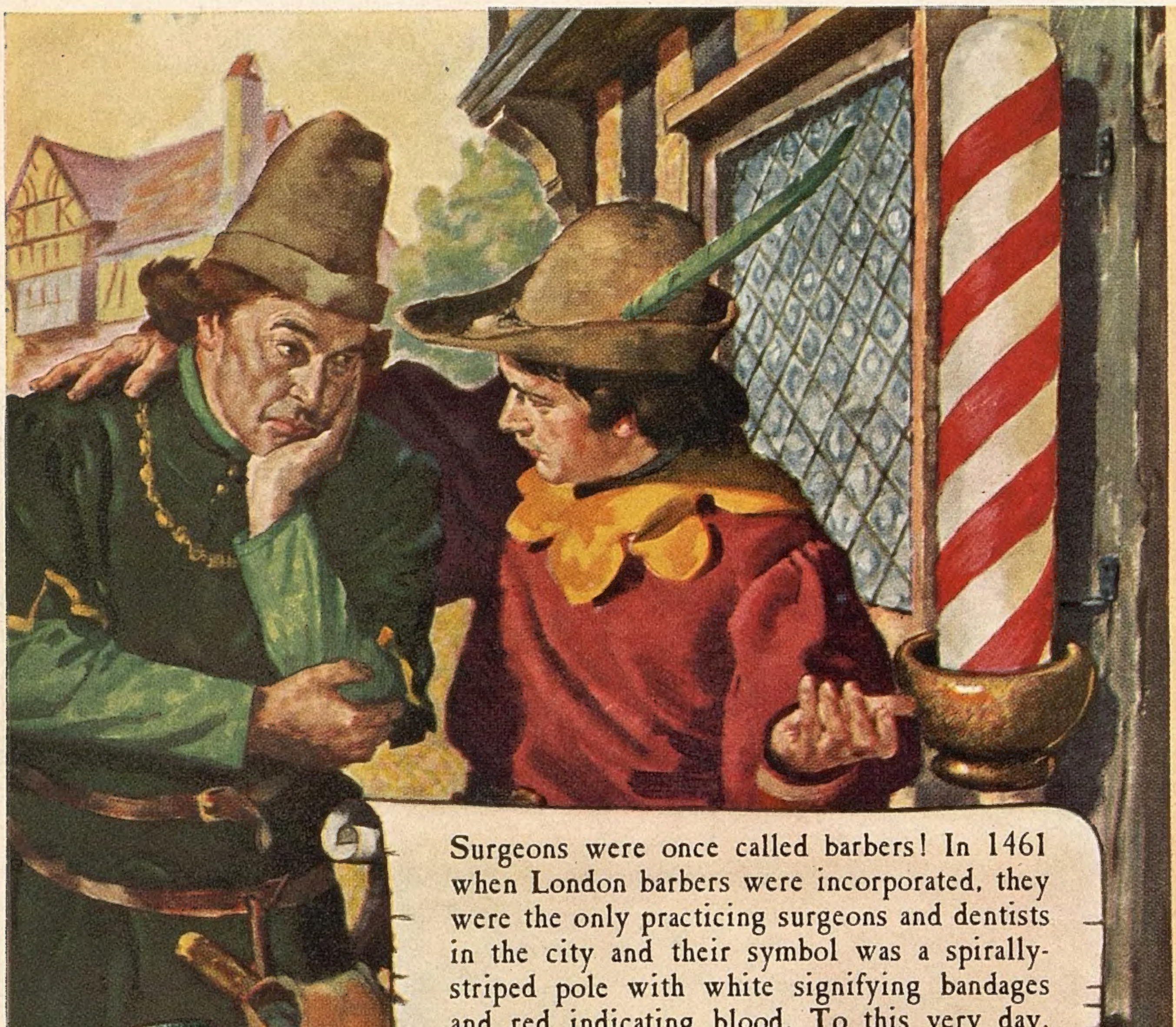


**A 5-POINT PROGRAM TO KEEP US OUT OF WAR**

**Another TRUE DETECTIVE TALE from the G-MEN'S Files**

**CAMERAMEN'S SECRETS—The Real Czars of Hollywood**

# *Do you know* WHY THERE ARE BARBER POLES?



Surgeons were once called barbers! In 1461 when London barbers were incorporated, they were the only practicing surgeons and dentists in the city and their symbol was a spirally-striped pole with white signifying bandages and red indicating blood. To this very day, a red and white pole indicates a barber shop!

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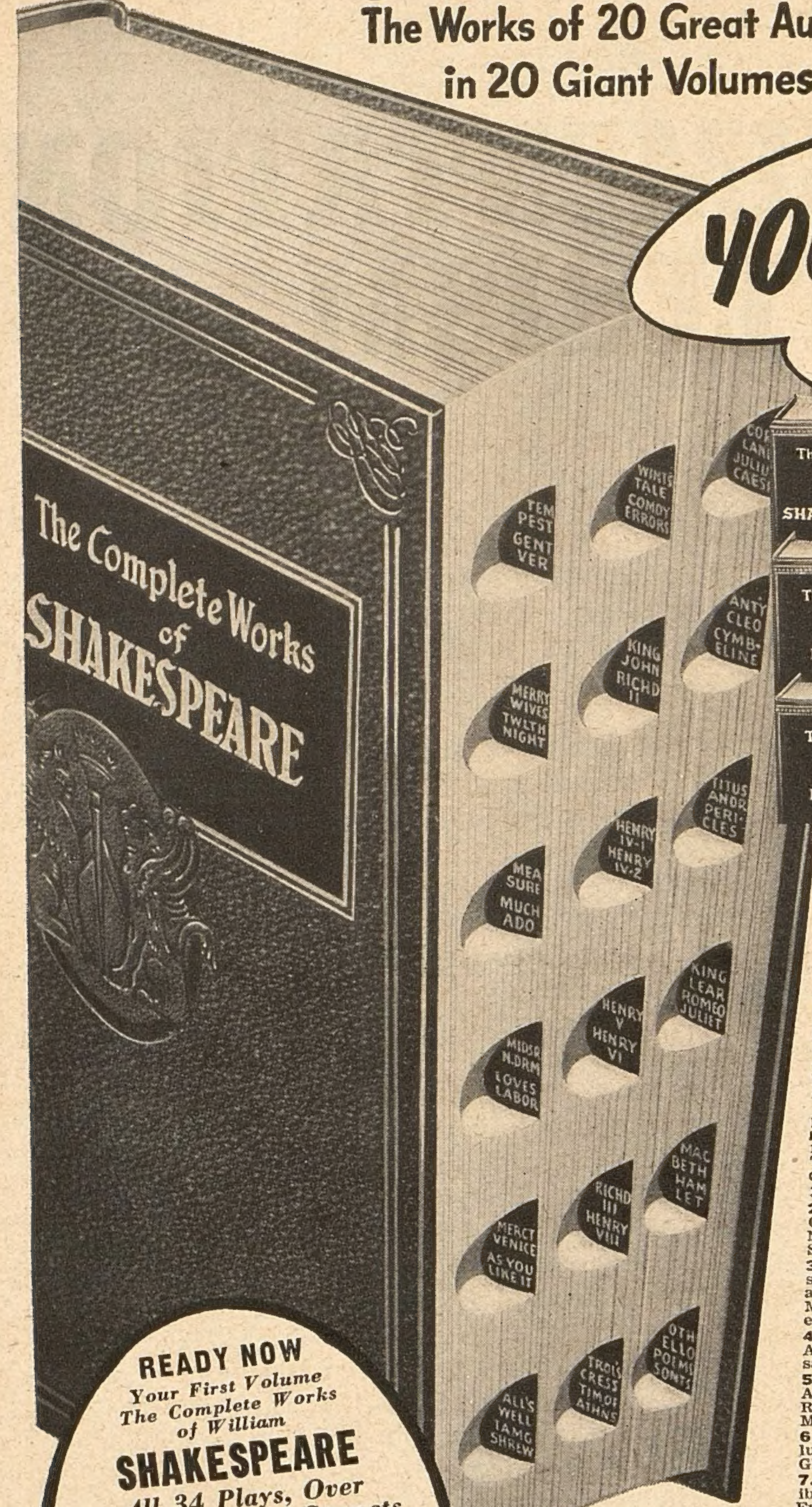
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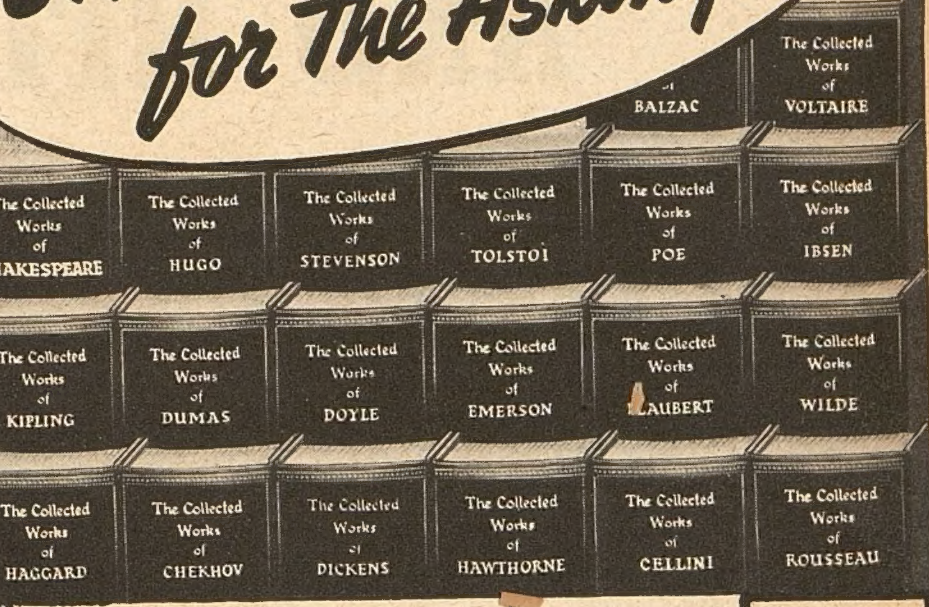
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NOVEMBER 25, 1939 Liberty VOL. 16, NO. 47

BERNARR MACFADDEN
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ART EDITOR

# WAGNER REGIMENTATION AND HITLERISM

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Labor leaders have been warned on this page on various occasions that the time would come when they would heap curses on the Wagner Act.

President Green has criticized this act a number of times, and now President Lewis, former enthusiastic supporter of this legislation, is caustic in his comments.

Labor wanted certain privileges, and if they were not secured, legal compulsion was demanded. The workers wanted laws to force the employers to carry out their desires, but you cannot keep your cake and eat it too. You cannot compel employers to respect principles of control that cannot be applied to employees. If laws can be made to control one group of people, identically the same laws can be applied to control other groups.

Now the Wagner Act is Fascism pure and simple. It represents a control of business and labor closely allied to that which is now in vogue in Italy and Germany. It is just another name for Hitlerism. Under the restrictions of the present law the employers' rights are ignored, and the employees are given many privileges that are surely unconstitutional.

Favoritism is a dangerous two-edged weapon. It is all right as long as your group is receiving the favors, but when the situation changes, it is irritating beyond description.

And laws should be made not for the use of one particular group of officials representing one party, but they should demand justice for the citizens regardless of which party is in power.

The present administration has favored labor beyond the wildest dreams of the most fanatical labor leader. But how about the officials of the next administration? Are they likely to be just as liberal toward the workers? Every intelligent worker knows the situation may be reversed. The favoritism pendulum of the political clock may swing one way, allowing unusual privileges, and then it is likely to swing in the opposite direction.

If we give capital too much power, it takes selfish advantage of labor. When we give labor too much power, similar mistakes are made.

The commission which has been enforcing the restrictions of the Wagner Act has in some cases been prosecutor, judge, and jury, and many of their decisions have been biased to a scandalous degree.

It is the desire of some of our government officials to place all workers in one union. They want to control business and industrial activities of all kinds, and naturally they want the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. to join forces. With one big union, the government's problem would be easy when the time came for them to control labor. All that would be required when ready for such a change would be to depose the leaders and place others of their own choice in their jobs.

As we have stated previously on this page, the workers who are advocating the Wagner Act are walking into a trap. They are playing with a political buzz saw. They are being led into certain regimentation. They are making it especially easy for this administration, when the time comes, to place a yoke around the neck of American workmen.

Through the American system, our workers have earned wages and maintained a standard of living unequaled in any other country in the world, and the Wagner Act is entirely foreign to our system, and it will closely ally us, both employer and employee, to the "goose step" of Europe. There is nothing American about the Wagner plan.

The workers who are being fooled into supporting this legislation will some day lose the liberties which they have valued so highly, if the principles which it represents are permanently maintained in this country.

Bernarr Macfadden

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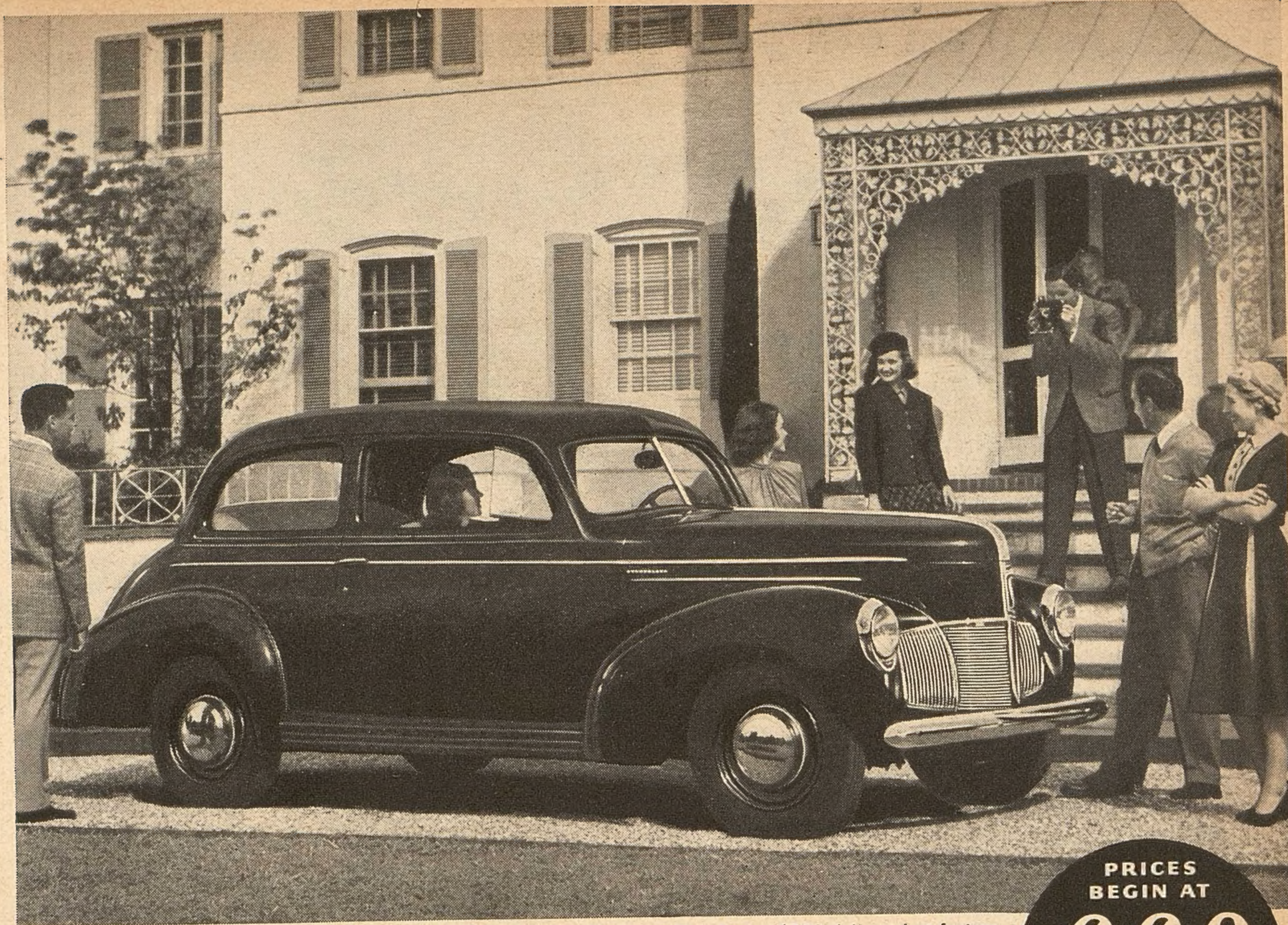

Illustrated: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan $700 delivered at factory

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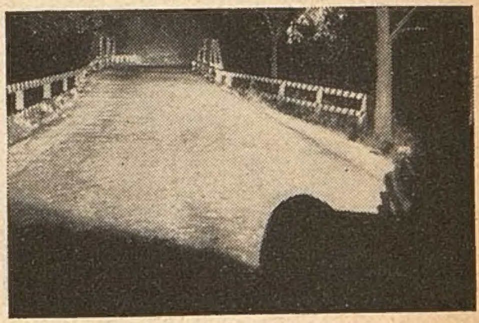
And when you own this roomy, handsome, 6-cylinder Studebaker, you proudly drive a true-blood team mate of Studebaker's distinctive Commander and President.

Thousands of thrilled owners are proving daily that this Champion saves 10% to 25% more gas than other cars of its low price. And America's ablest car craftsmen build expense-defying long life into every sound, solid inch of it.

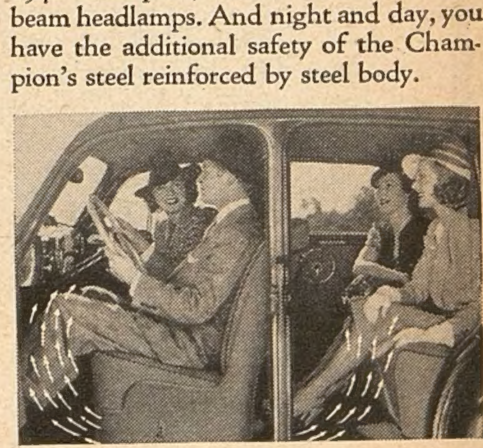
Go for a restful, revealing 10-mile trial drive and discover how safe, surefooted and easy to handle this Champion is.

You pay nothing extra for such advancements as sealed-beam headlamps, steering wheel gear shift, planar independent suspension, non-slam rotary door latches, front-compartment hood lock, foot-regulated hydraulic brakes.

See your local Studebaker dealer and learn how easy it is to buy this good-looking, money-saving 1940 Studebaker Champion on C.I.T. terms.

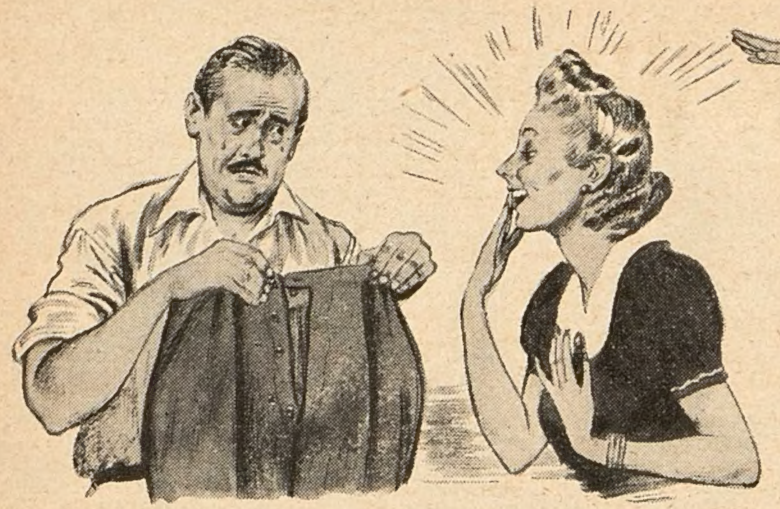


**You see 50% better at night** in your 1940 Champion, thanks to its new sealed-beam headlamps. And night and day, you have the additional safety of the Champion's steel reinforced by steel body.

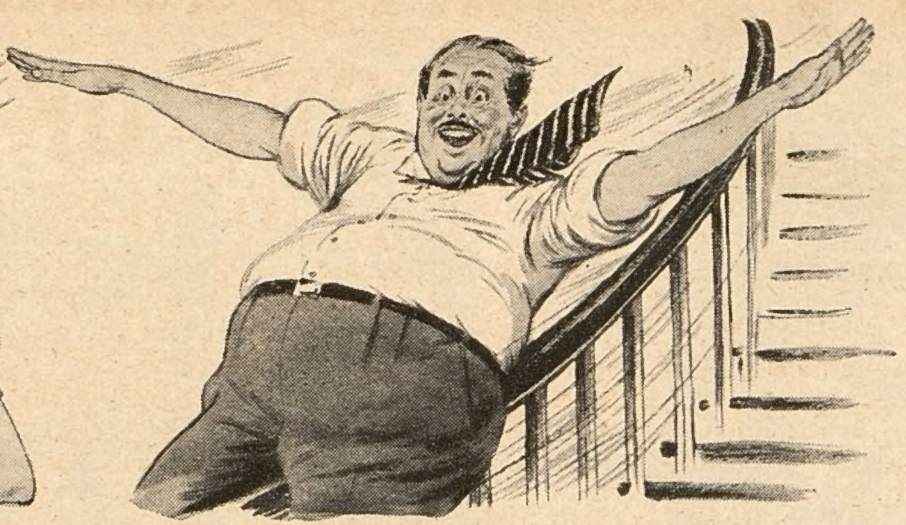


**You enjoy clear windows and warm floors** in the coldest weather in your Champion, if it's equipped with Studebaker's unique, fresh-air Climatizer, available at added cost. The warm, filtered air is constantly changing without drafts.

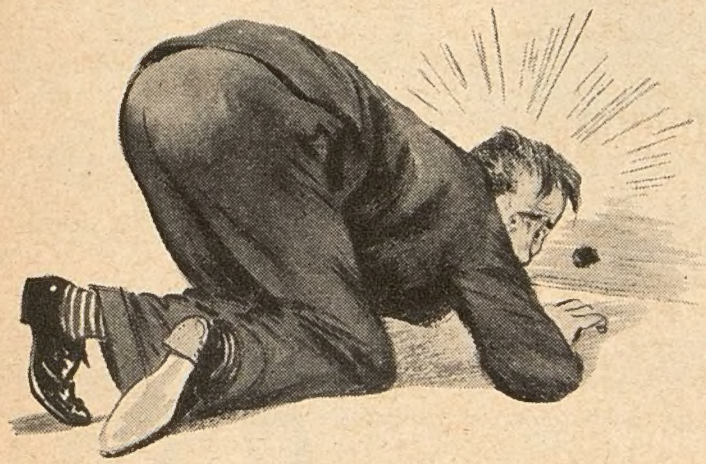
# Keep an old pair for sentiment's sake!



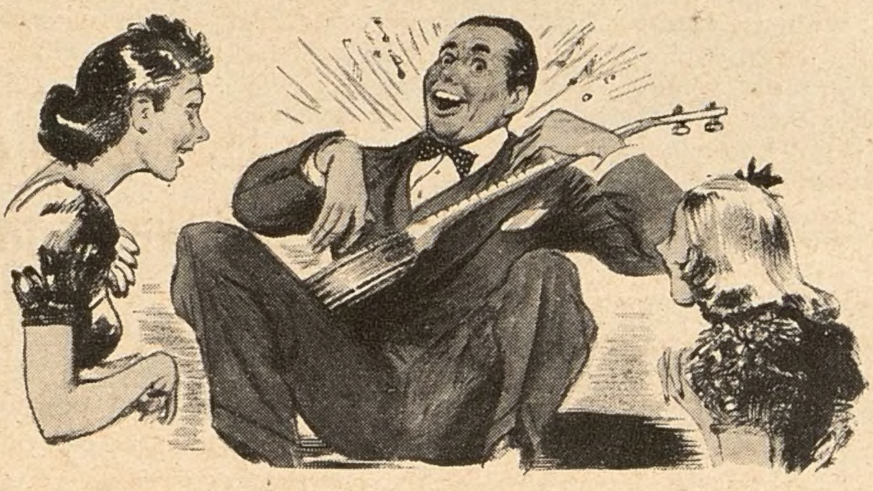
**1.** Just for fond memories' sake, tuck a pair of old trousers among your souvenirs. Your grandchildren will laugh to see how men once fumbled with *five* fastenings.



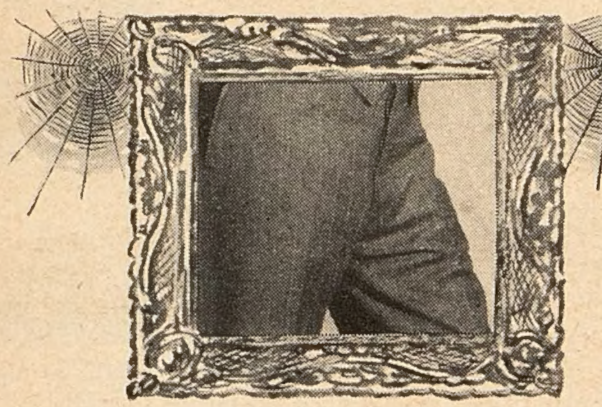
**2.** From now on, you'll open or close your trousers with one easy slide of the Talon fastener. For today most of the better clothes have this modern improvement.



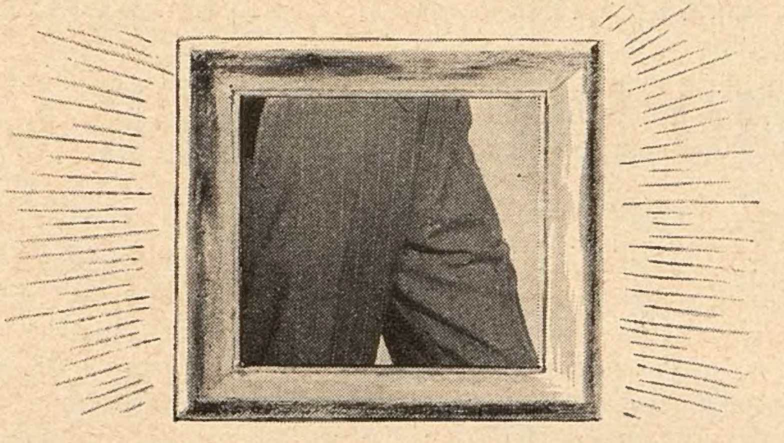
**1.** Years from now, you'll chuckle at the "good old days" when trousers used to come open by accident—make you feel like crawling into a hole.



**2.** Now, thanks to the Talon slide fastener, you can always be *sure* your trousers are properly closed. The Talon fastener *locks* at the top—can't open unless you open it.



**1.** Yes, save a pair of your old "gap and bulge" pants. Some day, like periwigs and knee-breeches, they'll be worth money to antique dealers!

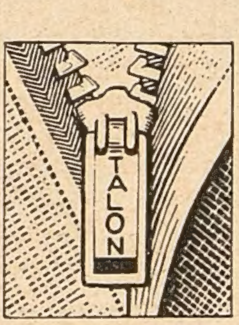


**2.** When you buy your next new suit, make sure it's *really new.* See that the trousers are closed with the up-to-date, seam-smooth Talon slide fastener.

IMPORTANT: Recently a number of slide fasteners—some of which *look like* the Talon slide fastener—have appeared on the market.

*We mention this fact because we cannot be responsible for the service these fasteners give.*

When you look at a suit, always "take a second look" for the word "Talon" on the trouser fastener. This is the slide fastener you can rely on for dependable service.



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**FASTENER**

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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

# A 5-POINT PROGRAM TO KEEP US OUT OF WAR

## For liberals: a challenge! Would we of the U. S. A. pay this price for peace?

## BY
## FREDERICK L. COLLINS

CARTOONS BY LOMBARD JONES

**READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 30 SECONDS**

BETWEEN the two huge Burmese elephants which guard the main entrance to San Francisco's Treasure Island—the unawed call the pachyderms "Maine" and "Vermont"—strolled unnoticed an oldish, fattish forgotten man who was not so many years ago proclaimed American Public Hero No. 1.

Recognized at last by a passing reporter who was himself steeped in maturity, the hulking visitor was asked what he thought of the war in Europe. Sergeant York shrugged his no longer glory-laden shoulders and replied:

"I don't know yet what the last one was about."

In one sentence Alvin Cullom York spoke for a world, and more particularly for a nation, which, through twenty troubled years, has remained in the same state of complete bafflement. For today, as we Americans watch with apprehension another bloody conflict three thousand miles from Montauk Point, we still don't know the reasons why we staggered into the last one.

But although we agree with Sergeant York that we didn't know what caused the last war, and more particularly what specifically caused us to get into it, we do know certain factors which indubitably contributed greatly to our sudden resolve to participate in that inconclusive brawl.

So, if we don't wish to get into this war, if we believe, as millions of Americans unquestionably do believe, that the only hope of preserving the American way of life lies in refusing resolutely to do so, it would seem to be common sense to find out what were those contributing factors last time, and either to eliminate or block them this time.

That, in brief, is the plan I have to suggest.

And what were those factors?

Well, I have never been one of those who believed that a ring of international bankers deliberately pushed us into war. However, it is not only naïve but criminally dangerous to shut our eyes to the fact that the huge profits of American munitions manufacturers at home and the huge investments of American bankers abroad inclined us perilously toward the brink.

"The only way," wrote Ambassador Page to President Wilson in the spring of 1917, "of maintaining our pre-eminent trade position and averting a panic is by declaring war on Germany."

Which brings us to the second factor, which is frequently mentioned as the prime cause of our entering the World War: that we were the victims of deluded and overambitious politicians. And again, without imputing evil, we must admit that we were led in 1917 by an administration drunk with idealism and hell-bent to regulate the rest of mankind. Wars, like neighborhood quarrels, are caused chiefly by a failure to mind one's own business. And in 1917 we certainly did not mind our own business.

Then, there was the admitted influence of Allied propaganda. In 1917, as now, both sides tried to buy and sell us with words. But in 1917 the German side hadn't learned the tricks of the trade as well as the British side had. Perhaps it hasn't yet!

Less clearly defined, but potent in any crisis involving war and the prospect of war, and demonstrably potent in the crisis of 1917, were certain human traits found in all peoples.

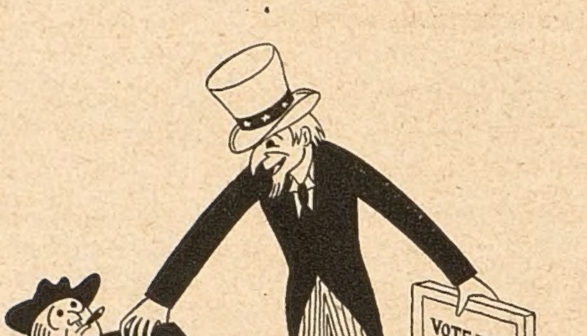
One was the conscious jingoism of men who see in such a crisis a chance to gain personal reputation, prominence, glory. Another was the ready, almost eager acceptance by unthinking men, especially by unthinking young men, of war's age-old challenge to the love of adventure which is in all of us.

Money, politics, propaganda, glory seeking, adventure seeking — those were undoubtedly the five principal known factors which drove us into war in 1917. I firmly believe that their effectiveness in the present situation can be so far reduced as to make them incapable of forcing us into war today, and that this objective can be achieved by a series of simple moves wholly within the power of the present administration.

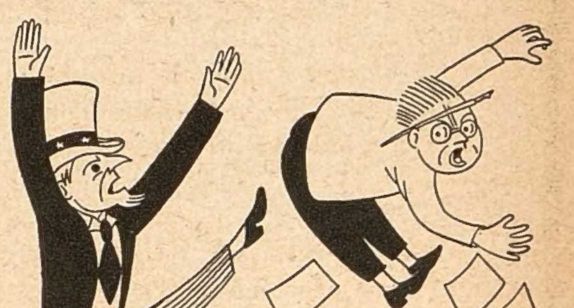
Since we cannot go to war, whatever the financiers say or do about it, unless the President and the Congress lead us into it, we may as well begin at the top—with the politicians.

The one ray of hope that has come out of all the talk about the inhumanity of "war in the air" is that the accepted theory that wars are made by politicians and fought by people may not be so true in the future as in the past. Madmen will make war, even at the risk of personal destruction. There are evidences that Hitler expects death, perhaps courts it as the proper climax of a fanatic's career. But other Hitlers, less mad, more cautious, may think twice before entering a struggle in which they in their castles are no safer than the private in the ranks.

Even in this present war, it is possible that its outbreak on a Europe-wide scale was delayed by the fact that His Majesty's Ministers in the



Force members of Congress who vote for war to join the army at once.



Deport foreign propagandists, or intern them if they are citizens.

Cabinet room at No. 10 Downing Street were as vulnerable to attack from the air as the humblest French poilu in the trenches of the Maginot Line. I do not question the sincerity of Mr. Chamberlain and his associates, or their courage. But it is a slowing process: listening for the buzz of a bomber overhead.

Our own geographical position makes these considerations less weighty. Air attacks on Washington there might be, but the danger is sufficiently remote to necessitate more immediately effective methods of restraining our comfortably ensconced solons from sending the rest of us out to be shot.

Again I impute no evil. Especially do I reject the suggestion that the President of the United States would sacrifice one American life to advance his own political interests. If some of those who surround him are of coarser mold, they are at least good enough politicians to agree with Marcus Aurelius that " what is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee." But it is not always easy either for the most idealistic or the most astute politician to see what *is* best for the swarm.

THE President's idealism may be the very thing to lead him astray on this point. That is a possibility which no program for peace can possibly eliminate. But the first point in this 5-point plan is intended so to surround that possibility with safeguards that there will be no chance of our being forced into war either by a mistaken idealism on his part or carelessness of other people's lives on the part of those surrounding him.

The President should wish this protection against error to be extended to him. Members of Congress should wish to give assurance of their own sincerity in any steps which they may feel called upon to take in the present emergency.

The members will as individuals sign a document agreeing that, on the day any of them feels it his duty to vote for a joint resolution declaring war, he will resign his office and report for duty to serve as a private in the expeditionary forces of the United States for the duration of the war. Mayor LaGuardia of New York, who spent fourteen years in Congress beginning in 1917, followed this course. He pledged his constituents that he would not vote for this country to enter the World War until he himself was ready to enlist, and when war finally came, he did enlist and served with courage and distinction.

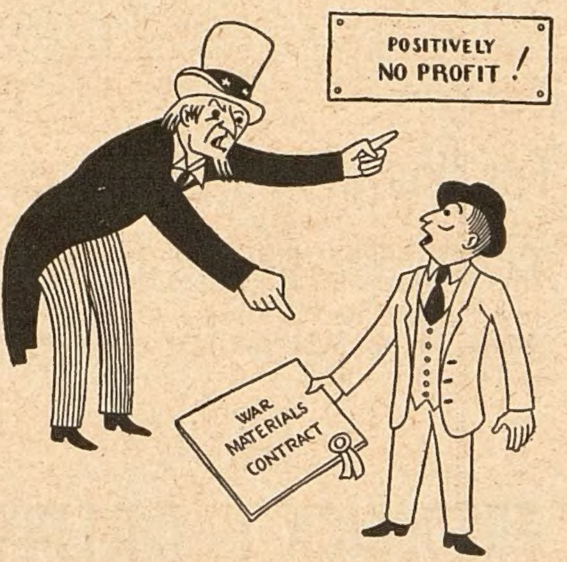
It shall be understood that those physically unfit for actual combat service will be assigned to fatigue duty in the front-line trenches.

In the old days, the king and all his court went to war and were in the thick of the fighting. I guarantee that a reversion to the ancient custom in this modern war—with the modern improvements outlined above—will make our American kings think twice before sending their subjects into the life beyond.

Propagandists will be more difficult to handle, because it is not so easy to put the finger on them.

The ancients had a saying, " Do not stir the fire with a sword." Moderns have acted on that advice: they stir it with a microphone. There seems to be a belief, as one correspondent put it, that God is on the side of the biggest stations.

Radio has contributed more than any other one factor to world chaos. Nations have deliberately incited other nations to war, encouraged in their own nationals the hatred that leads to war. During the Munich crisis, while misguided but decent men were striving for peace, the German public was being deluged with stories of " Czech mass murders," inflammatory descriptions of the poor little Czech army as a " Hussite mob " and a " Red horde," and accusations that the Czech republic was really a soviet—at that time the lowest epithet known to Nazi warmongers.



If we go to war, make war materials manufacturers work without profit.

We have had our share of this sort of thing since the present war began. Somehow, though, I do not fear the effect of this radio propaganda from foreign countries as much as I do that which may be generated in this country. The big radio systems are doing a fairly good job in identifying for listeners what is reliable and what is not. But if our own government should take to the air to urge another " holy war," the radio people, cringing as they do before the threat of having their licenses taken away from them, would be of little or no protection to us.

And this may well happen unless something is done to prevent it. Wilson established a propaganda bureau with the frankly stated purpose of keeping us in a warlike mood. Roosevelt already has one, and a much more extensive one, capable of getting us into that mood.

There is a law which forbids any federal agency to hire a " publicity expert " without specific appropriation; but no specific appropriation is required for an " information chief." We have some three hundred of them now in Washington alone, eating at the public trough via salaries which total a million dollars a year. So far they have been used chiefly to inform the press—photographs enclosed—of the beneficent activities of the gentlemen whom soft-spoken Hugh Johnson refers to as " Harold the Ick," " Harry the Hop," " Henry the Morgue," etc., and the lady the General calls " Fanny the Perk." But if, some fine morning, " Tommy the Cork," or some other member of the super-Cabinet should pass out the word that the " Skipper " would be pleased if this vast tax-paid opinion-manufacturing organization would start propagandizing a " war to save democracy "—well, we would have war.

The President will, therefore, take the following steps to protect the people so far as possible from the menace of both foreign- and home-brewed propaganda, to the end that the American people may at all times see what they are doing and decide what is best to do next:

Abolish all United States government information and publicity bureaus.

Persuade the members of his own official and unofficial family, including himself, to refrain from radio, press, or lecture-platform discussion of the war or the possibility of our entering it.

Appeal to members of the Senate and House also to abstain from these forms of publicity for the duration of the war in Europe.

Secure whatever legislation may be necessary to make foreign propaganda rank with foreign espionage on the statute books.

Instruct J. Edgar Hoover to apprehend all professional propagandists directly or indirectly in the employ of foreign governments.

Include under the word " indirectly," as used above, all members or representatives of so-called American societies, cults, bunds, cells, etc., engaged in inciting the nation to war.

Deport all such propagandists who are not citizens of the United States.

Intern all United States citizens so engaged.

Court-martial and sentence to death as traitors or spies all who resist or attempt to circumvent these regulations.

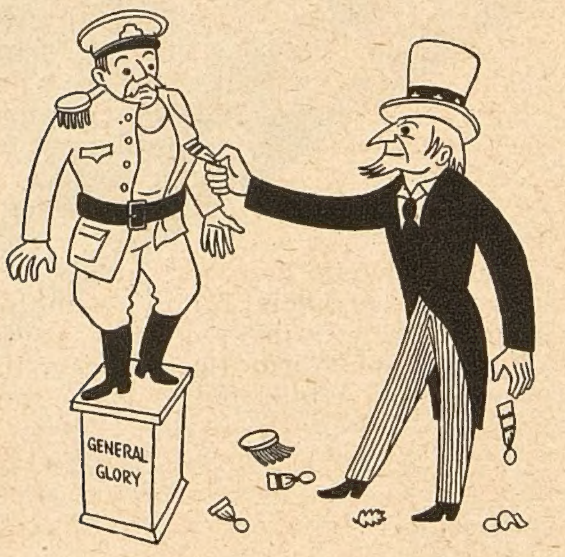
UNDER conditions such as these, propaganda might not disappear entirely from the American scene, but the occupation of the propagandist would certainly become an unhealthful one. Speaking as a newsman who has been studying the phenomena of public opinion for a considerable time, I believe it would become an ineffective one.

We now turn from the official and professional warmonger to the private individual who, sometimes without thinking and sometimes without caring, helps to send his fellow man to die in foreign mud.

It would be folly to say that Mr. Average American is the belligerent type of person who, if left to himself, would rush us into war. But *some* Americans are that type, and when the brass bands begin to play—even by short-wave radio transmission—these war-hungry citizens become a noisy and disturbing minority. They divide roughly into three groups, and, so far as I have been able to observe, three approximately equal groups: the natural-born militarist; the escapist; and the exhibitionist.

The first is the small boy who said, "Look at the fun dad had at San Juan Hill." He is the grown man, yet not so grown, who has taught his son to say, "Look at the fun dad had at St. Mihiel." He is for war at any price.

The second is the man who, taught to believe that he is as good as any man alive, finds, after entering the fierce competition of American life, that he is not as good as he thought he was. He is reduced to the status of a little man in his home, in his business. He grasps at war as a chance to be a big man.



**Rob war of glory by abolishing all decorations and other insignia.**

The third is the type who craves a uniform and medals. Not all second lieutenants are exhibitionists, but all exhibitionists long to be second lieutenants, then generals. Of the few hundred thousand Americans who cared enough about saving the world for democracy to volunteer to fight for it, forty thousand thought they were qualified to be officers and modestly offered themselves as such. These Sam Browne boys who dream of girls who would not look at them in their store clothes are a continuing menace to world peace.

Well, we can stop these amateur warmongers just as effectively as the professional ones, if we will take the glory out of war. The President will announce that, in the event of war, he will commission as officers only deserving privates in the regular army; that all other citizens, regardless of position, will serve under these enlisted men throughout the war as privates in the ranks.

He will abolish or secure appropriate legislation abolishing all military decorations, orders, medals, crosses, and other insignia.

He will forbid the wearing of uniforms except on active duty.

Don't worry about the militarists, the escapists, and the exhibitionists when these regulations are announced. A war without uniforms in dance halls and bistros is no war for the glory seeker.

The solution of the adventurous-youth problem is automatic. Revise the Selective Service Act so as to keep the young men at home. There is plenty of work at the front for old men to do, dirty work, humble work, but necessary work. It's Europe's war. Let Europe send the kids. We'll keep them at home to help build the nation up again when the war is over. We'll need them, every one.

The President and his advisers can handle this very easily.

The present act, or rather the one that has been readied to put American youth immediately under marching orders, is reported to divide the war eligibles into three classes, in this order: 21-31, 18-20, 32-45. As revised under the 5-point plan, the classes will begin at 45 up, and go down as slowly as possible, reaching under only the most extreme necessity the eighteen- and twenty-year-olds on whom the future of the nation depends.

AND finally we come to the root of all war evils—money. If there is no neutrality legislation in the statute books when the 5-point plan goes into effect, well and good. If there is, in order to carry the plan into effect it must be immediately repealed. This is not because the aims of the exponents of neutrality conflict with the aims of the 5-point plan, but because the methods by which they hope to achieve those aims make the achievement impossible.

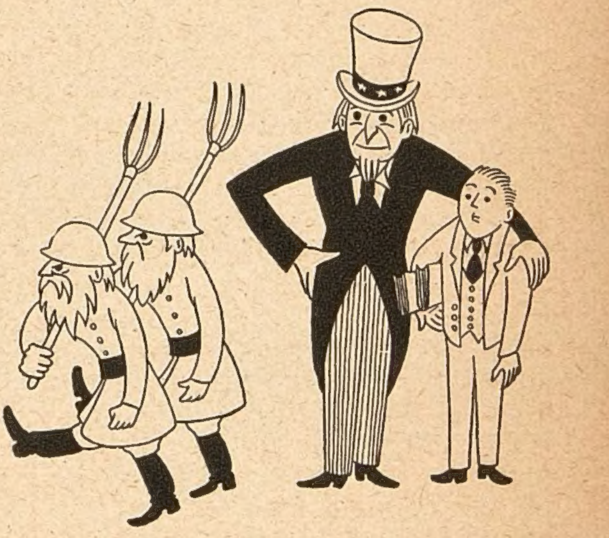
Any legislation seeking to limit foreign trade while other nations are at war and we are not hastens the inevitable time when we must enter that war, for the simple reason that manufacturers of war materials, owners and operators of transoceanic shipping, and bankers interested in both these branches of trade cannot make a living unless they move heaven and earth to remove the restrictions by thrusting us into the fracas.

What we should do, therefore, if we wish to balk the schemes of munitions makers and other war-material manufacturers, and their shipping and banking allies, to get us into war, if indeed we wish to line them up on the side of our not getting us in, is to say to these gentlemen:

"Go ahead. Sell your materials to Britain or France or any other nation that your conscience and the British blockade will permit. Make your profits. Do as much business as you can, so long as you do it in a manner that will not involve us as a nation—that is, on a cash basis and at your own risk. Do this as long as we are not involved in the war. But if we do enter the war, you must be prepared to do business on the basis of no profits at all."

Literally — no profits. Making money out of other countries at war is a matter for the individual conscience. But making money out of your own country while it is at war, or out of countries with which it is allied, is not a matter for the individual conscience but for the strictest kind of government regulation.

As to whether the goods are transported in American bottoms or foreign bottoms is of no consequence to the 5-point plan. It can and will be made clear that no citizen enters this type of trade unless he wishes to do so. If, as owner or operator, he loses money through boats being sunk, he will take his losses as owners and operators do in all other businesses involving property risk. If, as a member of the crew of a sunken ship, he loses his life, his family will have no more claim for government protest or reprisals than it would if he were working in a factory in Detroit and fell down an elevator well.



**Send the old men to do the dirty work, and conserve American youth.**

The main point is to serve notice in advance on those branches of big business which are largely credited with forcing us into the last war, that this time their bread is buttered on the side of peace.

Crazy idea, isn't it, talking to business men in a language they can understand?

Crazy idea, making warmakers show their sincerity by becoming war fighters in the front-line trenches?

Crazy idea, treating foreign propagandists as we do foreign spies?

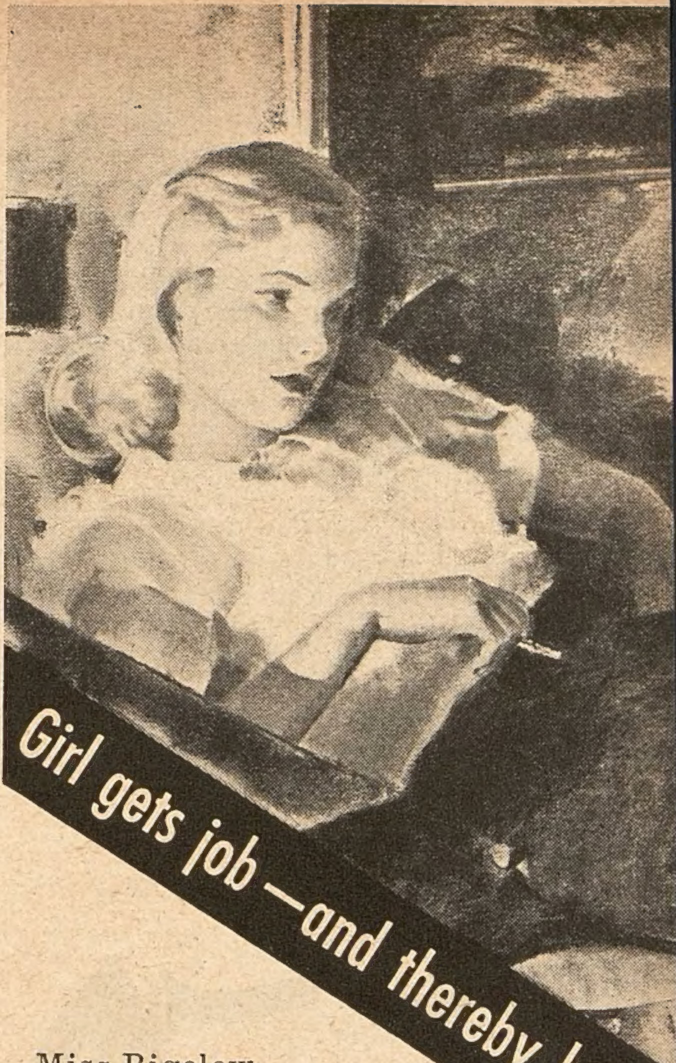
Crazy idea, taking glory out of war?

Crazy idea, saving our young men for the future?

Crazy idea, this 5-point plan for peace? Or is it? If we don't adopt something very like it very soon, we might as well prepare to follow the example of Diogenes, who said, "Bury me on my face, because in a little while everything will be turned upside down!"

THE END

# YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT A BLONDE



Girl gets job—and thereby hangs

## BY HILDEGARDE DOLSON

**READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 15 SECONDS**

PETER let out a yelp and read it again. One neatly blocked off paragraph opposite the financial section of that morning's Star-Herald:

WANTED: INTELLIGENT EMPLOYER by intelligent secretary. Must be college graduate, attractive, brains, ability, under 40. References required. Apply by letter only. Box 308, N. Y. Star-Herald.

He hunched his well tailored shoulders and sat there staring at the Want ad. Some poor kid that still thought originality paid. And all she'd get would be letters from crackpots, or no letters at all. Nothing for Box 308. He smiled ruefully, thinking it was the sort of stunt he might have pulled himself, before he'd learned better. Back in the days when he'd stood on his head to build up the agency. Back in the days before he'd ever owned a pair of silk pajamas, or a membership in the Racquet Club. Long before he'd met up with success and Adele. It startled him to realize that if he hadn't been successful he wouldn't be marrying Adele Van Cleve.

Sun poured in through the big plate-glass window, blazed against the chromium and cobalt blue of modern chairs, and on Peter Cameron's irritably tousled brown hair. When he turned, the hot brightness dug into his eyeballs and stabbed the hangover left from Adele's party.

Sometimes she made him feel like a fool in front of those stuffed-face Park Avenue friends of hers. He wondered why it was that he despised their sleek, well massaged complacency, and wanted their approval. "Smart chap, that Cameron. Made a good thing of that agency. He's landed some pretty big accounts." So that made it all right to invite him on parties and out to Long Island for the week-end. He'd met Adele on one of those week-ends, and her brittle insolence had got him from the start. That and her beauty.

But on top of three hours' sleep even the thought of Adele's beauty didn't help much. He pressed a buzzer violently, and a woman built like an ironing board appeared before his desk.

Peter Cameron eyed her with polite distaste. "Miss Bigelow, will you have somebody get me a headache powder? And with ten thousand secretaries in Greater New York, I think we might find one today with an I. Q. above zero."

Miss Bigelow's jaws snapped together. "The employment agency is sending over several more high-grade applicants today," she said coldly.

Mr. Cameron said "Thanks" as though he didn't mean it. Then he glanced at the paper on his desk: Wanted: Intelligent Employer.

"Wait a minute." Egged on by a longing to annoy her, he pointed to the bold black paragraph. Miss Bigelow read it, and her teeth clicked unpleasantly on "Impertinent nonsense."

"I don't know," Peter Cameron said suddenly. "I find the whole idea very refreshing. If more secretaries looked for intelligent employers," Peter went on, "there'd be fewer revolutions."

Miss Bigelow tightened her lips.

"It's a spirit we ought to encourage," he told her. "Supposing you phone the employment agency and tell them to hold off." He raised his voice to drown out her rising objections. "Then send a telegram to Box 308, Star-Herald, asking her to come see me immediately."

Miss Bigelow flounced out as though she were wearing a bustle. Peter Cameron laughed. For a minute he stopped looking like a harassed executive with a hangover, and became an attractive young man with long legs, high cheekbones, and a broad grin.

It pleased him to think of that kid's face when she got the telegram. He pictured her as gawky and pathetically grateful for the interview. If she had possibilities, he'd give her the job.

ABOUT the time of day that babies are taking a nap, Peter Cameron sat alone at his desk brooding over slogans for a new watch campaign.

A cool voice cut the silence wide open: "I can give you exactly five minutes."

Peter Cameron jerked his head up so fast his neck cracked. A girl was sitting in the deep leather chair before his desk. She wore a plain little navy suit and no silver foxes. Her hair was the pale spring yellow of jonquils, and her legs were worth insuring.

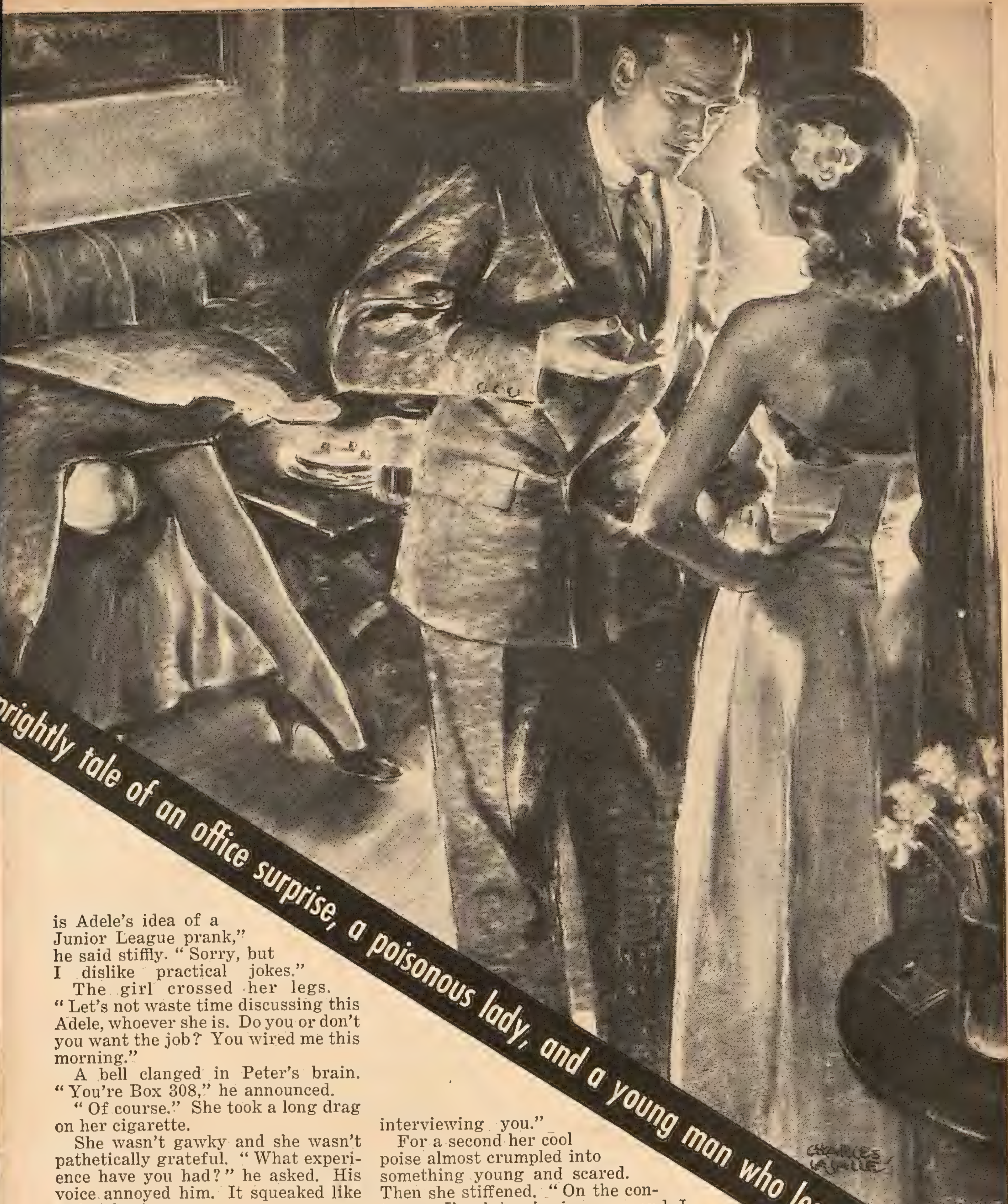
Peter gaped, while she tapped a cigarette impatiently on a fingernail. Colorless polish, he noted approvingly. "You applied to me for a job," she said. "Tell me a little about yourself."

He opened his mouth but nothing happened.

"Are you a college graduate?" Her eyes were deep blue, and they didn't tell him a thing.

Peter made a weak attempt at pulling himself together. "I suppose this

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE



rightly tale of an office surprise, a poisonous lady, and a young man who learned about love

That "Julie" was a bad slip of the tongue. He saw the danger flares in Adele's eyes.

is Adele's idea of a Junior League prank," he said stiffly. "Sorry, but I dislike practical jokes."

The girl crossed her legs. "Let's not waste time discussing this Adele, whoever she is. Do you or don't you want the job? You wired me this morning."

A bell clanged in Peter's brain. "You're Box 308," he announced.

"Of course." She took a long drag on her cigarette.

She wasn't gawky and she wasn't pathetically grateful. "What experience have you had?" he asked. His voice annoyed him. It squeaked like a choirboy's.

"Three years." The sun struck across her straight little nose and pale yellow hair. She told him in that cool assured way that she'd worked for stuffed shirts and morons, and that she wasn't satisfied with either type. "Do you think you can qualify?"

"You forget," Peter told her coldly, "that I'm supposed to be interviewing you."

For a second her cool poise almost crumpled into something young and scared. Then she stiffened. "On the contrary. I'm interviewing you and I can't spend all day at it."

"Look here—" he began angrily. And just then Miss Bigelow thrust her head in the door. "Mr. George Adams is here to see you." She couldn't have been more sure of herself if she'd been listening at the door. She was giving him his chance to get rid of the girl, and Peter rebelled. "Ask him to wait," he said. "And please see that we're not disturbed."

Miss Bigelow went away defeated, and the girl almost smiled as she pulled a pad from her bag. "I won't ask you to fill out one of those long application blanks," she said. "I'll just ask a few questions."

Peter thought of Miss Bigelow's face and controlled himself. "Go ahead."

"What's your mother's maiden name?" She had the pencil poised.

"Annabelle Corthauser," he answered gravely.

"Will you spell it?"

Peter spelled it slowly and distinctly. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Where were you born?"

"In Oshkosh," Peter said. "I was weaned in a wardrobe trunk. At the age of six months I . . ."

She interrupted him hastily. "Where did you go to school?"

"Yale. I worked my way through."

"Very commendable," the girl murmured. "And why did you leave your last job?"

"Because I wanted to start my own agency." He gave her a triumphant grin.

The girl looked down at her pad. Even from that angle her nose was beyond criticism. "What's your present position and salary?"

"President of Peter Cameron, Incorporated. Salary, fifty thousand." That ought to hold her, he thought. It wasn't every man of thirty-three who could say that.

She jotted it down without so much as a quiver of her more than adequate lashes. "And why didn't you get along with your former secretary?"

Peter pondered. "She couldn't spell or add. She seldom talked English. She used stinking perfume."

The girl looked at him reprovingly. "Personal grudges have no place in an office," she said. "What are your ambitions?"

Peter found himself stammering something about being pretty well satisfied. It sounded feeble, even to him.

"Are you interested in people? That's important."

"Yes," Peter said blandly. "You can quote me as saying I'm interested in people."

"Do you learn easily?"

PETER laughed out loud. The laugh died away foolishly as she frowned. "I generally catch on pretty fast," he said meekly.

The girl crossed her legs the other way. "And how about your personal habits? Do you drink much?"

Unfortunately that reminded Peter of his head and Adele's party and too many other parties. He half rose from his chair, but a sudden remembrance of Miss Bigelow made him sit down. "We'll skip the personal habits," he said. "I can pay you thirty a week."

"You forget about references," the girl reminded him. "Can you give me the names of three people who have known you for five years?"

Peter scribbled the names on a memo sheet and handed them over. "My banker, my lawyer, and my best friend." With exaggerated patience he added, "Is there anything else you'd like?"

"Yes, the date of your birth."

Peter wrote 1906, very large. The girl read it, nodded, and stuck the notes into her bag. "I believe that's all for now," she said. "I'll get in touch with you in a week or ten days."

Again Peter thought of Miss Bigelow. "You can start today," he said. "I need somebody right now." He was staring at his desk and he didn't see that quick incredulous happiness in her eyes, or the way she grabbed at the arm of her chair.

He only heard her cool voice. "In that case, supposing I take you on trial for two weeks."

Peter swallowed hard and pressed the buzzer. Miss Bigelow appeared expectantly, to usher this girl into oblivion.

"Take Miss—uh—"

"Martin," the girl said. "Julie Martin."

"Take Miss Martin around and introduce her. She's starting at once."

AT the end of a week he had to admit that the Martin girl had more than what it takes to wow a judge in a beauty contest. That voice, as cool as her pale yellow hair: "Mr. Cameron can't be disturbed." "Mr. Cameron's tied up for the day." "I'll attend to the reports for the client." "I'll check the proofs with Mr. Cameron and let you know." Protecting him as if he were royalty. She even had frostbite Bigelow walking the chalk line.

Sometimes Peter almost broke down and told his secretary she was good. Darned good. But occasionally he caught her giving him one of those cool X-ray glances, and he wondered what she was thinking. Nothing good, he'd bet. For all her meek "Yes, Mr. Camerons," she had that amused little smile that had gotten under his skin in their first crazy interview. She didn't even know enough to be impressed. Probably didn't even realize she was working for one of the most successful advertising men in the country.

Maybe that was the reason Julie Martin found a smart weekly magazine spread out on her desk one morning, opened up so that she couldn't miss seeing the boyishly casual photograph of Peter Cameron, pipe in teeth: "Most eligible bachelor in advertising."

Watching her surreptitiously from behind a newspaper, Peter saw her smile, and it made him uneasy. Maybe she thought he was the kind of phony business man they showed in the movies. For some reason, it seemed important to prove she was wrong. She ought to see him handle a few of those hard-boiled clients.

"Miss Martin," he said, "we're having a conference with the Breeno Foods people today at four. They're our biggest account. Thought you might like to sit in on it."

He wasn't prepared for the quick radiant little smile she gave him, or the warmth in her voice. "I'd like to—very much."

The surprise of it made him rattle papers and start dictating rat-a-tat-tat like a machine gun.

BUT he saw to it that his secretary occupied the chair next to his at the long mahogany conference table. He talked to them eloquently on future campaigns and housewives' psychology and percentage increases. He even talked more than necessary, being pleasantly conscious of Miss Martin looking up at him. He also became conscious of the openly interested stares she was getting from every man present. Tony Rickards, smirking all over his puffy face, saying, "No wonder Adele says you're working too hard. I'd work too, if I had a little blonde secretary like that."

"That son of a polo pony," Peter said acridly to himself, summing up Tony Rickards, Breeno vice-president and playboy, in fairly accurate terms. Another of Adele's mistaken ideas of a friend. And Peter came near yelling "Attagirl!" when his secretary gave the ogling Tony as serenely stony a look as ever congealed a man's spine.

He felt even better when she sat in his office discussing the meeting with him as if she were his partner in the agency, pushing back her corn-silk yellow hair with a childish gesture, while she got all excited about the plans he'd presented to the client. "You certainly made them see things your way," she said.

Four days later Adele paid a surprise visit to the office. Drifting in with her unmistakably expensive perfume and her slanting eyes and the insolent charm that an unlimited allowance, Miss Whosis' Finishing School, and expensive clothes can give to a girl. From the very first meeting Peter had liked that highhanded manner of Adele's. It gave him an unsure, not-quite-good-enough feeling, and he thought it was love.

He introduced Adele proudly to Miss Martin, and let her rumple his hair and order him out to lunch. He didn't even notice that his secretary turned away too quickly and sat down as though her legs were made of rubber.

Oblivious as only a man can be to sudden undercurrents, Peter went out of the office whistling. "Be right back," he said. Adele settled down into a chair with the lazy lovely motions of a woman who has always had the softest deepest chairs to settle into. And her slanting eyes went narrower, looking at Julie as she sat quietly going over her shorthand notes. Tony Rickards had said, "Beautiful blonde baby. Better keep your eye on Peter," and added a few ribald remarks about the duties of a secretary. Adele decided Tony had been kidding. The girl certainly wasn't that beautiful, and she seemed like a demure little thing.

Adele let (*Continued on page 14*)

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**"HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR 50 YEARS"**

(*Continued from page 12*)

her bag clatter to the floor. She looked at Miss Martin expectantly. Miss Martin didn't move. Instead, she gave out one of those looks that women use in place of a five-hundred-word insult. "Pick it up yourself," the look said. "Maybe you can get away with making a monkey out of my boss, but you don't fool me for a minute. I think you're rude and selfish and about as adorable as rat poison. You're plenty good-looking, but your eyes already show you drink too much, and those mean little lines around your mouth are going to get meaner every day. I hope you lose him."

Luckily Peter came in and picked up Adele's scarlet doeskin bag with all its scattered innards. "You women," he said jovially. And he carried Adele off to lunch as if she were a visiting princess.

IT was while Adele poked petulantly at an avocado salad that she put in the first dash of poison. By that time she'd led Peter into describing with unsuspecting gusto how he'd hired the blonde who wanted an intelligent employer.

Was he sure the Martin girl was quite loyal? she put it. And when Peter looked surprised, she built it up so-o-o carefully. First, she said she wouldn't *think* of telling tales. And when he insisted, she murmured in a wistful, wounded way that of course it didn't matter that Miss Martin had been rude to her. That was unimportant. After all, she was only his fiancée. But the way Miss Martin had insinuated that she didn't think much of Peter. That's what really seemed so awful, Adele said.

Listening to her, Peter felt numb, as if he'd been stabbed in the back and couldn't quite feel the pain. Then, as Adele piled up the details, he got cold with anger. So that's what he got for trusting a girl with pale yellow hair, a girl who pretended to believe in him, and made cracks behind his back. He didn't stop to wonder why she'd picked Adele to confide in. He was making himself remember that superior little smile she'd worn the first week, and that made it easier to believe her treachery.

"All right," he told Adele wearily. "I'll give her a week's notice today."

He barely listened to Adele's "I thought you ought to know."

"I'm glad you told me," he muttered unhappily.

That's when Adele pulled out her lipstick and applied the sharp red to her thin smiling mouth.

SITTING in his office an hour later, Peter told himself again that he was glad Adele had told him. But when his secretary walked in he felt lousy.

"Miss Martin," he said, "I'd like to talk to you."

She came toward him with that quick trusting smile. A white blouse frothed up about her throat and made her look innocently young.

"If it's about my two weeks' trial being up today—" she said. Then she began talking breathlessly, telling him how much she loved working with him and how much the job meant to her. Telling him how she'd felt when she got his wire and how frightened she'd been at the interview.

"I must have been awful," she said. "I acted so smarty and rude. But I was trying to carry it off so you'd think I was interesting enough to hire. I didn't want you to guess how terribly I wanted the job."

Peter tried to say, "Do you think you're putting something over on me? You're fired." Instead, he sat there hypnotized, listening to her warm little voice.

"And so it was like a miracle when you said, 'You can start right now.'"

HILDEGARDE DOLSON

*describes herself as a thirty-year-old blonde who "spent the worst years of her life in advertising." She is the author of one book, co-author of a play, and a contributor to various popular magazines. This is the first of her stories to appear in Liberty.*

She stopped, and Peter made himself look up. She stood there beside his desk and her face was like a light in a window.

"Miss Martin," he began coldly. He saw her smile waver anxiously.

"I hope I haven't talked too much," she said, almost pleadingly. "I just wanted you to know how much the job means to me."

Suddenly Peter was saying, "It's done me good to have you here." He was thinking, It's true. It *has* done me good. Makes me feel more like working than I have in years.

He looked at her and felt as though she'd stopped him from walking off a precipice. The relief of it made him want to yell for happiness. He wanted to tell her what good work he'd do with her there in his office. He'd show her the kind of man he was.

"Sit down," he said. "I've been wanting to ask you about an idea we might try for Breeno Foods." He began haltingly, watching her childishly clasped slim hands. "I've been working on it nights at home," he said, "but I'm still not quite sold on it. Run a series of ads on well known women, with copy telling in their own words about the best meal they ever ate. Actresses, writers, opera singers—all kinds of women. Might get some interesting experiences that way. And then we'd give a recipe for the main dish, tying it up with Breeno." She was leaning on the edge of her chair like a kid that's hearing a marvelous story.

"But it's so good," she said, in that warm voice. Even her lips had a soft eager lift. And then she let out that one little remark that made him stare hard, and then leap up to pound her on the back and pat her silky hair and call her names like darling he didn't even know he was saying.

"Why not use famous men instead of women?" she'd asked. "If I were a housewife reading ads about food, I'd get a lot more kick out of having a man describe the best meal he ever ate."

And that's why Peter hugged her before he thought, and then sat down in his chair, grinning foolishly. "Remind me to give you a raise," he said. "We're going to knock them out of their seats with an idea like this."

He pounded the desk jubilantly. "We'll have some sample ads ready to show the client tomorrow. It may mean working all night. Are you with me?"

"Of course."

He glanced at his watch. "Five forty. We'll go over to my apartment and get those notes I made last week."

Driving east across Fiftieth Street, Peter stopped for a red light and looked at her as she sat so small and happy beside him. Like a good child, he thought with a curious twist of tenderness. And he liked watching her when they walked into his apartment. It wasn't that she said much. It was the way she looked at a painting, and that quick gasp of delight when she went out on the balcony overhanging the sleek black river with its gold fireflies of light.

WHEN Peter showed her the pages he'd been working on, she was even more excited than he was. Then she was at the typewriter, while they worked to get the whole thing down on paper. Once, when the telephone jangled angrily, she made a move to answer, but Peter shook his head impatiently. After that they ignored its ringing.

Suddenly Peter got up stiffly. "Holy smokes, it's eleven thirty! I'll bet you're starved." He phoned the delicatessen for beer and ham-with-Swiss-on-rye. Then they sat munching and drinking and reading the pages they'd finished.

"Terrific!" Peter said modestly. "I tell you, as a team we're a wow." He looked at her curled up on the couch with the lovely legs just enough visible.

"You know," he said, surprised, "I don't even know your first name."

She laughed. "Julie."

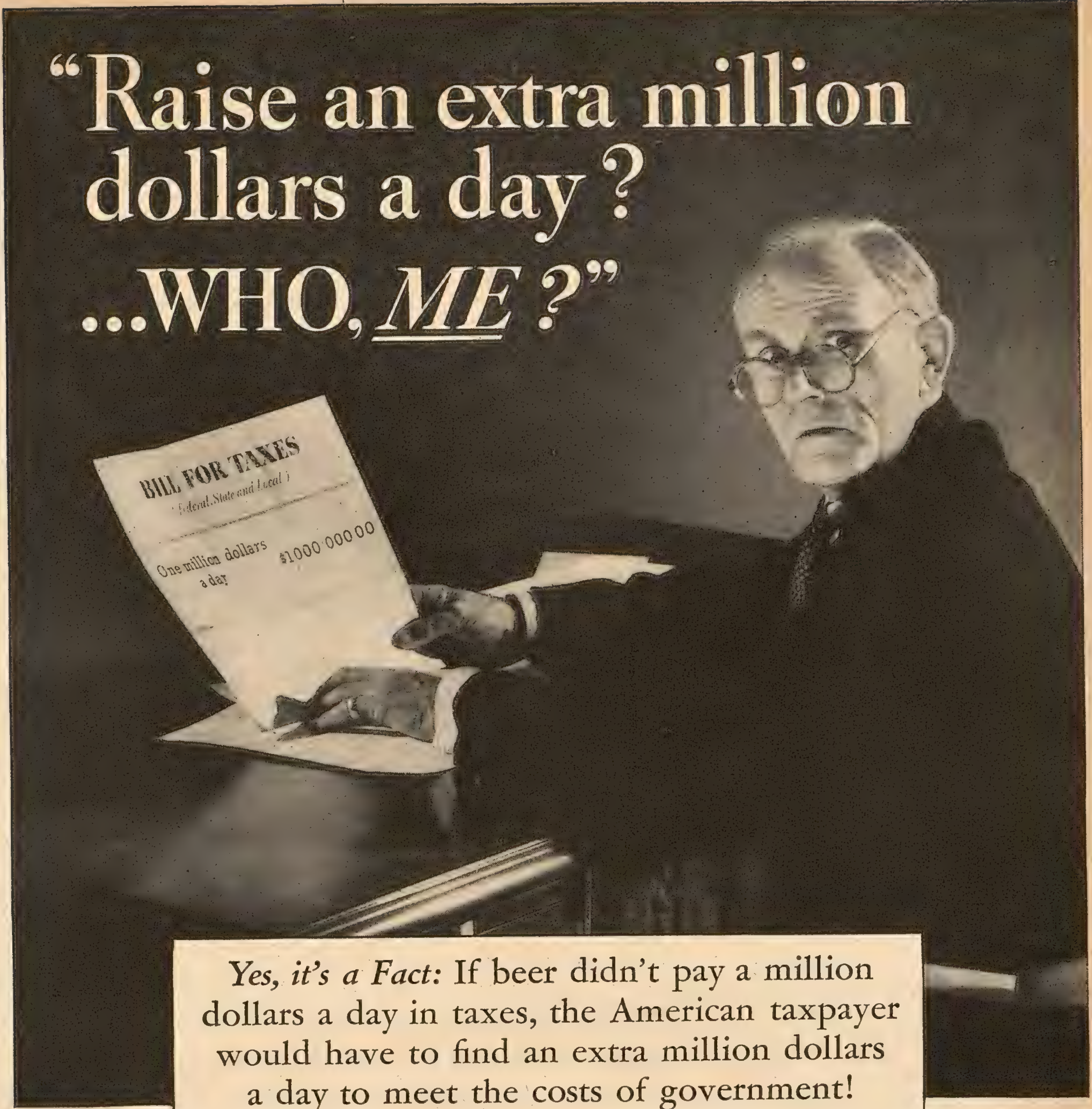
He tasted the sound of it. "Julie Martin. Julie Martin and Peter Cameron. Hey, we've got rhythm! No wonder we're good."

His eyes took her all in for the first time. Not just the legs. He saw the white hollow in her throat, and the way her eyebrows went up at the corners, and the sweet curve of her mouth. He even caught himself thinking about kissing her throat, and pulled his mind away from it. He tried to talk about the Breeno ads again, but he didn't want to. He wanted to talk about her.

"How come a girl like you put that ad in the paper?" he asked severely. "It might have gotten you into trouble."

(*Continued on page 16*)

# "Raise an extra million dollars a day? ...WHO, *ME*?"



*Yes, it's a Fact:* If beer didn't pay a million dollars a day in taxes, the American taxpayer would have to find an extra million dollars a day to meet the costs of government!

*What a help* to government and to taxpayers in these times! Beer's taxes (around 400 millions each year) reduce the cost of government for all other taxpayers.

*What a help* to workers: Beer has made more than a million new jobs . . . plus a 100 million dollar *yearly* market for farmers' crops. All since re-legalization!

Beyond these economic benefits, beer is a mild, wholesome pleasure . . . and a privilege worth preserving for those who enjoy it. Which means making and keeping beer retailing as wholesome as beer itself.

That's why the brewers of America are now operating their unusual "clean-up or close-up" program. The plan is one of strict self-regulation in conjunction with law-enforcement authorities.

The Brewers know that they themselves cannot usurp the legal responsibility of the regularly constituted authorities.

But they have organized to give full support to the law enforcement agencies and to execute within the industry a strict code of social responsibility.

* * *

**FREE BOOKLET** *describing details of this plan will be sent on request to United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C9, 21 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.*

**BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION**

(*Continued from page 14*) Julie leaned forward earnestly. "I had to take a chance," she said. "I'd been working three years on such unimportant jobs. And the men I worked for weren't—weren't very bright." She smiled at him shyly, as if to say, "Not like you." Peter wanted to hug her, hard.

"You see, I can't paint or act or write, but I had to do something I cared about. So I waited till I'd saved some money ahead, and then I walked out on my job and put that ad in the paper. I had to work for somebody who made me feel alive instead of like a machine. That's one of the reasons—" She hesitated.

"One of the reasons what?" Peter prompted.

Julie looked straight at him. "It's one of the reasons why I've been so happy tonight, working with you on these ads."

And this time Peter didn't pull his mind away from wanting to kiss her. He walked over to the couch as unconsciously as a sleepwalker and took both her hands. The way she looked at him made his eyes sting, like tears that don't come.

It was then that the doorbell clattered.

"Damn," Peter said. He opened the door. Then he let out a gasp. "Adele!"

She came sweeping in, a red camellia in her hair, a dazzling white strapless dress, and that ugly twist of a smile when she saw Julie. "Yes, it's Adele," she said, mocking Peter's tone. "I suppose you don't remember you had a date with me at eight. I suppose you were even too busy to answer your phone when I called the apartment tonight."

PETER leaped on that "busy" with relief. "We were working like crazy," he said, much too fast, as though it were an alibi. "Got a wow of an idea that has to go to the client tomorrow, and Julie's been helping me whip it into line."

That "Julie" was a bad slip of the tongue. He knew it even before he saw the danger flares in Adele's narrowing eyes.

"So now you call her Julie," she said, smiling the way a snake rattles. "This noon you were going to fire her, and tonight it's a date in your apartment."

Julie looked at him. Then she got up from the couch as if she were almost too tired to move. "I'll go now," she said very low. She walked over to Adele. "My being here was purely business," she said. "As far as Mr. Cameron is concerned, I've never been anything but a secretary." Her lips quivered. "Not a very good secretary at that, since he wanted to fire me."

To Peter, it was as if she'd said, "I thought you really cared about me, but I know now I was wrong."

"Don't think that, Julie," his heart was saying. He tried to speak, but Adele's brassy laugh came first. "You have her well trained, Peter. I'm beginning to see what Tony Rickards meant about the duties of a secretary. It must be fun to be an office wife—after hours."

Right then Peter knew he hated her. She'd lied to him about Julie at lunch. She'd always lie and cheat and bully to get her own way.

"I'll take you home, Adele," he said quietly, holding on hard to the anger inside him. But when he saw Julie's face as she walked toward the door, the helpless fury he felt made his voice come out loud and harsh. "I want you to stay, Miss Martin. I'll be right back."

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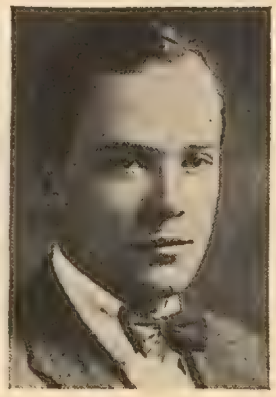
## 20 QUESTIONS



1—War in Europe handed him the difficult problem of evacuating thousands of his fellow citizens from France, but war is nothing new in his life. When this photograph was taken in 1915 he was a foreign correspondent. In 1919 President Wilson sent him on a special mission to Russia, a country he returned to years later as ambassador. What is his name?

2—What two plays have had the longest runs on Broadway?

3—How large an area does Vatican City cover?

4—What are the Mesabi, Vermilion, and Cuyuna ranges famous for?

5—Where does the word camouflage come from?

6—What senator has been called the "Old Dominion Fireball"?

7—Who is the head of the Hungarian state?

8—What is the function of an enzyme?

9—Who used a sling and stone to kill a man who wore brass armor?

10—On what government board do the following serve: Dr. William M. Leiserson, J. Warren Madden, and Edwin S. Smith?

11—Who is the only American woman who has made a solo flight around South America?

12—Where does the U-boat get its name?

13—Within what range is a sixty-five-pound bow a deadly weapon?

14—How do leavened and unleavened bread differ?

15—What were the specialties of Dr. Harvey Cushing, Dr. William Osler, and Dr. Walter Reed?

16—Are the jewels in a watch precious stones?

17—On what basis are the Roosevelt medals awarded yearly?

18—Who held the 1938 football championships in the Southern, Southwest, and Pacific Coast conferences?

19—What kind of land is used for growing cranberries?

20—What Iowa artist painted American Gothic?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

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But she wasn't there a half hour later, when Peter came back. He was free now to tell her how much he loved her, and she was gone. Adele had pulled off the big emerald ring he'd given her. "An ordinary little stenographer," she'd said. "The kind of girl who gives everything in a hurry, to trap a man."

And that finished Adele for him, even if he hadn't already been finished. All he wanted was Julie. He turned, thinking he must find her that minute. Then he sat down and put his head in his hands. I don't even know where she lives, he thought. I love her and I don't even know where she lives. He grabbed the phone book. Dozens of Martins, and no Julie. He called Information. "I don't know her address!" he yelled.

"Sorry, there is no number listed for Miss Julie Martin."

THE night watchman at the Madison Avenue Building was surprised when Mr. Cameron came running in at 2 A. M., hatless, panting, and in no mood for small talk. He'd have been even more surprised if he could have followed Peter up to the forty-ninth floor, and seen him pulling papers from Miss Bigelow's immaculate filing cabinets, tossing them around on the floor like confetti.

M—Marlas, Thomas. M—Martin, Julie. And there was her address neatly typed below the name: 4 Grove Street. He waved the file card as if it were a flag, and cursed the elevator for being so slow. "Four Grove Street," he repeated to himself reassuringly, driving downtown. "You'll see her in ten minutes." Actually, he made it in nine, which is good for a summons on any traffic cop's pad. And he rang her bell loud. There was no answer.

She must be there, he thought, his finger pushing pleadingly on the bell. She just doesn't want to talk to me.

The thought drove him crazy. He ran suddenly through a narrow passageway to the back of the building, and stood in the little courtyard looking up at the windows.

"Julie!" he yelled. "Julie, I've got to talk to you."

Lights blinked on in the windows above him. Black figures moved, silhouetted like paper dolls. His eyes searched desperately from one to the other, looking for her. Then he saw her, five stories up, standing uncertainly near the window. "Julie," he called, waving his arms.

People were leaning out, yelling at him. "Shut up! Go home and sleep it off. We'll call a cop."

Somebody threw a tin can that just missed Peter's left ear, and clattered on to the brick courtyard. "Julie," he yelled, "we're disturbing the peace. Will you let me in?"

With that, she disappeared. "Julie," he shouted, "I love you! You've got to listen. I'll stand here all night."

She came back to the window and started to pull down her shade. Peter cupped his hands like a megaphone and bellowed, "Julie, will you marry me?"

There were cheers and catcalls from the listening audience. "The name's Juliet," somebody said. "Call in your Romeo, Juliet. We need our sleep."

But Peter didn't hear them. He was watching Julie. She leaned halfway out the window and said something.

"I can't hear you!" he yelled anxiously. "Darling, will you talk a little louder?"

Her voice rose like a fire siren. "I said I'll marry you if you *stop yelling*."

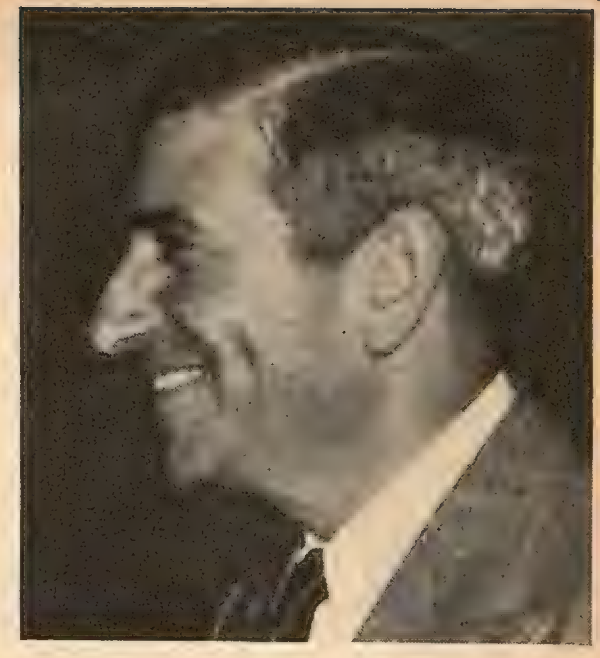
Peter stopped yelling.

THE END

# CAMERAMEN'S SECRETS THE REAL CZARS OF HOLLYWOOD

## An eye-opening revelation of magicians at work—and how they rule their realm

### BY KENNETH L. WATT



John Arnold, Hollywood's foremost illusion creator.

**READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS**

THE long conference table is covered with intricate diagrams and blueprints. Five serious men study them intently as the voice of the man at the head of the table drones on: ". . . and on this you'll probably need a battery of rifles and solar spots—seniors."

He pauses; the others make rapid entries in notebooks and on the margins of diagrams. "Here you'll have babies," he continues, "and of course you'd better have jellies and oils as well as goboes and niggers."

Five heads nod agreement. The speaker consults a thick sheaf of typewritten papers. "The next is a zoom shot from the left and then a follow for about 200 feet."

No, the scene is not the field headquarters of a commanding general, where a great military offensive is being planned. It is a quiet room in Culver City, California, the office of John Arnold, chief cameraman for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the discussion concerns ways and means of taking 150,000 tiny snapshots and printing them on a celluloid ribbon two miles long.

To these expert cameramen, rifles are the modern equivalent of the old floodlights of the silent days. Solar spots and babies are spotlights; jellies and oils are diffusing screens placed in front of the lights to soften them; goboes and niggers are screens used to protect the camera from the strong light rays.

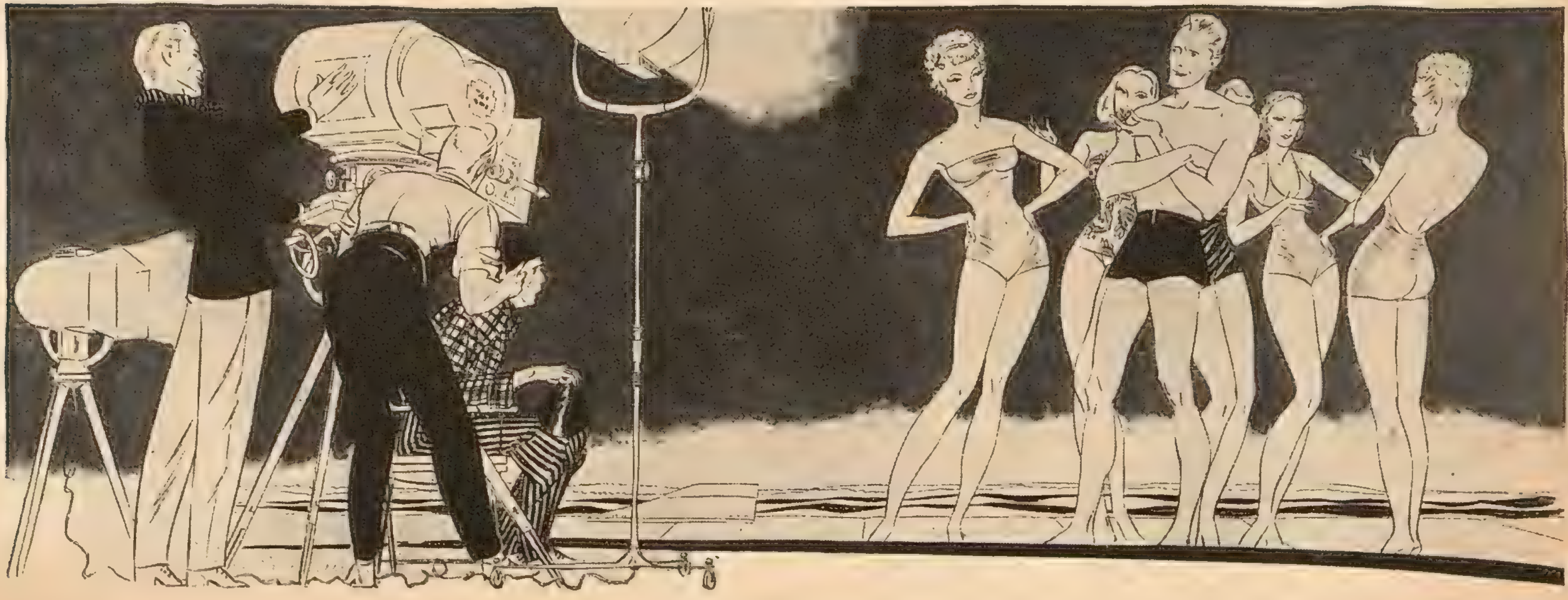
In the process of taking these 150,000 little pictures, temperamental actors and actresses may rave at the producer, curse the writers, insult the director. But the men at this conference table will be immune to all temperament and temper. They are truly czars of stars. For they can make a woman beautiful or plain, a man strong- or weak-looking, they can hide or emphasize bodily malformations such as round shoulders or thick ankles, soften or accentuate harsh features, create more illusions than ever Houdini thought of. They are consulted by set architects and designers, by costumers and make-up artists.

Nine years ago the American Society of Cinematographers elected a tall, gangling, soft-spoken man of forty to the president's chair. He has occupied it ever since. Catch him in a reminiscent mood and you will hear the story of the growing pains of a great industry—from 1906, when he was an assistant to Thomas A. Edison, to the present era of super-features in technicolor. You will be carried back to the days when studios were barns with skylights built into the roofs, when prop men stood on tall ladders, large mirrors in their hands, to deflect the precious sunlight into dark corners of windowless clapboard buildings. Today John Arnold sits in a large office and presides over a crew of 200 men and a group of warehouses and shops containing equipment worth millions. He is the acknowledged dean of Hollywood cameramen.

When the writers have finished the last rewritten speech of the photoplay and the shooting script is finished, the production of a motion picture really gets under way in what is called, oddly enough, a budget meeting. Present are the producer, the director and his assistants, members of the art department with sketches or models of the various sets to be used, costume designers, the casting director of the studio, representatives of the finance or executive committee—and John Arnold.

"I have built a scale model of the drawing-room set," says the art department, "and I think it's terrific!"

"It's terrible!" explodes the wardrobe department. "Those walls! I've designed a magnificent turquoise gown for the heroine. And what do you do? You give me walls of pale blue! My beautiful creation will never be seen. I won't stand for it!"



"Then use some other color for it," laconically drawls the art department, unimpressed.

"You change the color of those walls."

The argument goes on, waxing stronger by the minute. When it appears that no compromise will be reached, Arnold's quiet voice interrupts: "I think I can take care of it, boys. Just leave it to me. But there *is* something in the set that ought to be changed."

"What is it, Johnny?" asks the director.

"Well, you're going to star Jean Sothern, and Scene 146 calls for a zoom shot to a close-up of her entering this door. The door, as you see, is on the right, and that means a *left* profile of her. Jean doesn't look her best from the left. I suggest that the door be put on the left, so that we'll get Jean's *right* profile."

"But that puts the fireplace on the right," objects the producer, "and we'd get her left profile anyway in Scene 202, where she is standing by the fireplace."

"Well, let's put the fireplace on the rear wall," Arnold counters, "and have an archway on the right."

Thus it is settled. The set will be redesigned and a new model built because comely Miss Sothern isn't quite so comely when viewed from the left.

"Now, here's something else—Scene 118," Arnold goes on. "The script calls for a two-shot of Jean and the old prisoner. We'll have some trouble with a close-up like that. Jean always needs a lot of lights. But the old prisoner will have on a heavy character make-up, and that will show up badly under that much light."

YOU can take care of that on make-up tests, can't you, Johnny?" pleads the dialogue writer, who doesn't want the close-up scene eliminated.

"Sure, Johnny can do anything," hopes the make-up artist aloud. He has been experimenting with the prisoner's make-up for a week, and he has visions of having to do the work again unless Arnold can solve the lighting problem.

"And you'll make production tests of the drawing-room set, so my beautiful dress will show up, won't you, Johnny?" begs the costume designer.

"And see if you can't use blue walls, won't you, Johnny?" wheedles the art department.

Things move quickly after the budget meeting breaks up. While sets are being built, dresses and costumes made, dialogue getting a final polishing, Arnold tries to arrange the schedule of his crews so that the picture's two co-stars can have the head cameraman they prefer.

If only for selfish reasons, the director of a feature production wants his star to have her favorite cameraman on the job. A few months ago, one of Hollywood's best known but most temperamental actresses was causing her director some unhappy moments. She was playing the part of a ballet dancer, and in a scene in her dressing room she insisted upon appearing in a short ballet skirt, overlooking completely the fact that her legs leave something to be desired in the way of symmetry. Yet no one dared remind her of her physical shortcomings.

The director was in a quandary until her favorite cameraman, who knew her well, suggested a solution. The costume designer was ordered to create a ravishing negligee. As the players assembled for the dressing-room scene, he appeared with the masterpiece on his arm.

"It's positively gorgeous!" the star exclaimed. "I've never seen anything so beautiful. Who is it for?"

The director answered casually, "It's for the little dancer who enters your dressing room with the hero."

"Not on your life it isn't!" stormed the actress. "I'm the star of this picture, and if any one is going to wear that negligee, *I* am!"

Cameramen frequently need an intimate knowledge of psychology—masculine as well as feminine.

As quickly as a set is built, production tests are started. Various lighting arrangements are set up, shot, and screened. Rushes of the tests are viewed by the producer, the director, and Arnold, and the routine of shooting and screening continues until they are satisfied that the lighting most suitable to the tempo and mood of the scenes to be shot on this set has been attained. Light is the modern cameraman's chief tool, and with it he not only obtains the pictorial effects he wants but he also plays upon the audience's emotions.

Suppose a scene is in a bedroom in which a child is lying while its mother watches by the bedside. If on the screen this scene is presented in somber, murky tones, with long, menacing shadows, the audience will feel—without a word being spoken—that the baby is gravely ill and may never recover. If, on the other hand, the picture is in lighter tones, with sunshine streaming through the windows, the audience will feel that the child is on the road to recovery.

WHILE lighting can control the mood of a scene," says Arnold, "the angle of the camera can, to a great degree, suggest a feeling of antipathy or sympathy for a character. Suppose, for example, I have to photograph a character who in real life would be 'looked down upon.' I will let the angle of the camera be slightly downward, and the audience, though unconscious of the angle, will feel that the character is not to be trusted."

Throughout the period of production testing Arnold keeps firmly in his mind the limitations of the stars who will be used in the picture. When a man and a woman appear in the same scene, extra care is needed—especially in the close-ups. Rarely is the moviegoer conscious of the blending of personal lighting. Yet a careful observer can easily see that the woman is much more softly lighted than the man.

With all tests finally finished and the picture ready to go into production, Arnold calls together the camera crew which is to do the actual work. To these men he gives his diagrams, blueprints, and instructions. Long before the players arrive on set the crew is at work, and the lighting is well under way when the director and actors make their appearance. Next the stand-ins of the stars and principal players are called and the personal lighting is roughed in. As soon as the preliminary set and personal lighting is satisfactory, the head cameraman summons the cast and the director puts them through a rehearsal on set. This gives the camera crew opportunity to perfect the finished lighting.

Finally the director's call "Let 'em roll" is heard; red lights flash on over all doors of the stage; and the scene is shot.

THERE is no forty-hour week for John Arnold and his men. In addition to their work on set, they must view the rushes of yesterday's shooting, consult with the laboratory that develops the film, inspect sets and costumes for future scenes, consult with the director and his aides on the best scenes to schedule for tomorrow's shooting, attend conferences with producers and writers of forthcoming productions, assist stars in their work of trying to improve their screen personalities, and often go out with scouts to select sites for scenes to be shot on location.

"I suppose your work becomes humdrum to you after a while," a visitor remarked to Arnold.

"Not when you're dealing with the variety of people and animals that we are," was the prompt reply.

The visitor laughed. "Are animals temperamental too?"

"Not so temperamental as likely to do the unexpected. Some time ago we were shooting a jungle scene and we had a bunch of lions running around loose. Well, we can't make retakes with animals as easily as we can with actors, so we usually use more than one camera on a shot. That way, we have a choice of several angles.

"In this case, we put several 'tanks' down—that's what we call the holes we dig in the ground for the cameras. We use brush and leaves to camouflage each tank from the other cameras.

"Well, in this scene the hero was supposed to rescue the heroine from the lions. The cameras started turning and the guns were fired. One of the lions saw the opening for one of the cameras, made a beeline for it, and landed on top of the camera and the cameraman."

"Good heavens! Was the cameraman badly hurt?"

"Oh, no," grinned John Arnold, "I wasn't hurt. But that darned lion wouldn't work again for a week—he was too scared."

THE END

# LOOK! $10,000.00 CASH PRIZES

## FILL OUT THE LAST LINE TO THIS JINGLE

*For beautiful teeth to shine bright,*
*Use Dr. Lyon's morning and night.*
*Your smile will be prouder*
*Because of this POWDER*

________________________________________
(RHYME WITH "BRIGHT")

NBC
DR LYON'S
TOOTH POWDER

**TUNE IN**
*for suggestions to Mary Noble, "Backstage Wife," NBC Red Network, 4 P. M., E. S. T. coast-to-coast.*

## MARY NOBLE'S GREAT CHRISTMAS JINGLE CONTEST

### for Dr. Lyon's Users and Dealers

$1000 CASH FIRST PRIZE
500 CASH SECOND PRIZE
200 CASH THIRD PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF $100 EACH
20 PRIZES OF $50 EACH
100 PRIZES OF $10 EACH
300 PRIZES OF $1 EACH

***PLUS*** **Duplicate Prizes for the dealer whose name appears on each winning entry**

## 866 CASH PRIZES IN ALL

### HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN

Read the jingle and add a line rhyming with the last word of the first two lines. For example, the last line could be—"And you will exclaim with delight"—or, "Your beauty the whole world will cite," or, "For dates all the men (girls) will fight." You have probably thought of a better one already. Send it in today!

### EASY RULES

1. Write on entry blank or an ordinary sheet of writing paper. Write or print your last line, using sufficient words to complete the jingle. Your last line may embody any idea you think completes the thought, if the last word rhymes with "bright" and "night." Print or write your name and address.

2. Enclose one empty cardboard box from any size can of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder and the name and address of the dealer who supplied you with this. Mail to The R. L. Watkins Co., Box No. 9, Canal Street Branch, New York, N. Y. Please use sufficient postage.

3. Contest closes December 3rd, 1939, and all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight on that day.

4. Entries will be judged for aptness, originality, and suitability. Decision of the judges will be final. "Fancy" entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned and all entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of The R. L. Watkins Company, makers of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of The R. L. Watkins Company, and their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. This contest applies only to Continental United States and is subject to all Federal, State, and local laws and regulations.

6. You may submit as many entries as you wish, just so long as each is accompanied by a Dr. Lyon's box.

7. Major winners will be announced over the radio program, "Backstage Wife," as soon as possible after contest closes, and their prizes mailed before Christmas. Other winners will be notified and their prizes forwarded by mail.

## Here's All You Do

### *READ AND FOLLOW RULES AT LEFT*

Here's a quick, new contest that's fun . . . that any intelligent child may enter and win. And 433 separate cash prizes up to $1000 . . . *with your money in your hands by Christmas.*

**What you do** is as simple as A.B.C. Just write the last line of the jingle in the entry blank at right. It's easy for anybody to rhyme! (See "hints" above entry blank.)

**And think what you could do** with that much money—for the house, clothes, a trip, a new car, to pay all your bills!

Here are some ideas for making up your last line. Whatever you hear about dentifrices, your dentist knows more about cleaning teeth than anybody else. And he most probably uses POWDER. For POWDER efficiently cleanses and polishes improperly cleansed teeth, reveals their Natural Brightness; the natural whiteness they may really have!

**And what that means** — gleaming teeth and a brilliant smile — can be very important to anybody.

**In your own home** DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER does its job of brightening your smile so quickly! For it is an effective cleansing agent developed by a dentist for you to use regularly.

**Enter now.** Send your last line in at once! Children, ask your teacher for suggestions. When you get another idea, enter again. Tear out the free entry blank. Get a can of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder for a few cents at any drug or department store, and mail your entry today!

## FREE ENTRY BLANK

**MAIL THIS NOW TO WIN CASH!**

G

*For beautiful teeth to shine bright,*
*Use Dr. Lyon's morning and night.*
*Your smile will be prouder*
*Because of this POWDER*

________________________________________
(Write plainly or print the last line you want to enter here)

**The R. L. WATKINS Co., Box 9, Canal St. Branch, New York, N.Y.**

Gentlemen: Here is my entry. I have read the rules and I am enclosing a Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder box.

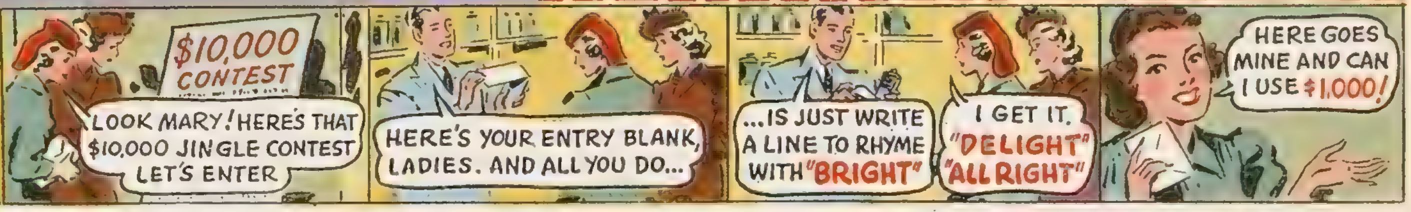
*Name*________________________________

*Address*______________________________

*My dealer's name*
*and address*__________________________

**DEALERS: Duplicate prizes to you!** for promoting this contest among your customers, helping them write the winning lines, distributing entry blanks and setting up displays according to the simple rules that have been sent you. For further information write direct to The R. L. Watkins Company, 170 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.

*Your dealer may help you win!*


$10,000 CONTEST
LOOK MARY! HERE'S THAT $10,000 JINGLE CONTEST LET'S ENTER
HERE'S YOUR ENTRY BLANK, LADIES. AND ALL YOU DO...
...IS JUST WRITE A LINE TO RHYME WITH "BRIGHT"
I GET IT. "DELIGHT" "ALL RIGHT"
HERE GOES MINE AND CAN I USE $1,000!

# To the Ladies

### BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

HAND-KNITTED socks and sweaters for soldiers of *this* war will fit much better than they did last time, says Genevieve Green (Mrs. William G. Green), Red Cross executive at the New York chapter of volunteer workers. "Our knitting has improved a lot in the past twenty years," Mrs. Green declared. "We're not turning out any more of those shapeless blobs of yarn that caused the boys of 1914-18 to growl so savagely when they tried to put them on."

Among Mrs. Green's veteran Red Cross workers I listened to whispered mention of less encouraging differences between this war and the last. Talk was whispered because women of World War experience were careful not to let younger volunteers hear what they were saying: . . . "The new bandages are so big—twice as big as before. The wounds must be *different* this time." . . . I asked Genevieve Green what she knew. "We make bandages according to specification," she said. "Apart from that we're told nothing. We can only guess, since war has been mechanized . . ." Her voice faded off.

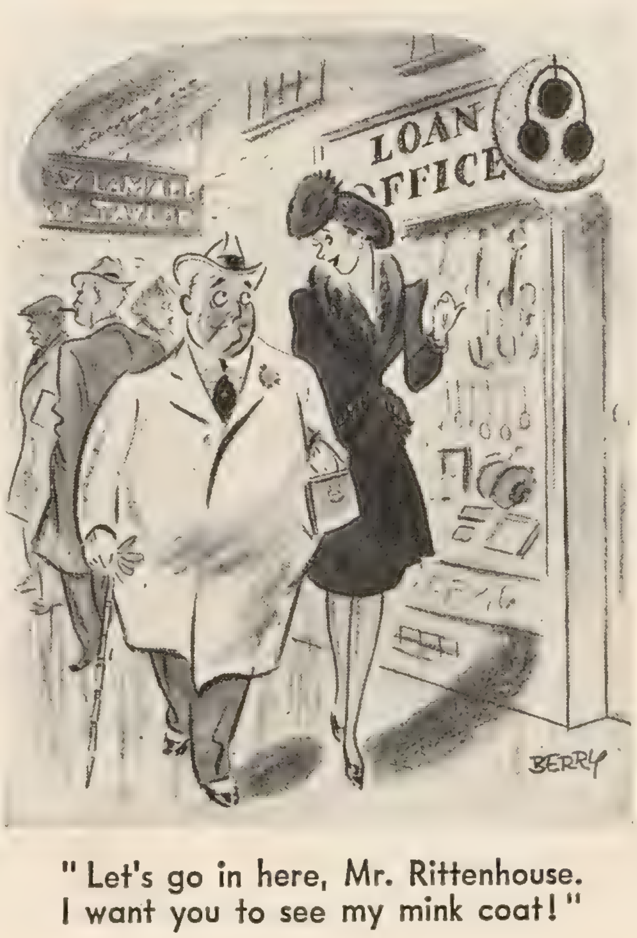
Many mother-and-daughter volunteers work side by side. One debutante piped up, "I'm so thrilled to be *doing* war work! All my life I've heard stories about a war that ended *before I was born!*" . . . War's real horrors are hidden, as far as possible, from these youngsters, but they soon learn while the yards and yards of extra-size bandages roll through their hands.

A Jewish refugee from Germany brought his wife to Mrs. Green. "We reached America," he said. "Our daughter followed, but she sailed on the Athenia, and she is—missing. My wife agrees with me that suicide is wrong, yet I dare not leave her alone while I hunt for work. It will be good if she can do something for others. Please let her spend her days here, making bandages."

One table at the Red Cross workroom is reserved for ladies around eighty years of age. I talked with them. They are good workers, and good philosophers. "Men fight," said a lady of eighty-three, "and *we* do the mending!"

☆ Driving along a suburban road on a misty morning, friend of mine met two gigantic armored knights on horseback. She actually did! In full armor for man and horse, the knights came riding through the fog—aboard a motortruck. What with this new war and all, my friend had Apocalyptic notions until she investigated and learned the heroic figures were old home furnishings being moved to a storehouse from the Long Island estate of Anna Case Mackay!

Smart new appliance for buffet entertaining is the very professional-looking slicer machine such as you see at delicatessen stores. Helps serve cold cuts in neat uniform slices. Costs about $6. . . . Oval or round chromium dish covers for the hot spaghetti, creamed mushrooms, etc., cost about $3 apiece and assure the inner warmth of cold-weather guests at informal football or skating-party suppers. . . . Newest decorative scheme for such occasions calls for two inexpensive tablecloths, both the same size but of vividly contrasting colors. Spread one bright color at one end of the table, the other at the other end. The effect is extremely festive.

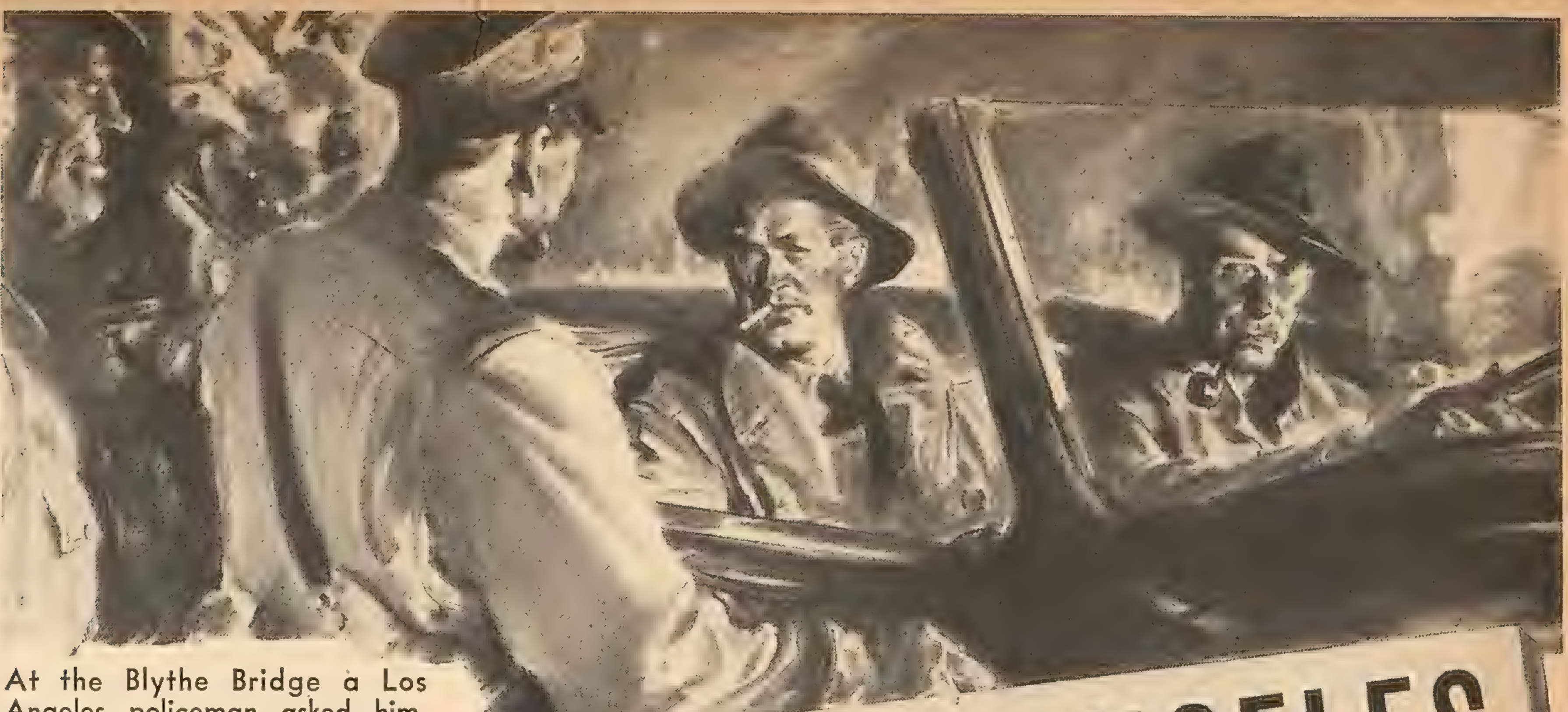


"Let's go in here, Mr. Rittenhouse. I want you to see my mink coat!"

☆ Radio and the talkies have made us tongue-conscious. We all want to express ourselves with clarity and charm. Gertrude Walsh's new book, Sing Your Way to Better Speech, offers a pleasant, practical approach toward elocutional improvement through music. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

☆ Legend misleads us to imagine gypsy women living free and easy lives. I know they don't, as far as clothes are concerned. In a small town, a few days ago, I observed three raggle-taggle gypsies go through every local clothing store attempting to check up on how much one of their caravan comrades had paid for a new dress. They are supposed to chip their fortunetelling money into a common fund, then all share alike from it, keeping no holdouts for personal use. Evidently they suspected one gypsy sister of falsifying her account of a dress purchase in order to pocket the change. And they were on her trail with the grim wolfishness of all secret police. What interested me was their need for Communist methods of spying as soon as they applied Communistic ideas of wealth distribution, even to a group as small and as tightly unified as their own.

☆ Try *Carolina Sweetbreads* as the main dish at a party luncheon for your girl friends. . . . Steep sweetbreads 30 minutes in salted lukewarm water, then place in cooking pan, barely covering with acidulated water (1 tablespoon vinegar to 4 cups water). Simmer 20 minutes. Remove sweetbreads from pan. Plunge in cold water. Dry with cloth. Now salt and pepper them; dip them in white of egg; roll in well roasted peanuts ground fine; and fry slowly in butter until golden brown. . . . Serve with Florentine cucumbers—4 cooked cucumbers coarsely grated, pressed dry, simmered 10 minutes in butter, mixed with 1 tablespoon spinach puree, then drained and reheated. . . . For bread, supply a basket of Melba toast and rice biscuits. . . . Preserved ginger for dessert—well chilled and accompanied by a bowl of rich cream generously flavored with rum.



At the Blythe Bridge a Los Angeles policeman asked him, " Where are you from, buddy? "

# THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

## Corruption, vice, a hidden dictatorship! Dramatically, a startling saga unfolds

### BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

In the later 1920s the Crawford regime had its troubles. An oil-company scandal discredited District Attorney Asa Keyes; Charlie Crawford himself squeezed out of a bribery rap. Meanwhile his vice-and-gambling overseer, Albert Marco, insulted a woman and shot her escort. Keyes assigned a young assistant, Dave Clark, to do the prosecuting. Clark, handsome and promising, succeeded eventually in getting Marco sent to prison.

Two former members of a so-called Purity Squad of Los Angeles' Police Department had become conspicuous: Guy McAfee as a big-shot gambler, James E. Davis as Chief of Police. After the Marco shooting a reform mayor demoted Davis and put Roy E. Steckel in his place. Dave Clark resigned from the district attorney's staff to campaign for a municipal judgeship. Crawford had hired a press agent, Herbert Spencer by name, and had ostentatiously got religion.

On May 20, 1931, in Crawford's office, Spencer was shot dead and Crawford fatally wounded by a caller who escaped, unidentified. The next day the caller gave himself up —and proved to be Dave Clark, the much admired local Galahad. At his trial he explained that he had done the shooting in self-defense. Crawford, he said, had agreed to support his candidacy provided he would " frame " his friend Chief Steckel; when he had indignantly refused and threatened exposure, both Crawford and Spencer had seemingly reached for guns.

The first jury couldn't agree. A second, on which there were eight women, found Clark not guilty. He returned to the practice of law, became an associate of McAfee, and appeared to prosper. Then abruptly he vanished. His wife received what purported to be a ransom note.

### PART THREE—THE SPY SQUAD THAT FLOORED UNCLE SAM

IN 1931 Charlie Crawford and Herbert Spencer had been slain by Dave Clark, and in that same year Clifford E. Clinton, the little restaurant man, had come to Los Angeles bringing with him his capital of nearly $2,000 and his Golden Rule ideal.

After Crawford's death, Guy McAfee's political star shone even more brightly. Robert J. (Bob) Gans was to become Los Angeles' slot-machine king (since retired) and a political power who frowned on rough stuff and kept his word. A tight little group of other men, unpublicized veterans, sturdy figures in the city's nether regions, worked harmoniously together and divided the tremendous spoils of vice and gambling.

John Langan, film director and mining expert, who learned to his cost what it meant to buck the Spy Squad.

The amazing fact was that the good citizens of Los Angeles, basking in the sun, eating oranges, discovering oil, and chasing autographs, did not even know of the existence of their city's invisible empire. You might have mentioned to the average citizen the names of half a dozen of these powerful men without drawing more than a puzzled stare. So carefully did they keep out of the public eye that one of them, a great power politically, when he was mentioned at all, was designated solely by the cryptic phrase, " Third and Spring."

It was only when you opposed them —or threatened to plug up the liquid stream of their revenue—that you discovered, quickly and disastrously, that these invisible forces were very real indeed.

In 1932 an attempt had been made to recall churchgoing Mayor John Clinton Porter. It had failed, but in

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(SEE PAGES 32 and 47)

the 1933 elections he was defeated by Frank L. Shaw, whose campaign slogan was "Throw the Grafters Out."

There was a stirring slogan! Unfortunately, on July 6, 1933, only five days after he had taken office, Mayor Shaw appointed his brother Joseph as his secretary. And, as a nimble grafter, Joe Shaw would have been hard to match.

Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw, born in Canada, had been brought to this country as a child by his father. As a drummer for a wholesale grocery firm he had come to Los Angeles from the Southwest. He had soon shown ability in contacting city departments and in adjusting, for grateful merchants, problems that arose over city inspections. With the business men's votes behind him and a wife at his side who had no small political ability herself, Shaw rode into Los Angeles politics as a city councilman. Later he became County Supervisor, defeating an opponent who had sneered at him as "the grocery boy who made good."

SHAW, a short, portly, genial man who wore rimless glasses, a Hitleresque mustache, and a brace on his right leg, ran for mayor in 1933. The story has it that his wife Cora helped weld the city's precincts together until, in the closing days of the campaign, poor health forced her to become more or less inactive. It was then that brother Joe, a retired naval lieutenant, appeared on the scene to take active charge of his brother's campaign.

A well built man in his early fifties, Joe Shaw had the curt commanding manner of his navy days. He had gray-black hair and gray piercing eyes; was as temperamental as a Hollywood star, loyal to his friends and relentless to his enemies. With no political experience whatever, he showed an instantaneous aptitude for municipal management—and its financial possibilities.

Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw became mayor. Joe ("the Lieutenant") went on the public pay roll as his brother's secretary at $500 a month. He occupied a luxurious office in Frank's suite on the first floor of City Hall. It became known as "the corner pocket." Word eventually got around among the Spring Street gamblers that if you wanted an O. K. on an enterprise, you had better contact some one who spoke "the corner pocket" language.

James E. Davis, who had been one of Guy McAfee's fellow members of the old "Purity Squad," was reinstalled as Chief of Police, while Roy Steckel was ironically demoted to the traffic post to which Davis, under the Porter reform administration, had been demoted.

The civic set-up in Los Angeles prior to the Shaw administration had generally been something like this: Elected and appointed officials were mere figureheads. They took the rap for prevalent vice and gambling while a Police Department-and-underworld coterie took the spoils. Certain police officers, long after they had retired from the force, wielded tremendous power.

Joe Shaw revised that. He found that city jobs and civil-service posts were precious commodities that often enjoyed a lively sale. He sold them.

Whether he was also responsible for all the other things that happened under the Shaw administration, you can decide for yourself when you have finished this series.

If the public for years had been paying tribute to the underworld, the underworld was to begin to do a bit of forking over. The pay-off demanded for running a house of prostitution during the Shaw regime was set at twenty-five dollars a girl a week. Gambling joints had a sliding scale, dependent on their weekly take. It was the bookies who really took it on the chin. At first they were charged a $250 "initiation fee." It was properly named. The "initiation" was only the beginning.

In 1937, after the Shaw administration won a second term, a new man came to Los Angeles. He was a stranger to the gambling crowd. He had a wire service to offer the bookmakers. Now, the established bookmakers already had a wire service whereby they received, for the benefit of their sporting customers, running accounts of the races on which those customers had bet. They needed another wire service about as much as they needed a counterfeit ten-dollar bill. So they told this newcomer just where he and his service could go.

Wham! Down went their bookmaking joints in a series of raids that must have warmed the hearts of the taxpayers and convinced them that their new Mayor, Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw, would stand for nothing so off-color as protected gambling and that their Police Department was as tireless as it was honest.

THE bookies, however, were astute enough to see it another way. They subscribed to the second wire service at a reported fee of about $37.50 a week. And, sure enough, the troublesome police raids stopped.

But all this represented a heavy financial drain, and when, to top it off, they were ordered to kick in half of their receipts, some of the bookies actually went on relief and began to mutter through their whiskers.

Building up a golden graft machine is one thing. Protecting it from attack and interference is another. Joe Shaw did both.

He organized the Spy Squad, a secret police unit political in purpose, answerable not to the Mayor nor to the sharpshooting Chief of Police James E. Davis, but directly to Joe Shaw.

The story of Los Angeles' Spy Squad is one that should be of pertinent and timely interest to every wide-awake citizen of the United States today. For it goes to show that the transition from our American democratic system of government to subversive Communism or Fascism is ridiculously simple. In Los Angeles there was a subsurface transition to what amounted to a form of Fascism. Let's see how it came about under "the Lieutenant."

In the earlier charter provisions of Los Angeles the members of the department were answerable to the Chief of Police, he in turn to the Police Commission, the Police Commission to the Mayor, and the Mayor, of course, to the people. The invisible government of Los Angeles over a long period of time subtly changed that with amendments ostensibly designed to take the Police Department "out of politics." The Police Commission was emasculated and a Board of Rights set up. A policeman charged with anything from brutality to graft became answerable only to the Board of Rights—a three-man tribunal consisting of officers of the rank of captain or higher. To make it even easier for the offending cop, six names of officers authorized to act as the Board were placed in a box and the policeman was permitted to draw any three.

The Police Department, and the Police Department alone, washed its own dirty linen behind locked doors, away from the public eye. It was a neat little departmental dictatorship. And if the wash came out dirtier than ever, the Mayor could shrug the matter off. It wasn't his funeral.

IN October, 1933, with the advent of the Shaw regime, the Metropolitan Squad was formed. It was a forerunner of the Spy Squad, popularly so called, which came into being two years later under the name of the Special Intelligence Unit, with Sergeant Earle E. Kynette in charge. It had a membership of eighteen police officers, a few of them fine honest fellows sucked into the Squad for their prestige value.

Others, notably Sergeant Kynette, were there to perform any jobs of political outraging and throat-cutting that were deemed expedient.

The Spy Squad was a unique department within the Police Department. Its only connection with that body arose from the fact that Spy Squad members were paid their salaries (around $43,000 worth a year) as police, and enjoyed the use of the taxpayers' money. In its three and a half years of existence the Spy Squad cost Los Angeles citizens something near a quarter of a million dollars.

Unlike other branches of the Police Department, it did not maintain offices in City Hall, but kept its records and its dictographs in a hide-away at 311 East First Street. Ostensibly the place was a dingy deserted storeroom. Its windows had been painted gray to shield its interior from the public's gaze, and hundreds of citizens walked by it daily quite unaware that they were passing the headquarters of

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It's easy just to *say*, "mild, mellow smoking," but Prince Albert gives you *proof of this statement before you buy*. Prince Albert will give you *the smoke of your life!* There's no other tobacco like it.

(Try P. A. in "makin's" smokes too.)

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Prince Albert THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

what was, perhaps, the most sinister organization in America.

It had a back entrance, through which Spy Squad members could enter unobserved. Having done so, they walked down a flight of stairs to a dark narrow high-ceilinged passageway. At the other end of the passageway a staircase with a balustrade led up to the street-level storeroom, a narrow room divided by partitions into offices. Down below, near the back-door staircase, was a cubbyhole workshop piled high with telephone wire and electrical equipment.

In this small room an expensive recording machine—purchased by the taxpayers—preserved radio speeches snatched from the air or conversational titbits that took the fancy of the administration. Set high in a partition was a loud-speaker that blared forth the latest eavesdropping scoop of this Los Angeles Gestapo. Around the room were filing cabinets securely padlocked.

Here in these rooms, in written reports and on transcribed disks, were the personal secrets and telephone conversations of scores of Los Angeles citizens; skeletons from the closets of private lives; all the hidden and forgotten dregs of scandals that a squad trained, financed, and equipped to dip into personal privacy had been able to salvage.

Such were Joe Shaw's Spy Squad and its headquarters.

Los Angeles has long been an open-shop town; Red-baiting long has been its popular sport. This is not to imply any criticism of either but to point out that some of Los Angeles' mouthy, incompetent politicians have managed to climb to office on a campaign that promised little more than that they would pull a bomb and an anarchist from beneath each worried citizen's bed.

The Spy Squad came easily into full-blown existence for that very reason. Its ostensible purpose was to combat "subversive elements." Its real purpose was to bat the living daylights out of any one who so much as moved his lips in criticism of the Shaw administration.

WHEN Clifford E. Clinton, tremendously moved by the oath he had taken as a grand juror, put his innocent nose to the scent of gambling and prostitution, he was not only going up against an organized, invisible underworld government, but also against a city administration that had become equally powerful. He was tangling with the Spy Squad!

We have already seen what happened to men who, whatever their motive, spoke out against the underworld. Councilman Carl I. Jacobson was one; Dave Clark another. It will be well to see what happened to those who went up against the Spy Squad—with or without knowing it. The case of John Langan is a case in point.

Langan, today a studio dialogue director with Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., went through an experience that for sheer melodrama outdoes any of the crusading film thrillers turned out by his studio. The theater, since he set out toward the goal of a director's job as a callboy for Jane Cowl, had occupied most of his life. At the time of these events he was still in a theatrical post but had accepted a "working vacation" to go to Arizona to investigate some mining property. He was well grounded in mineralogy.

On the night of February 10, 1936, John Langan—who had an excellent Irish-German background and a willingness to fight for what he considered the rights of others—was riding toward the California border in a car.

A small dark-haired man in his thirties, roughly dressed in a dark shirt, khaki breeches, and hiking boots, hatless and with several days' growth of beard, he could have been mistaken, that night, for a "desert rat." But his eyes burned angrily as he sighted the bridge spanning the muddy Colorado River at Blythe, which marks the California state line.

To his companion, who was driving, he muttered, "Those Los Angeles cops had better not try to stop me at the border. The American people don't know their own rights."

"Don't make any trouble," said his friend. "They'll be thinking we're a bunch of damn Communists."

Langan was no Communist, but he shared with a lot of people indignation at the California Border Patrol, more commonly known as the "Bum Blockade"—which seems to have been the brain child of James E. Davis, Chief of Police under the Shaw administration.

THEN, as now, the problem of the migratory worker was perhaps the greatest single problem confronting the State of California. Hundreds of thousands of families, with all their worldly possessions packed in their ramshackle cars, were fleeing the dust bowl. California was warm and sunny. Other states gave the Okies, as they were called, enough gasoline to keep them moving on toward California. But California had no jobs and these unfortunates had no money.

It was—and is, as they still pour in—a tremendous problem. Relief agencies had all they could do to feed the children of these people. They could extend no help to the adults. The destination of most of them was Los Angeles County, and statistics there showed a rise of nearly 30 per cent in felony convictions of persons who had been residents less than one year.

It was a social, not a police, problem, but Chief Davis took a whack at it. He dispatched 136 Los Angeles cops to all California state highway entrances where, with few exceptions, obliging sheriffs deputized them. These policemen turned back at the state line all who, to them, looked likely to prove a burden to the commonwealth. On the strength of a vagrancy statute in the California Penal Code, such persons could be taken into technical custody or even fingerprinted. It was a situation that added to the troubles of the Okies, the pathetic refugees whose plight was this year to place at the top of the best-seller list John Steinbeck's powerful and moving The Grapes of Wrath.

Langan earlier that day had stopped at the side of the road where members of a shack camp squatted, dazed by the fact that they had been turned back at the California state line. He had asked some of the men: "What are you going to do about it?"

And they had shrugged and answered dully:

"We're a-figgerin'."

Langan, sympathetic and angry over the arbitrary "Bum Blockade," was watching its success with deep interest. A whole nation was watching, for a delicate constitutional point was involved. Could an American citizen be thus robbed of his freedom, his right under the Constitution to pass freely from one state into another?

Apparently he could, for on the night that Langan's car pulled up to the Blythe Bridge, the "Bum Blockade" had been in operation for nine days. Langan thought it was all pretty damnably highhanded.

AT the border a Los Angeles policeman, C. T. Fabor, asked him, "Where are you from, buddy?"

Langan had always been allergic to the name "buddy." He looked at the policeman a long time without answering. Finally he said, "Is it necessary that I tell you my name?"

Fabor turned to another officer: "I have a tough punk here who thinks he's a wise guy."

"You can't call me a tough punk or a wise guy," snapped Langan. "What right have you to come out here from Los Angeles to insult me? If there's any insulting to be done, let the sheriff of this county do it."

"I'm a sworn-in deputy of this county," the officer replied. "Maybe you ought to be in jail."

Fabor took Langan to the Quarantine Station and turned him over to J. G. Buchanan, a deputy sheriff of Riverside County. Langan angrily told Fabor, "After all, this isn't Russia. This is still a free country."

Buchanan asked Langan if he had any identification. Langan produced his California motor-vehicle license. It showed his Los Angeles address. Buchanan said, "Why didn't you show this in the first place? You could have been on your way a long time ago."

John Langan said nothing. He turned on his heel and walked out.

In that angry moment he determined to bring suit against Chief of Police James E. Davis and the City of Los Angeles. It was an important decision. The future of thousands of people who had been "afraid to come to California" would be affected by it. But for Langan himself it was momentous. It was to plunge him

(*Continued on page 26*)

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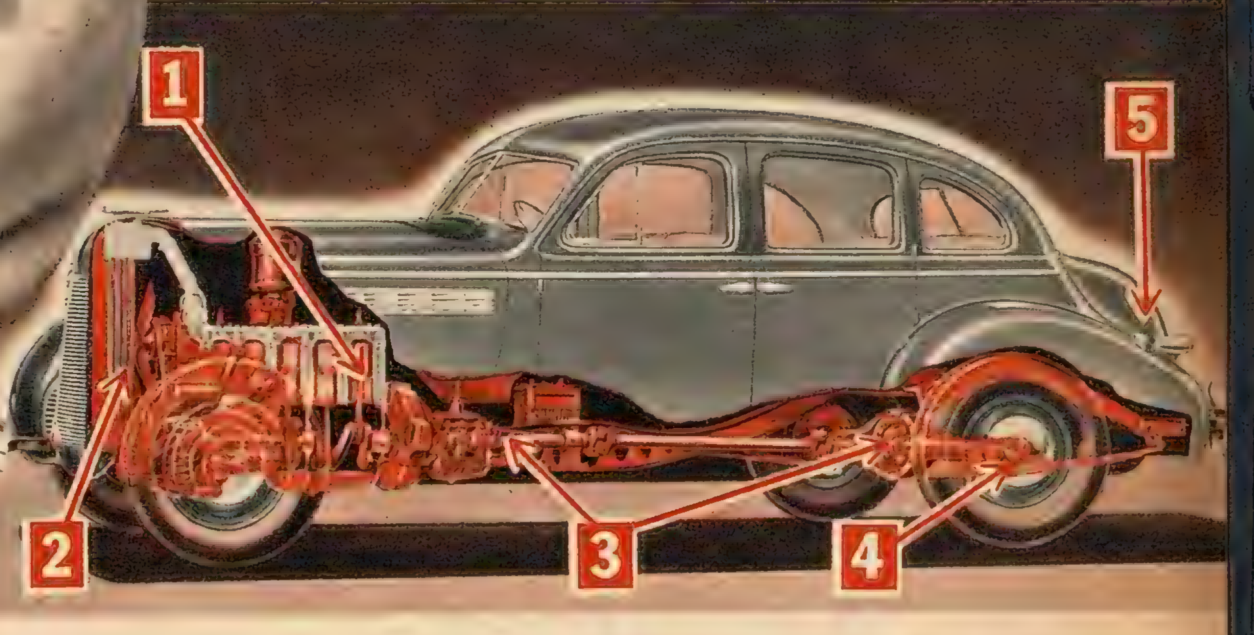

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**WINTERPROOF TODAY AND CHANGE TO_**

# Mobiloil Arctic

Mobilgas

(*Continued from page 24*)

into an incredible nightmare and—for a long time—to imperil his professional career.

The firm of John C. Packard and James Carter took his case and, on February 19, 1936, filed suit against Chief Davis and the City of Los Angeles for $5,000 damages.

They were not blind to the complexity of the migratory-worker problem, or unaware of its seriousness to the people of California.

They were, however, unalterably opposed to the method that was being used to solve it.

Because it involved a constitutional point, the suit was filed *in Federal Court.*

And then the Spy Squad stepped in.

The Spy Squad, since its inception, had been headed by Earle E. Kynette, a dough-faced, weak-eyed egomaniac with an army and medical background and considerable intelligence. He had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the fall of the previous year. His specialty was placing dictographs.

He and his boys went to work on the Langan case. Their object was to cause Langan, by any means within their power, to drop the case.

The suit was attracting nationwide attention by this time, and about February 24 James Carter, one of Langan's attorneys, received a telephone call. The caller said that he was the Western representative of Time, the weekly newsmagazine, and that he wanted to get photographs and their side of the story, and had been unable to locate Langan.

Carter said he would see what could be done. He arranged with Langan for an interview. The next morning at nine o'clock four men came to the Packard-Carter offices: a photographer; a husky fellow; the man who had telephoned; and a short man.

THE camera was set up. Langan was photographed with his attorneys on either side of him. He told his interviewer that he owned a sword used by one of his ancestors in the Revolutionary War, and that it was perhaps an inheritance from this ancestor that made him feel as he did toward the highhanded Border Patrol. Packard too told the interviewers that ancestors of his had fought in the Revolution.

For several weeks after that, Packard and Carter and Langan bought copies of Time and searched them for the story and the pictures. They found nothing.

They had given photographs and an interview not, as they supposed, to representatives of Time but to impostors—members of the Spy Squad. Later, the photographs and the interview were to turn up in the confidential files of the Spy Squad, and they were used by it in an effort to discredit John Langan through his attorneys. Neither Langan nor his attorneys were Communists, but that didn't trouble the Spy Squad.

Langan found some of his closest friends coming to him with trumped-up stories they had mysteriously received.

"Look here, John," they would say. "Here's a story that says Packard and Carter are Communists. And here's a photograph of you standing with them. How did you ever get mixed up in this, anyway? You're in with a bad bunch."

Packard and Carter found themselves constantly under the surveillance of police. Attorney Packard kept his automobile in a parking lot on Winston Street. Every day, as he would leave the parking lot, a police car containing two officers in full uniform would drop in behind him. Once they followed him as far as Whittier, California, seventeen miles from Los Angeles.

PACKARD had no desire to hide his movements. But the constant tailing, day and night, began to have its logical effect. His nerves became jumpy. His wife, terribly frightened, exacted a promise from him that whenever he was not at his office, he would phone her every few hours. They were both afraid he might be framed. He told her and their fifteen-year-old son:

"If you are ever arrested in Los Angeles at any time, say nothing at all—except your name and address—until I can be contacted."

The Spy Squad now applied new pressure to Langan indirectly. They went to Morris Sides, who had employed Langan to make the Arizona trip and advise him on the possibilities of a mica deposit at Cleator, Arizona. They told Sides, in effect: "You are running this plant and you are violating an ordinance against dust. Either you get Langan to dismiss the Border Patrol suit or we'll start action against you."

Morris Sides went out to get estimates on the changes the city officials insisted would be necessary if he wished to avoid trouble. He learned these would cost him about $20,000. He had no sooner received this discouraging news than two large roofing manufacturing concerns with which he did thousands of dollars' worth of business advised him that they had been told he was associated with a Communist. Unless Langan dropped his suit, they warned him, they would have to terminate their business relations with him.

Under these circumstances Langan, of course, was not employed again as a mining expert.

Mrs. Langan, a British subject, had entered the United States through a Canadian port. Whatever the details of her entry, Langan now received a flood of mysterious phone calls, in many of which he was told that his pretty young mate and the mother of his child was going to be deported unless he dropped the Border Patrol suit. Four years later, as this is written, Mrs. Langan is out on bail while awaiting trial on deportation proceedings. It would seem that the Spy Squad made no entirely idle threats but was supremely competent in obtaining complete data concerning any citizen they wished to work over or "persuade."

The Langans felt panic over these threats of deportation at the time, but Langan instructed his attorneys to go on with the suit. He didn't think they could deport his wife, and he thought there were few other ways in which they could hit him.

In this last conclusion he failed to appreciate the resourcefulness of the Spy Squad.

His friends still were being deluged with material designed to convince them that he was a Red. One clever bit was a letter telling one of his friends that Langan had informed the writer that he, the friend, would make a good member of the Communist Party. Accordingly the writer was enclosing an application card to the Communist Party and to the Workers' School.

When the puzzled friend came to ask Langan if he really was a Communist, Langan turned the letter over to his attorneys. It was written on a sheet of paper which proved to have the same watermark as another letter that had come from the Los Angeles Police Department. And it had been written on the same typewriter.

By this time Langan's attorneys themselves were jittery. To the constant surveillance and their fear of a frame-up was added the unpleasant suspicion (later verified) that their office telephones had been tapped. Telephone tapping in California is a felony, but that fact never disturbed the Spy Squad.

They called the telephone company, which sent men to check their lines. The men found no evidence that the lines were carrying an extra load. The answer was simple: The Spy Squad had expected the check-up and removed the tap temporarily, or had used the induction type of wire tap that is undetectable by telephone-company tests.

ON March 9 Packard was in Federal Court arguing the Langan case. Langan was in Cleator, Arizona, 500 miles away, where the mica deposits that he had examined as an expert were located.

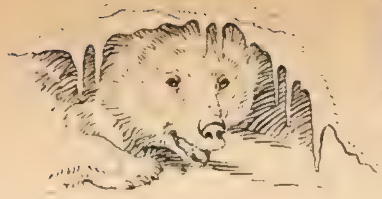
That day a telegram from Cleator was received by James Carter, Packard's partner. It read:

> IMPERATIVE DISCONTINUE SUIT AGAINST DAVIS IMMEDIATELY SORRY
> JOHN LANGAN

The attorneys were puzzled. Langan, throughout, had held doggedly to his determination to fight the case to a conclusion. Now there were two possibilities: either this telegram was a fake, or else—

Or else Kynette and his Spy Squad had found some new pressure, so compelling that Langan actually wanted to drop the suit. The lawyers were determined to get to the bottom of the matter. Carter boarded a train and arrived at Cleator the next morning.

(*Continued on page 28*)



# DON'T HIBERNATE – INSULATE★

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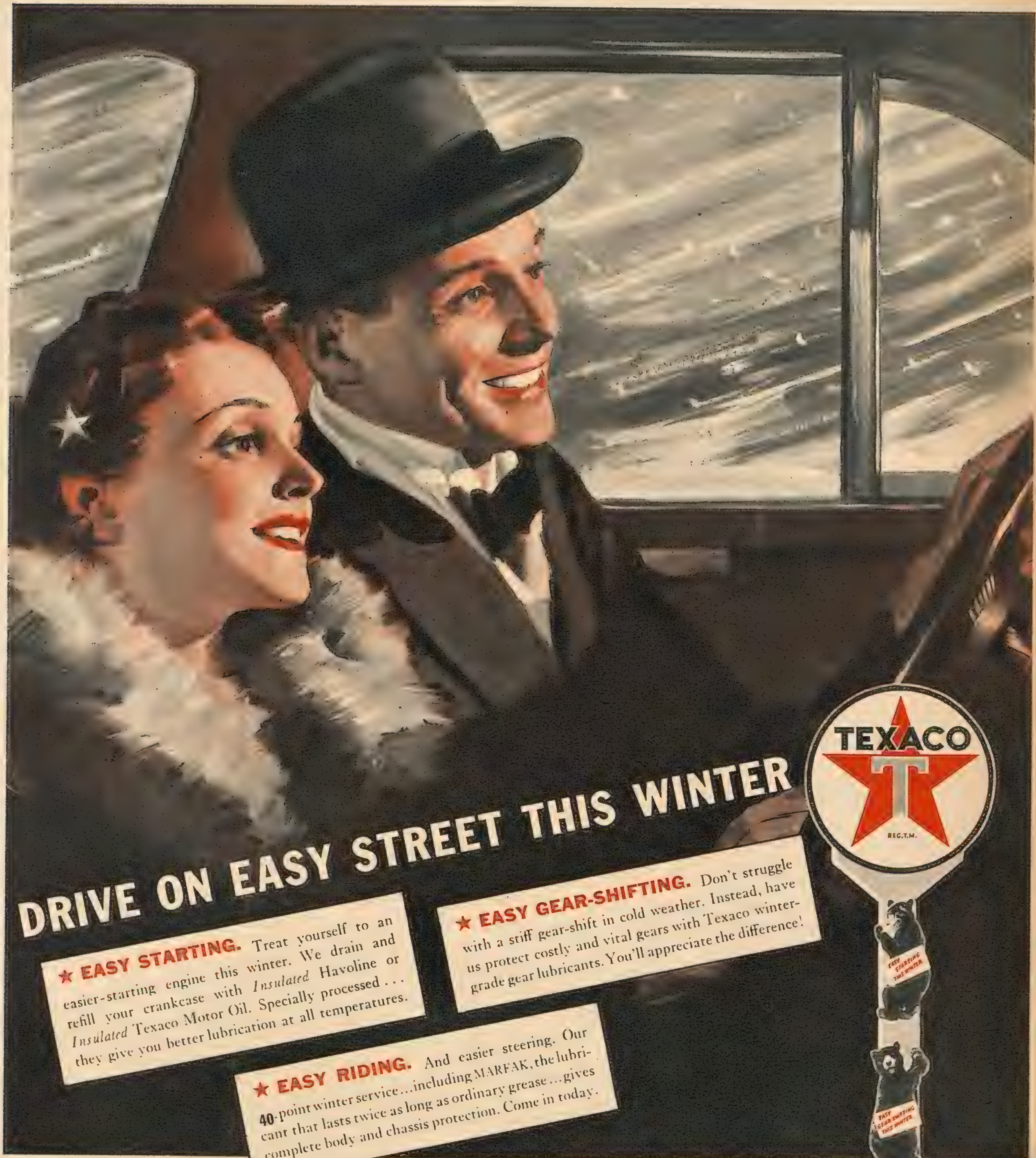

## DRIVE ON EASY STREET THIS WINTER

**★ EASY STARTING.** Treat yourself to an easier-starting engine this winter. We drain and refill your crankcase with *Insulated* Havoline or *Insulated* Texaco Motor Oil. Specially processed... they give you better lubrication at all temperatures.

**★ EASY GEAR-SHIFTING.** Don't struggle with a stiff gear-shift in cold weather. Instead, have us protect costly and vital gears with Texaco winter-grade gear lubricants. You'll appreciate the difference!

**★ EASY RIDING.** And easier steering. Our 40-point winter service...including MARFAK, the lubricant that lasts twice as long as ordinary grease...gives complete body and chassis protection. Come in today.

EASY STARTING THIS WINTER
EASY GEAR-SHIFTING THIS WINTER
EASY RIDING THIS WINTER

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# TEXACO DEALERS

**Drive in where you see the Texaco Bears**

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre — a full hour of all-star entertainment — Every Wednesday Night — Columbia Network — 9:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. S. T., 7:00 M. S. T., 6:00 P. S. T.

WHAT IS *YOUR* SMILE LIKE?

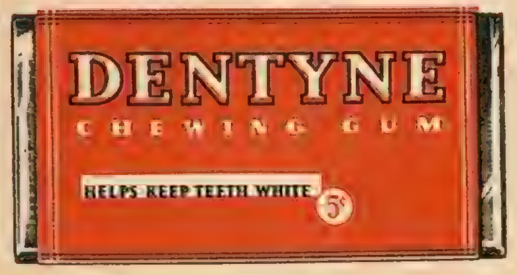
George Nicholls, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile" — but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, *your* smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists—it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods—helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

DENTYNE'S SPICY FLAVOR IS A WINNER!

You can't help being won by Dentyne's temptingly spicy taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of the Orient. Rich—long-lasting—delicious! You'll like Dentyne's unique, flat package too—slips so smoothly into pocket or purse. Just *try* Dentyne!



(*Continued from page 26*)

There he learned plenty. Two men representing themselves to be federal officers had not only put the heat on John Langan himself but had gone to his friends and associates who were interested in the mine with a malicious story intended to destroy Langan's reputation, the false assertion that he was a Communist, and the threat that his friends would lose their jobs if they didn't "drop" him. These "federal officers" were members of the Spy Squad.

Langan, camping out in the open about a mile from Cleator, was downhearted when Carter came upon him.

"It's reached the point, Mr. Carter," he explained, "where I must take into consideration the welfare of others besides myself. I can't bring serious trouble on all of these innocent persons who are being dragged into my case. That's why I wired you to drop the suit."

Carter proceeded to bolster his client's courage. "This suit is in Federal Court," he pointed out. "They dare not go too far, because they're tangling with the United States government. You'll be protected. All you have to do is to tell the truth."

For a long time Carter reasoned with Langan. Finally he got from him in writing, on the back of a blank check, the following, with his signature: "I hereby instruct you to proceed with the suit of Langan vs. City of Los Angeles on file to its conclusion, telegrams notwithstanding."

The last two words were put in to preclude any further change of mind due to pressure.

On March 17 Langan's suit was dismissed because of a technical omission in the complaint. A corrected complaint was filed and a second suit begun.

OUT of the whole sinister mess came one amusing note. Attorney Packard, trailed night and day by Spy Squad members, one night addressed a meeting of Democrats at the Towne Avenue School. A Spy Squad operative attended the meeting and made a detailed report of Packard's speech. At one point in it, Packard had told of an incident in which Chief of Police Davis had instructed his men to make reports "in quadruped," when he had, of course, meant "in quadruplicate."

The Spy Squad stenographer had meticulously reported the anecdote and then had added in parenthesis: "Big applause by fifty indigents."

With the filing of the second suit, Lieutenant Earle Kynette took matters directly into his own nimble hands. Langan was not a nobody to be pushed around but a cultured man with a fine background. Kynette accordingly reversed his technique. He became a constant and cordial visitor at Langan's home. He was persuasive and he was eloquent. But his goal remained the same—to convince Langan that he must drop the suit against Chief Davis.

Kynette took Langan and Mrs. Langan to his home. There he amused them by playing records—dictograph transcripts of incriminating conversations allegedly by men high in Los Angeles' city and social life. He played records of the conversation in telephone calls which Langan's attorneys, Packard and Carter, had privately made over their office phones. He had several cabinets filled with records. And he had many photographs of various reform leaders in compromising positions.

It all purported to be a new and amusing experience for Langan. But it all added up to an ominous display of the power of the Spy Squad and particularly of Lieutenant Kynette.

Langan, however, did not agree to discontinue his suit. Trial was set for the morning of March 30, 1936—a Monday.

That Sunday night, around midnight, James Carter was awakened in his home by his telephone. The caller was Mrs. Langan. Her husband had left their home that day with Kynette. And he had not come back!

He did not come home that night. He did not come the following morning, either.

LANGAN'S attorneys went into court before Federal Judge Albert Lee Stephens to try the case. They were in an unusual position: They not only did not have the faintest idea of where their own client might be, but could not even guess what might have happened to him.

At four o'clock that afternoon a Western Union messenger came into the courtroom and handed Attorney Packard a letter. He read it, scrutinized the signature, shrugged his shoulders helplessly, and turned to Judge Stephens. "Your Honor," he explained, "I am confronted with a peculiar problem. I have just had handed to me . . . a letter asking me to dismiss the present proceedings. I am convinced that this letter is signed by my client, but circumstances that have surrounded this case lead me to believe the letter is not the free act of my client."

Packard explained his reasons for believing that the entire case had been shot with intimidation by the Los Angeles Police Department.

Judge Stephens ruled that unless Langan personally appeared in his court to request a dismissal, the case would continue.

It did. The battle of arguments went on. Two hours later there was a dramatic interruption. John Langan walked into the courtroom.

The man who had been missing from his home since the day before was dressed in an ordinary business suit. Some spectators said he looked as though he had gone through a sleepless night; others, that he looked as though he had been on a drinking spree. Some thought he wore the expression of a thoroughly dejected, beaten, frightened man.

Judge Stephens was leaning forward eagerly. Why did the plaintiff wish to dismiss the case?

Langan would give no reason. Had pressure been used, the judge asked, to bring about this decision? Langan signed a formal statement saying that he was requesting the dismissal of his own free will.

There was nothing for the judge to do except dismiss the case. Langan obviously was emotionally upset, under some sort of strain.

Judge Stephens that same day wrote a letter to the United States District Attorney, requesting him to investigate to learn whether ". . . a most flagrant attempt to obstruct justice has been made:"

The investigation was soon stymied. Langan refused to answer questions put to him by federal investigators. One of them said later, "The man's just plain scared."

WHAT happened to John Langan on that Sunday when he left home in the company of chubby Lieutenant Earle Kynette of the Spy Squad? It remains to this day a mystery. Langan has since claimed that he dropped the suit in deference to his wife, who was badly worried, and because the purpose of the suit had been accomplished through the dissolution of the Border Patrol. Whatever his reason was, he signed the note, later delivered to Attorney Packard in the courtroom, asking for a dismissal.

Lieutenant Kynette had saved the head of the Los Angeles Police Department, Chief James E. "Cupie" Davis, from an embarrassing damage suit. That called for a bonus.

Langan, after the case, wrote an angry letter to Chief Davis sarcastically suggesting that Kynette be awarded a promotion for his "fine work" in having the suit called off. They promptly—and with straight faces—took him up on this suggestion. On May 11, 1936, Chief of Police Davis publicly announced that Lieutenant Earle E. Kynette had been promoted to the rank of captain "for efficient and meritorious service in the Langan case."

The public odium of the Langan case had resulted in the dissolution of the California Border Patrol about a month earlier, but Lieutenant Kynette got his big red apple just the same.

Ponder the situation thoughtfully. There is nothing like it, nothing with such terrifying undertones, in contemporary American history.

The Spy Squad of the Los Angeles Police Department had gone to the mat with the government of the United States. And the government of the United States had come out of that struggle a loser!

---

*If Uncle Sam himself was no match for that satanic Spy Squad, how was private citizen Clinton to get anywhere against its masters? How did the Spy Squad eventually learn the full scope of Clinton's resolve to clean up Los Angeles—and what happened to him then? The answers are not only absorbing but of nation-wide importance. In Liberty next week!*

Frankfurts fit for a king ... fine meats only, and SUPER TENDER!

**Festive Frankfurts.** *Don't boil Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts, lest their filmy skins split and allow flavor to escape. Merely simmer for 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately. Arrange platter with pear halves filled with cranberry and orange relish.*

They're SWIFT'S PREMIUM! So delicate they cut at the touch of your fork ... and with a rich flavor of fine meats, more delicious than any you've tasted

● These new Swift's Premium *Tender* Frankfurts are plump and juicy—dinner *size!* Far more than just a picnic meat, they belong right on your dinner table—on a par with sirloin and fried chicken!

You see, Swift has discovered a new method which makes these large frankfurts unbelievably tender through and through. Their skins are *tendered* in fresh pineapple juice (patent pending). No pineapple taste remains—but the frankfurts are so delicate your fork goes through them at a touch!

And you'll cheer the superb fine-meat flavor of these new frankfurts. In making them, Swift uses only selected cuts of meat. Seasons them with a subtle blend of rare spices. Smokes the links over hardwood fires.

You'd better not wait any longer to try these dinner-size frankfurts. Extra appetizing, *super tender*—they're too good to miss!

STANDARD SIZE →
←DINNER SIZE

**Take your choice!** *In addition to the big "Dinner" size, your dealer has Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the "Standard" size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality, on every fourth link.*

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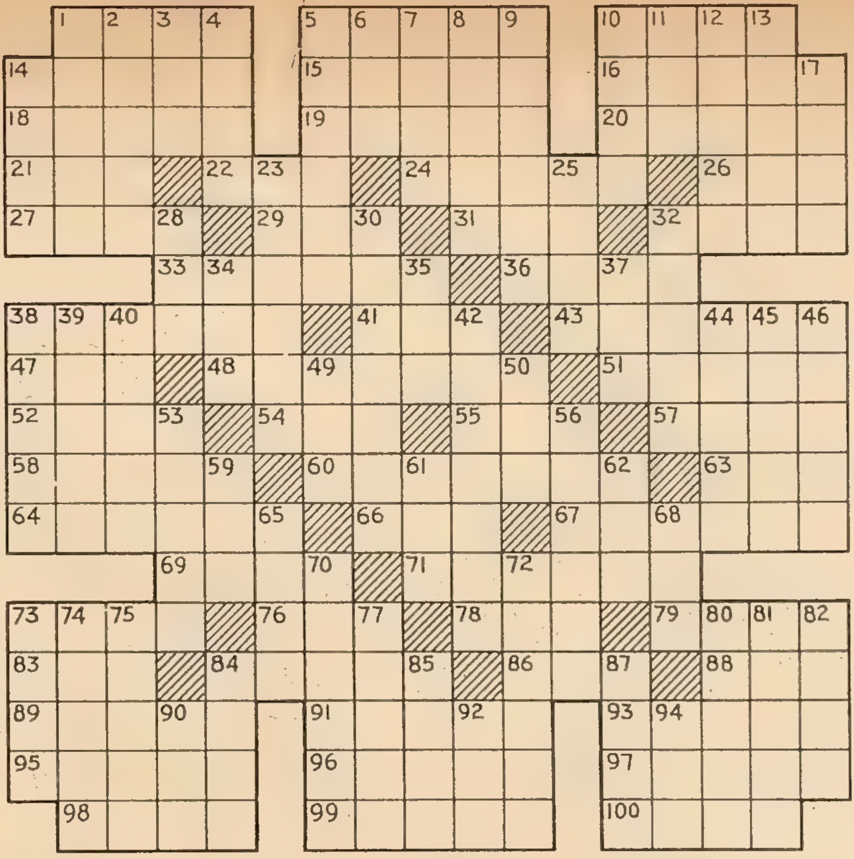
Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "Swift's Premium" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Leona . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of top quality!

# CROSSWORDS

## By LEE PASQUIN



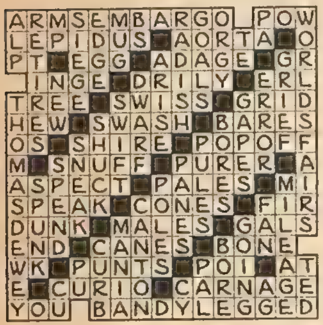
**HORIZONTAL**

1 Kind of cloth
5 Famous violin
10 Food
14 Confined
15 A fruit
16 Brisk
18 Moderate
19 Sluggish
20 Not at all
21 A plaything
22 Pile
24 Female relative
26 Printer's measure (pl.)
27 Any short distance
29 Bill
31 Slogan
32 Kind of cheese
33 Acid-forming
36 Pintail duck
38 Beads of shell
41 Secured
43 To attire
47 Part of to be
48 Near the ear
51 Hinder from
52 Rents
54 Illuminated
55 Measure of length
57 Combining form: far off
58 Decree
60 Household gods of ancient Romans
63 Dry, as wine
64 Form of salutation
66 Unexploded shell
67 Most crippled
69 Goad
71 Shipworm
73 Commanded
76 Male of certain animals
78 Hold a session
79 Sift
83 Hail!
84 Kind of nut
86 Study
88 Falsity
89 Starting bar on an engine
91 Habituate
93 Identical
95 Campaign
96 Large fast steamship
97 Delivers
98 Destroy
99 Comforts
100 Domestic animal (pl.)

**VERTICAL**

1 Lace frill
2 Early Christian feast
3 Snare
4 Paradise
5 Wing-footed
6 Players in a game
7 Verily
8 Type of lens
9 Buries
10 Sanctuary (archaic)
11 Era
12 Large stream
13 A fragrant oleoresin
14 Spiteful women (colloq.)
17 Gaelic language
23 Brutish person
25 Botanical term
28 Fruit pulp
30 Biased
32 Cap
34 One's fate
35 Hut
37 Conclude
38 Ridges
39 Field of combat
40 Glass in tension
42 Harangues
44 Corpulent
45 Large packages
46 Vertical
49 Saw wood with the grain
50 Dowry
53 Part of a column
56 Blot out
59 Thick oily substance
61 Problem
62 Downcast
65 Speck
68 Rabble
70 Tractable
72 A clause added to a legislative bill (pl.)
73 Unadorned
74 Affirms
75 Printer's helper
77 Craze
80 Color
81 Compare
82 Small cone (pl.)
84 Victim of violence
85 Female religious
87 Combining form: pertaining to the nose
90 Character in Uncle Tom's Cabin
92 Biblical name
94 Careless

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



ARMSEMBARGO POW
LEPIDUS■AORTA■O
PT■EGG■ADAGE■GR
INGE■DRILY■ERL
TREE■SWISS■GRID
HEW■SWASH■BARES
OS■SHIRE■POPOFF
M■SNUFF■PURER■A
ASPECT■PALES■MI
SPEAK■CONES■FIR
DUNK■MALES■GALS
END■CANES■BONE
WK■PUNTS■POI■AT
E■CURIO■CARNAGE
YOU BANDYLEGGED

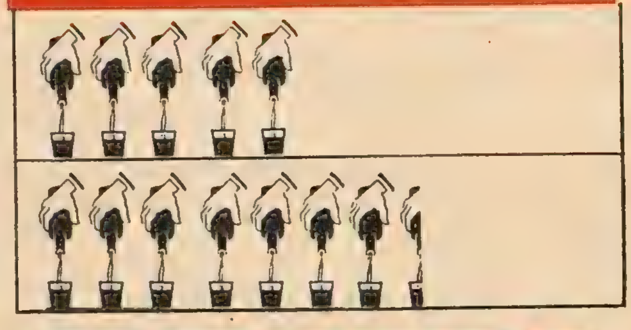
Last week's answer

OLD DRUM CHOICE OF MILLIONS IN NATION-WIDE SWING

"WHEN I GAVE my friend Tom that turkey, I sure discovered one swell whiskey! Tom said the 'turk' was cause for celebration and brought out a bottle of Old Drum. Man, it's s-m-o-o-t-h . . . and has that grand, mellow flavor only skillful blending can give! And the price is right!"

IN STATE AFTER STATE, city after city, right across the country, Old Drum sales are shooting *UP!* For example, in a recent 10-month period, sales in the state of Colorado have increased 48%. Proof enough that all America is joining in the big swing to Old Drum.

SALES GO SKYWARD IN COLORADO — UP 48%



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OLD DRUM
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BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.
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OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
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*Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.*

# PASSION IS THE GALE

**READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 33 SECONDS**

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.
*Pope's Essay on Man.*

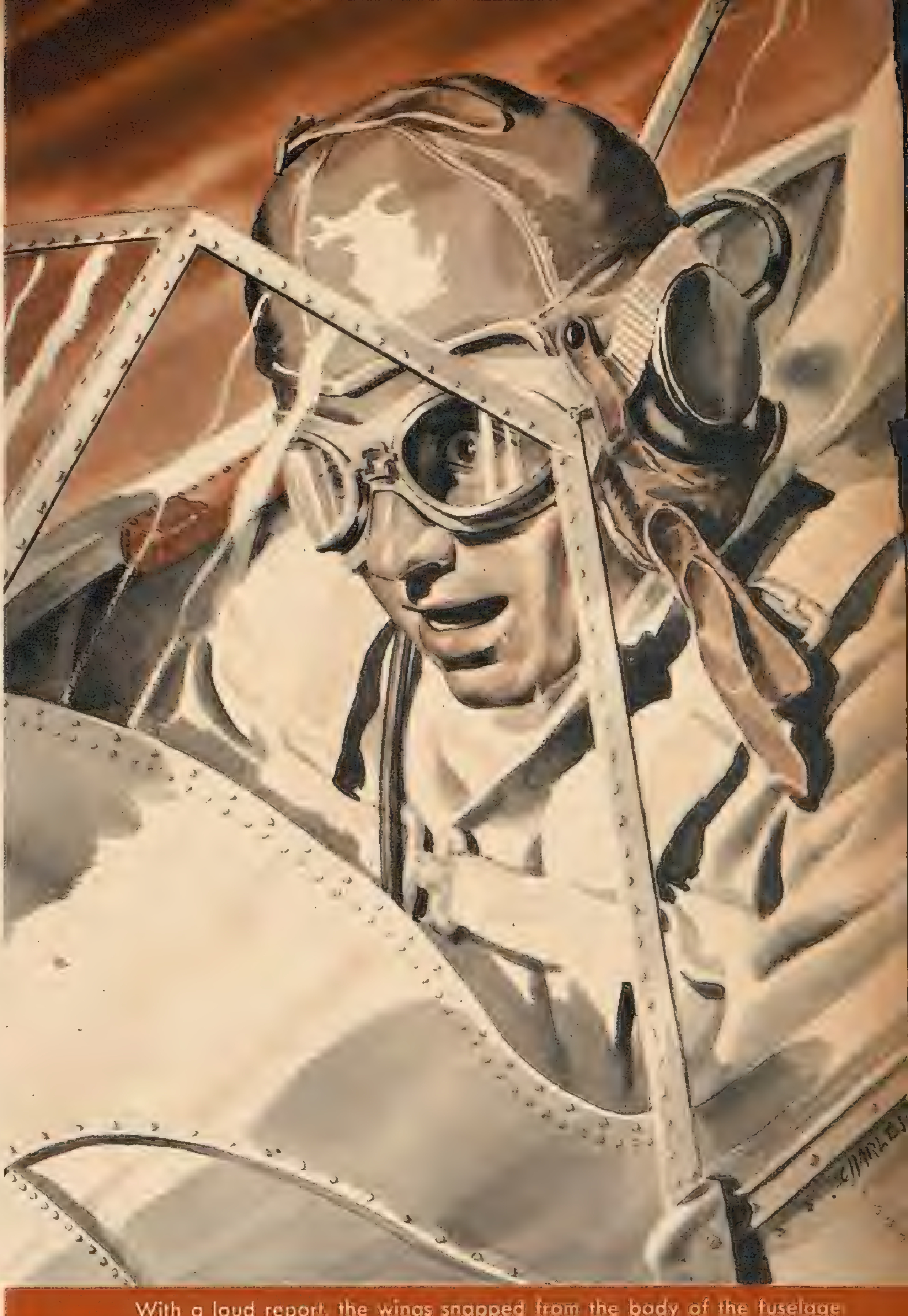
AT ten thousand feet above the San Diego naval air base, Bill Cushman, first lieutenant, United States Marine Corps, pulled his fighter up in a lazy arc and slow-rolled out at the top. It was good to be back in a fighter, to fly a ship that you could feel and twist around with the touch of a finger.

He tried another slow roll and a cart wheel. Then he saw the white panel stretched out beside the target on the ground below. They were waiting for him. Waiting for him as they had not so long ago waited for Mike McQuade? Bill wondered. He headed for the spot from which he must begin his dive.

At the edge of the asphalt mat below, Doc Matthews paced nervously in front of the ambulance. He stopped, pushed his hands deep into his pockets, and squinted searchingly at the plane overhead. Brakes squealed behind him and he turned to see a yellow roadster draw up beside the ambulance. A slim blonde in a yellow blouse, pleated blue skirt, and pillbox hat hopped out. She came toward him.

"Hi, Doc!" she said. "What's all the fuss? Having to shoot somebody down?"

Doc frowned. Celia's coming out to the field today didn't fit into his plans.



With a loud report, the wings snapped from the body of the fuselage

## A tense, exciting story of woman's love and death-defying courage in the sky

### BY SPARKS HAUSMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

"Just a little experimental job," he said. "Testing a new gadget of mine."

"Doc! You? Number-jumping at your age?"

Celia's gaiety annoyed him. "Just doing my job," he said. "Same as Bill is, up there."

Celia caught the tautness in Doc's voice. "Bill? Doc! What is it?"

Doc didn't answer. He put a hand on her arm and kept looking up. The plane was hanging almost motionless directly overhead. Then its wings threw off a quick flash of sunlight and it was dropping toward them.

COMMANDER DANIEL MATTHEWS had been flight surgeon and family doctor to Marine Corps pilots for twenty years. He had a mental file on the married life of every pilot in the Second Marine Aircraft Group.

The first time Doc saw Celia Taylor

was at the Officers' Club, at Mike McQuade's cocktail party. When Doc and his diminutive wife, Sarah, arrived, the bachelors of Marine Fighting Squadron Two were grouped around one chair.

A feminine voice, nervous and excited, sounded above the babble of the party. "Last one to the bar is a penguin!" The circle of men parted as a blonde dashed out of the chair and across the lounge. The men obediently rushed after her.

He knew she must be Celia Taylor. Only the new colonel's daughter could rate such attention. The commanding tone of her voice showed she was used to it.

Doc pulled Sarah back from the doorway as Celia, a half-filled highball glass in her hand, rushed toward them, leading her squadron of admirers. Bill Cushman, the youngest pilot in the outfit, came around the corner from the cocktail bar. They met head-on.

Bill caught her and steadied her glass with one hand. Not much was left of its contents. Most of it was on Bill.

"Now look what's happened! Why don't people watch where they're going?" Celia cried. "All over my new dress!" She tried to twist away. Bill held her firmly.

"It will be if you don't watch what's left," he said.

A fire blazed in Celia's eyes. "Let go of me!"

Bill took her glass before he released her. Celia glared. Bill waited. Slowly a smile filtered across her face. "Thank you," she said. "I'm sorry. It went on you, didn't it?"

"Not enough to worry about."

"I am sorry," she said. She took his arm and started to turn him back toward the bar. "I'm Celia Taylor, the colonel's brat. Come join us!"

Bill did not move. "Thanks," he said. "I'm up for the early weather hop in the morning. I'm just saying good night to the McQuades."

A brittle gaiety returned to Celia's voice. "You don't really mean you let flying interfere with a perfectly good party?" she taunted.

"Sometimes," Bill said. He handed the glass back to her. "Good night."

Celia watched him go. Then she tossed her head and pushed into the crowded bar.

TWO months later Doc and Mike McQuade stood in front of the fireplace in Bill and Celia Cushman's home. It was the third Cushman cocktail party in two weeks.

Celia breezed past them, chattering gaily to three or four of the younger officers.

Mike nodded toward a corner where Bill was quietly talking to Colonel and Mrs. Taylor. "Bill never tries to keep up with Celia. Somehow I've always figured when two people get married they ought to have some interests in common. But all Celia seems to care about is cocktail parties. And Bill doesn't like them. He just tolerates her having them."

"That's a better compromise than a lot of us work out," Doc said.

"Hasn't affected his flying," Mike declared, "so I guess it shouldn't bother me."

"You know, Mike," Doc said. "Celia never wanted anything that she didn't get it. And there's such a thing as Bill's investing in the future. Celia's got a lot of horsepower if it's ever harnessed."

Across the room, Evelyn McQuade caught Mike's eye. Mike took a last puff on the stub of his cigar and tossed it into the fireplace. "There's the signal from the boss," he said. "I guess we're leaving."

"Good night Mike," Doc said.

THAT was Mike McQuade's last cocktail party. The next day Marine Fighting Two bombed for annual record score. Doc arrived at the squadron as Mike wound up a pep talk about beating the score of Fighting Three. "Just remember, men, you can't miss!"

Bill Cushman had not yet won a place in the first lineup, so he took a training ship and flew Doc to a field near the Miramar target. They stood a few hundred yards away and watched.

In a loose column, the pilots flew over them and dived. One after another they sank their miniature target bombs

LET THE MARINES TELL YOU!

**The vital equipment of the United States Marine Corps is protected by "Prestone" brand anti-freeze. *The Marines know!***

**The United States Navy** has long used "Prestone" anti-freeze because it will not fail! *The Navy knows!*

**The United States Army** relies on "Prestone" anti-freeze — because they don't guess in the Army. *The Army knows!*

**"PRESTONE"** anti-freeze is used in more automobiles than any other brand of winter protection—because there's no other anti-freeze that can match it. Guaranteed in writing. Contains NO alcohol. One filling lasts all winter long.

**"PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE**

**NEW LOW PRICE $2.65 PER GALLON**

EVEREADY
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST

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close to the center of the white circles. When Mike, as clean-up man, maneuvered into position, there was no need for him to bomb. The trophy was won.

Doc saw him nose over and start for the earth. He knew that Mike would put one in for a pin wheel. As the plane reached the release altitude, Doc watched for the bomb. And still the plane dropped. Doc stopped breathing. Mike would have to break his dive soon or he would squash around the arc of his pull-out and hit the ground.

Finally he saw the bomb leave the plane and tumble end over end.

Then Doc saw Mike jerk his plane from its dive and start the nose upward. The crescendo whine of the bomb expanded to a shrieking whistle and ended suddenly with a dull plunk. Out of the corner of his eye Doc saw the flash. A column of white smoke spurted from the point of impact not two feet from the pin.

Mike's plane was level, a silver-winged cross against the blue sky, when it happened. There was a pistol-like crack. The wings of the plane collapsed and disappeared. Slowly, it seemed, the shorn body nosed down and dived for the ground. There was time for Mike to throw himself free.

Beside Doc, Bill yelled, " Bail out! "

Then it was over. A living bomb, Mike and his plane plunged into the earth.

Bill and Doc stood, numbed by the sudden horror of it, and watched the oily black cloud billow over the trees from the spot where Mike had struck.

COME on!" Doc yelled, and they ran. When they found it, Bill took one glance at the cockpit and turned away.

" Doc," he said, " Mike never had a chance. He was blacked out."

" H'mm," Doc said.

" You saw Wilcox's dive—steep, fast, and a tight pull-out. They always are. Not quite as low as that one of Mike's, not enough to yank the wings off, but he must pull at least eight Gs of centrifugal force. And he says he's never neared going unconscious."

" Eight G is a pretty heavy load."

" That depends on the pilot, Doc. It must. I don't suppose I ever pull more than five. And I black out on every dive."

Doc pondered. Bill was young, in top condition.

" When the wings came off, Mike had plenty of room to take to his chute," Bill went on. " But his safety belt was still buckled when he hit. Why wouldn't an old-timer like Mike go over the side when his wings left? Because he didn't see them go. He was solid black. I'm getting out of fighters."

Doc looked at him quickly. There was no fear in Bill's eyes, no hysteria.

" I've been thinking about it," he said. " I might misjudge sometime and have to pull out like Mike. Then I wouldn't be worth much to Uncle Sam, would I? Nor to Celia. I can do

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everything else, but I'm just not cut out for dive-bombing. I'm going to transfer to Utility." That meant flying transports; irregular working hours, with week-end trips away from North Island.

Normally, the oldsters of Marine Corps Aviation, with several thousand hours in their logs and no-longer-youthful constitutions, were assigned to the transports. In the Utility crowd there were few cocktail parties and poker sessions and beach picnics.

Doc put his hand on Bill's shoulder. "I've got to tell Evelyn about Mike," he said. "But think it over before you put in for that transfer."

IT was three months before Doc saw Bill again. On a Thursday afternoon he found him shooting the breeze in Fighting Two's ready room. It was a different Bill Cushman.

There were no spots of burnt powder and gun oil on his uniform. Utility was a white-collar job where you didn't even wear a helmet and goggles. But there was something else missing. Bill's smile came slowly. There was a harried look in his eyes and they refused to meet Doc's. Bill's old air of quiet confidence was gone.

That night after dinner Doc suddenly put down his paper and went out to the garage. When he came back, he was carrying an old inner tube and a box of tire patches. He took the scissors out of the kitchen cabinet and started cutting.

"Daniel!" Sarah called from the living room. "Are we going to Ensenada with the squadron Saturday?"

"Whatever you say, Sarah."

"I suppose that Celia Cushman will be along again. Beverly Dorsey said this afternoon that Celia is running around with the Fighting pilots all the time."

"Good idea," Doc said. He went to the back porch and brought in a piece of wing fabric he had been saving.

"Good idea?" Sarah scoffed. "When she ought to be looking out for Bill's interests in Utility? They say she's out every night when Bill's away."

Sarah entered the kitchen. Doc had two broad strips of tubing fastened together and was covering the outside of the flat doughnut with several layers of fabric.

"It's a girdle," he explained. "A pneumatic girdle."

Sarah sniffed. "Sometimes I wonder, Daniel!"

"You know, Sarah," Doc said, "the girls these days don't have the figure you have."

"Blarney!" Sarah declared and stalked out of the kitchen.

SATURDAY morning Doc steered his wheezing old coupé along the West Road to the Utility Squadron. He scanned the field to his left. The fog was still clinging to the island. Zero-zero, with no symptom of a break.

Doc chuckled. He had been forced to pull the old gag about having the duty, but Sarah had finally consented to go off to Ensenada alone.

As he chugged up to the Utility parking lot, he saw the big gray amphibian sitting on the line, her engines quiet. He nodded his head, satisfied.

Bill Cushman was alone in the ready room, idly turning over cards in a game of solitaire. He jumped nervously at Doc's entrance.

"Think it'll clear up?" Doc asked.

"Next week, maybe. Same stuff all up the coast. And Operations keeps me sitting here. I could have been home an hour ago. One look out the window would tell any one that."

"Of course," Doc sympathized.

The field phone rang and Bill jumped to answer it. In a moment he was back. "Well, they finally made up their minds. Hop's canceled."

"Good," Doc said.

"Excuse me a minute," Bill said. "I'll tell 'em to shove the ship in the hangar and phone Celia to come get me." He started out the door.

"Hold on, Bill," Doc called. "I'm on my way back to town. No need to call Celia."

RATTLING back along the West Road, they were both silent. Then Doc said, "I had a hunch I'd find you at the squadron this morning. I came down to ask a favor of you."

"Sure, Doc," Bill said. "What can I do for you?"

"Remember what you told me several months ago about blacking-out?"

Bill was staring into the fog. "Sure," he said.

"I've been working on a gadget," Doc went on. "A pneumatic girdle. It puts pressure around the abdomen. I think it's a cure for blacking-out."

"Sounds like a good idea," Bill said indifferently.

"It might seem simple and unimportant," Doc continued. "But I figure it could have a big effect on dive-bombing tactics. Today fighters can take harder pull-outs than their pilots can. Dives have to be started from five thousand feet or less so the pilots won't black out. If this gadget works, a squadron could start its dives from ten or fifteen thousand feet, out of sight and out of anti-aircraft range. By the time the enemy spotted them and started firing, it would be too late to stop the attack."

"Good dope," Bill said.

"I want you to test it for me," Doc said. "If it works for you, it ought to be good for any one else. Isn't that what you told me?"

Bill smiled weakly. "That's a good one, Doc. I'm not a fighter pilot any more. Been in crates too long. I wouldn't know how to handle one. You want to get hold of Wilcox or Dorsey or one of the fighter gang."

Doc frowned. "Afraid of it, Bill?"

"Now, wait a minute, Doc," Bill said. "You know why I left fighters. I'm not going back to them. What would it get me?"

"It's for the good of the service in the first place," Doc said. "And maybe you belong in fighters."

"Nonsense," Bill said.

"You know, Bill, I don't think this Utility crowd is Celia's speed."

"You just don't know her any more, Doc. She's changed. For instance, she's going to the flower show with the skipper's wife this afternoon. Things aren't like they used to be."

They jerked to a stop in front of Bill's house.

"Come in and have lunch with us."

"Oh, no," Doc said. "I know this business of bringing in an unexpected guest."

Bill turned off the ignition. "Don't argue. Celia'll be glad to see you."

When they entered the house, the maid came into the hall.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Cushman. We wasn't expectin' you, no, suh. We thought you-all was a-flyin', Mr. Cushman. We sure did."

"Where is Mrs. Cushman?" Bill asked.

"She's done gone," the maid said. "She said you was goin' to be away till Sunday night. Cap'n Wilcox, he come around about ten o'clock and they went off somewheres. Sounded like they was goin' to Ensign—Ensign Somebody's. Said she'd be back late tonight."

"Oh, yes. That's right," Bill said. "Thank you, Linda."

"I'll run along, Bill," Doc said. "There's a patient I ought to see. I'll take you up on that lunch some other time."

"O. K.," Bill said.

At the door, Doc turned. "Like to see you test that belt, Bill. Give it another think."

IT was Monday afternoon, and he was doing his first slow rolls in three months. Yes, it was good to be back in a fighter.

"Take your time," Doc had said. "Push it around a bit until you get the feel of it again."

He had already stalled long enough. Doc and the fire crew down there would be wondering if he was coming.

He pumped up the belt, felt its firming pressure around his middle, and headed over the target. When he saw the center of it directly below, he pulled the nose up.

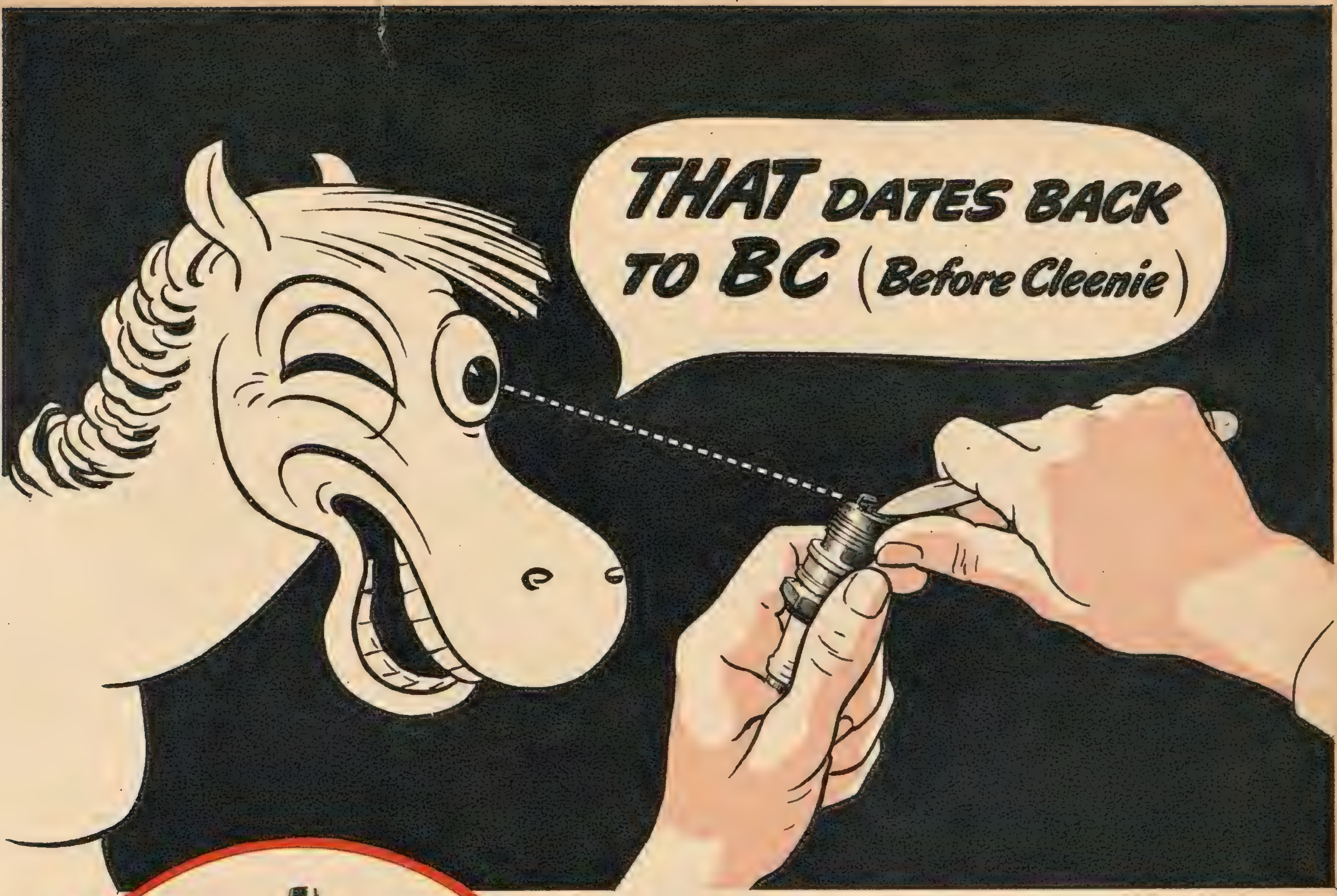
The air-speed meter read eighty. He rotated the wings in a slow roll and, for a moment before the nose started dropping, he could see the white circles of the target directly over his head. He was hanging, light and buoyant, suspended by his safety belt.

Then he was jerked into the seat, the plane took hold of him with its tremendous acceleration, and he was dropping toward the earth.

As the speed increased and the slipstream tugged at his shoulders, he hunched up behind the windshield and brought his eye to the sight.

The target hovered in the lens, three expanding circles rushing at him. As he moved the bead over to

*(Continued on page 38)*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**MUSHROOM COCKTAIL**

*—Graham McNamee*

*Entered Radio as baritone in 1922, quickly became a famous announcer; has been broadcasting ever since.*

Wash small mushrooms and remove all t a small portion of the stems. Cover h boiling water and cook gently for 15 nutes, then drain and chill. Arrange all crisp lettuce leaves in each cocktail ss; put in six or seven of the mushroms and cover with a teaspoon of nato ketchup. Serve with lemon.

**CHEESE PUMPKINS**

*—Dean Cornwell*

*One of world's greatest muralists; his latest murals are those in General Motors exhibit at New York World's Fair.*

Allow creamy yellow cheese to remain room temperature until soft enough to ld, adding a little cream if necessary. Put small oysterette crackers in oven until hot and crisp. Shape cheese into balls large enough to cover the crackers; place one ball on each hot cracker and press down slightly to resemble a tiny pumpkin. Garnish with slices of stuffed olives and serve at once, as appetizers.

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**TURTLE GUMBO**

*—Lawton Mackall*

*Writer on foods; co-author of "The Restaurateur's Handbook," and the movie, "If I Had a Million."*

Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 2 small onions (minced) and ½ green pepper (sliced); fry 3 minutes, then add 2 cups sieved canned tomatoes, 2 cups water, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ lb. of okra (canned or fresh), sliced thin, and heat slowly to boil. Add 2 lb. can of clear green turtle soup and cook slowly 10 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons dry sherry or Madeira just before serving. Serves 8.

**OYSTER DRESSING**

*—Don Herold*

*Creator of "Hopscotch" cartoons; popular humorist; besides six successful books, recently wrote the new show, "Buggy Ride."*

Cut crusts off large loaf of stale bread; soften bread with a little boiling water and crumble very fine. Add ½ lb. melted butter, season with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, rosemary, thyme and juice of ½ lemon. Drain the liquor from 1 quart oysters and bring to boil, then skim. Pour this over bread crumbs and crusts broken into small pieces. Add 1 or 2 eggs and mix thoroughly with the hands. When stuffing turkey, first put in a spoonful of dressing, then 3 or 4 oysters, until bird is filled.

**SWEET POTATOES (LUCILLE)**

*—Crosby Gaige*

*"America's amateur gourmet No. 1"; Broadway producer; wrote "New York World's Fair Cook Book."*

Boil sweet potatoes in their jackets until about three-quarters cooked. Remove from water and when cool, pare and cut them into uniform slices ½ inch thick. Put one layer of these slices in a well-buttered frying pan, cover them with maple syrup and let cook over a slow fire, being careful not to allow contents to burn. When potatoes have absorbed practically all of the maple syrup, they will be ready to serve.

**FRENCH DRESSING**

*—John Erskine*

*Author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Galahad" and other sophisticated novels. Former professor.*

Mix ½ cup olive oil, ¼ cup vinegar, scant teaspoon of sugar, dash of paprika, ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger, and ½ teaspoon of salt, in a jar, adding teaspoon of chopped mild onion. Shake well, strain out onion and shake again. Use on romaine or lettuce.

**FISH DABS**

*—James Montgomery Flagg*

*A magazine illustrator of renown; has written poetry and prose; won radio laurels.*

One cup salt codfish shredded by hand; 2 cups diced raw potatoes. Do *not* soak codfish beforehand. Do *not* add salt! Boil together until potatoes are soft. Then drain and add 1 beaten egg and butter (size of walnut), melted. Add black pepper, paprika. Beat in bowl until creamy. Form into unmolded dabs about the size of walnuts, and fry in deep fat to light brown color. Drain on brown paper and serve with English mustard.

**CRANBERRY SAUCE**

*—Otto Soglow*

*Originator of "The Little King" comics; author of "Soglow's Confidential History of Modern England."*

Boil 2 cups sugar, 2 cups boiling water together 5 minutes. Add 1 qt. cranberries; cook without stirring until they are thick and clear. Chill before using. If strained sauce is desired, cook the cranberries and water together, then rub through a sieve. Return strained portion to the fire, add sugar and simmer 5 or 10 minutes.

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## HE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

*(Continued from page 34)*

the center he repeated to himself, "Remember, men, you can't miss!"

He would prove to himself that he could get a bull's-eye, just as Mike had done. And then he would pull out, pull out hard, and with the help of Doc's belt he would remain conscious and in control of his ship. He would be able to go back to fighters and Celia would be happy again.

He had repeated this formula so often during the day, that now at last he almost had confidence in it. Almost, but he was finding his memory sharpening with every second as he dropped toward the point at which he would have to release.

He had always made it to the release point safely enough. Then he had started easing the stick back. From a straight-down picture of the earth, he would begin to see a moving panorama, with his line of sight sweeping up toward the horizon. The target directly below would disappear, the asphalt mat beside it would flash by, the trees at the edge of the island, San Diego three miles to the north, the hills and mountains in the far distance, and finally he would see the horizon.

And at this point he would stop seeing. He would hope every time that just once he would be successful in getting out of his dive without that ghastly loss of consciousness. But every time it would creep up on him.

He did not have to go through all that again. It was simple. All he had to do was to pull out now, before he picked up terminal velocity, before he would have to rear back on that stick in order to keep from going into the ground.

But that would not be a fair test, would only fix his fears forever. Doggedly he continued pushing forward on the stick.

HIS eye was glued to the sight. The rigging of the ship howled and screamed under the terrific hurricane beating against it. From the pitch, he knew that he was moving at more than four hundred miles an hour. But this speed meant nothing. It was only the acceleration on the pull-out that would count.

The target was crawling into the sight and filling it completely before he let his hand pull the bomb release. He jerked his eye away and hauled back on the stick. This was the dreaded moment. Taking a quick breath, he pressed his abdomen hard against the belt.

In that instant he realized that in trying to conquer his fear, he had forced himself too far. He had come too low and too fast. Only by turning through an impossibly small arc could he bring the ship out. And even if he succeeded in getting it level, it might squash into the earth.

He put both hands on the stick and pulled. He could sense the tremendous vibration up forward as the gyroscopic effect of the propeller fought to tear the engine from its mount. The entire structure shuddered.

For the first time he found himself conscious, conscious to observe what happened, to watch, as long strips of fabric separated themselves from the wing covering. The whole process was over instantly, but he seemed to be able to watch the tear begin and slowly run the width of the wing before it ripped loose.

With a loud report like that of a bursting paper bag, the wings snapped from the body of the fuselage. He had almost made it. The nose was on the horizon, but he was still dropping.

No longer did it seem the slow motion it had when he watched Mike go in. There was no time for thought, no time for thanksgiving that the belt had done its work and that he was still conscious to act.

There was only time to put his foot against the stick and catapult himself from the shattered shell.

He felt the impact of the air stream like a wall of water against his body as it stopped his unstreamlined shape. He seemed to be blown back past the tail, somehow missing the sharp rudder fin, but he knew that in reality they were both plunging toward the black asphalt below, the plane traveling only slightly faster.

The ground was so close that he was cringing against the impact when he felt the chute snap out behind him. There was a sharp crack from the opening silk and quick

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pain as the webbing bit into his groin and shoulders.

The hesitation was only momentary, and then he crashed against the earth. The parachute had ripped in opening.

FROM the moment they saw the flash of sunlight on the wings, Doc and Celia had their eyes fixed on the dropping plane.

It seemed to Celia as if her heart had stopped, as if she had no existence outside of the speck rushing down at her. Bill was in that plane! And something was wrong. Doc, the ambulance, the fire truck.

Until that moment, crashes had always been something remote. They were a topic for conversation. They might mean the absence of some familiar face from cocktail parties. But transfers also shifted people in and out of the circle. She had never thought of Bill crashing.

Like the sunlight on the diving plane, a quick vision of her life with Bill flashed before her. Her brilliant cocktail parties, Ted Wilcox, running around with the Fighter crowd, were all empty excitements. The wedding itself, preceded by a whirl of showers and parties and gaudily reported by the papers, shamed her with its fraud.

She had demanded everything, had given nothing. She had never really thought about Bill. She had cared only for herself and trivia which left no time for thought. And so he had not told her what he was doing today. He had known she would not understand—or care.

The plane was rushing toward the hard asphalt with a growing roar. Suddenly it jerked from its dive, its nose strained toward the horizon.

Celia was saying, "Doc! What could . . ." Then she saw the wings snap and float like bits of tissue paper away from the plane.

"My God!" she heard Doc say. She buried her head against his shoulder. A sharp physical pain cut through her as she heard the dull explosion of the fuselage plunging into the earth. She wished she had been in the plane too.

Vaguely she heard Doc shout, "He bailed out!" And she looked up.

At the far edge of the mat a mass of white silk billowed in the wind. Celia started running toward it. Doc caught up with her and she was struggling against his restraining arms.

"Too low! He was too low," Doc said. "You can't go out there."

She fought. The siren of the ambulance screamed behind them.

"Bill! Bill! . . . Let me go! I've got to get out there!"

She tore herself from Doc's grasp and was running across the mat. She stumbled. She almost fell. She kept going.

She realized there were other people running behind her, that the sleeve of her blouse was torn where she had jerked away from Doc, that the ambulance had picked Doc up and was overtaking her.

"Bill! Bill!" she sobbed.

As she reached the edge of the mat a figure crawled from under the parachute and, rising slowly to his feet, pushed his goggles back.

Celia threw herself into Bill's arms.

"Cele darling! How did you know?" He had not the strength to say more then, for she was clinging to him, pressing against him as if to make certain that he was real and alive. Her arms clutched desperately around his neck and he could feel the trembling throb of her body.

"Bill, don't ever, ever leave me again!" she said.

A corps man was pulling her away from Bill and she heard Doc's professional tone saying, "How do you feel, Bill? Break any bones?"

"Just a little weak," Bill said, weaving on his feet. He put his arm around Celia. "It worked, Doc."

Doc rested his hand on Bill's shoulder. "We'll take you over to the dispensary for a check-up," he said. As they helped Bill to the ambulance, he said, "It's all right, Cele. I can go back to fighters again."

Doc shuddered as he thought how near his plan had been to failure. But it had worked, and Bill and Celia would be happy together again, back in the old squadron.

"No, Bill," Celia said. "From now on we're both Utility!"

THE END

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# GARBO COMES UP LAUGHING

## Tragic no more, a lady of moods turns brilliantly to comedy in a brisk film of spring and romance in Paris

## BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

### ★ ★ ★ ★ NINOTCHKA

THE PLAYERS: Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ina Claire, Bela Lugosi, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, Alexander Granach, Gregory Gaye, Rolfe Sedan, Edwin Maxwell, Richard Carle. Screen play by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and Walter Reisch, based on a story by Melchior Lengyel. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 111 minutes.

SHE smiles! She chuckles! She laughs!

Yes, it's Garbo. From aloof brooding tragedy and moody introspective drama, Greta steps to comedy. And does it brilliantly. Here is her best picture in years.

Ninotchka is a bright, sustained, scintillating comedy, with Garbo in the role of a Spartan-like Bolshevik commissar sent to Paris to check up on three recreant Russians who have forgotten their mission in the joys of the French capital. They were to dispose of confiscated imperial jewels—the homeland needs money for tractors and food. Comrade Ninotchka Ivanova Yakushova is a relentless Soviet emissary who permits no nonsense—until she encounters a handsome worldly Parisian. Between spring and romance, Comrade Ninotchka is transformed. For high comedy I recommend the first collision of the ex-soldier of the women's Battalion of Death with champagne, the lilt of a waltz, and a Paris hat. Not to mention Melvyn Douglas as the debonair gentleman who climbs the Eiffel Tower for the first time in his pursuit of this strange and fascinating stoic messenger of Mr. Stalin.

The background swings from the gaiety of Paris to the compact community life of Moscow, where a curtained room section is home and four eggs constitute a banquet. There are the usual Lubitsch touches, smartness, witty dialogue, and deft farce. Underneath is adroitly shaded political satire.

Laurels to Garbo and Douglas—and a cheer for the three Karl Marx brothers, otherwise the trio of backsliding Bolsheviks hilariously done by Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, and Alexander Granach. While I'm cheering, a long Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for Director Lubitsch.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ninotchka is pronounced Ny-notch-ka, with the accent on the notch. . . . This is Greta's twenty-third American film. Garbo still quits promptly at five o'clock. Always arrives in blue silk beach pajamas and blue wool coat; is on the set, made up, at nine o'clock on the dot. It was Greta who insisted upon having Melvyn Douglas for her leading man. She liked him opposite her in As You Desire Me. "One of my happiest experiences," said Mel afterward. . . . Director Ernst Lubitsch had his daily cigar ration cut to two by his physician. Went about chewing on an empty cigar holder. . . . Folks wondered what Greta and Ina Claire thought in their scenes together. The late Jack Gilbert was an important figure in Garbo's life; he married Ina. And now he's almost completely forgotten in forgetful Hollywood. . . . Mickey Rooney tried to crash the Garbo set but didn't get by. It's guarded by Claude Clement, for six years a Royal Canadian Mountie. . . . Garbo's voice is "mezzochromatic." So says Conrad Kahn, sound engineer of Ninotchka. Otherwise, a voice of medium depth with vibrant timbre and colorful overtones. . . . For the first time in nine years Bela (Dracula) Lugosi gets away from horror roles. Lubitsch thinks he's really a comedian. . . . Melchior Lengyel's original script ran six pages. And it was in Hungarian. But the studio bought it as was. . . . That cornucopia hat was designed for Greta by Adrian. And he hopes that it won't be adopted as a fashion. "Only Garbo could wear it," he warns. . . . Director Lubitsch says screen kisses never should last over three seconds. Otherwise audiences titter.

Cornucopia hat plus Garbo, plus Melvin Douglas in Ninotchka.

### ★ ★½ U-BOAT 29

THE PLAYERS: Conrad Veidt, Sebastian Shaw, Valerie Hobson, Marius Goring, June Duprez, Athole Stewart, Agnes Laughlin, Helen Haye, Cyril Raymond, George Summers, Hay Petrie, Grant Sutherland, Robert Rendel, Mary Morris, Margaret Moffatt, Kenneth Warrington, Torin Thatcher. Screen play by Emeric Pressburger and scenario by Roland Pertwee, based on a story by J. Storer Clouston. Directed by Michael Powell. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 77 minutes.

THIS English-made film of spies and counterespionage has a curious timeliness, now that U-boats ride the seas with their messages of death and destruction. It's a yarn of the first World War, but the background of the bleak north Scotch coast in the grip of strife has the atmosphere of today.

U-boat 29 puts one of its officers ashore on the Orkney Islands to gain information about the British fleet and to meet one of Germany's lady spies, who is to affect the disguise of a schoolteacher in order to use her wiles upon susceptible English officers.

Made before the new World War broke, the film is done without hatred or bitterness. And it gains by this, for the story, while involved, has surprise twists and sharp melodrama. It is as topical as tomorrow's headlines. The scenes in the subsea raider possess the tang of reality—indeed they're better than any filmed by our own Hollywood. Conrad Veidt is excellent as the officer dropped ashore on his mission of murder. Valerie Hobson is an attractive espionage agent.

VITAL STATISTICS: Back in 1921 Conrad Veidt achieved something resembling celluloid immortality in The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, one of the great silent films. Born in Berlin, Veidt studied under Max Reinhardt, fought in the first World War, came back intact to act and write. For the last seven years Conrad has lived in England. . . . Michael Powell, who directed U-Boat 29, saw Valerie Hobson at a party with her mother. She then was an Irish colleen of fifteen. Powell gave her a film test, and, after she cut off her pigtails, a role in Badger's Green. She's made pictures on both sides of the Atlantic. Remember her in The Bride of Frankenstein? . . . The St. Magnus, the boat "sunk" in this film, was patterned after the St. Ola, sunk by a sub in the other war. It was reproduced on a sound stage, being set up on a cradle to get the right rocking effect. This was first titled The Spy in Black, when Columbia filmed it as a British quota film early this year in England. Then Hitler marched into Poland and the film became timely—and retitled—overnight.

### ★ ★ MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE

THE PLAYERS: Charles Bickford, Barton MacLane, Pat Moriarity, Dennis Moore, William

Royle, George Cleveland, Charlie Foy, Russell Hopton, Jeffery Sayre, Eddie Foster, Jack Daley, Dave O'Brien, Wheeler Oakman, Charles King, Nigel de Brulier, Merrill McCormick. Story by Martin Mooney. Directed by William Nigh. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 85 minutes.

NOT much novelty is possible to a prison picture, unless you show the cons smuggling out a saw to a pal on the outside so that he can break into stir. Author Martin Mooney tries a little along that line when he presents an old convict, released after twenty years, so confused by life outside that he is taken back by a benevolent warden to care for the prison flowers.

The main theme concerns the battle of a kindly penitentiary priest and a hardened criminal for a newcomer, No. 14380, unjustly given a long sentence for a minor offense. The big moment is an attempted break, with the embittered boy as the key man who can turn the tide either way.

There is inevitable monotony to prison drama, but Director Nigh has done all he can to sustain interest. Best of the cast is Charles Bickford as Father Joe—and it's a departure to see him dripping kindliness.

VITAL STATISTICS: This story was suggested by the prison riot of 1929 in Canon City, Colorado, when the prison chaplain, Father Patrick O'Neil, won a Carnegie medal. . . . Charles Foy is the son of the old-time stage star Eddie Foy. . . . Barton MacLane is a grad of Wesleyan College. Starred in college shows. . . . George Cleveland, who does the old con, and Director Bill Nigh have been friends for thirty years. . . . Charles Bickford collects guns, has fifty different kinds dating back to the Revolution. . . . Pat Moriarity, who hails from County Clare in Ireland, collects rare coins. Here he plays the warden. . . . That three-tier cell block occupied two studio stages. Two hundred feet long by thirty-six high. Every door had to open and shut simultaneously, which wasn't so easy.

## FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

★★★½—Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln.

★★★—Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money.

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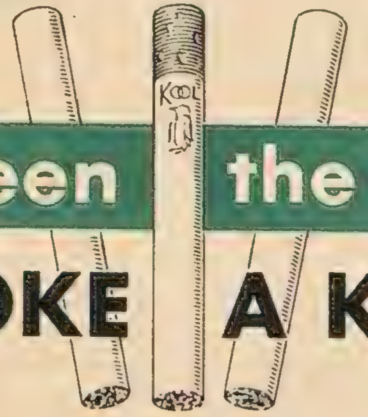

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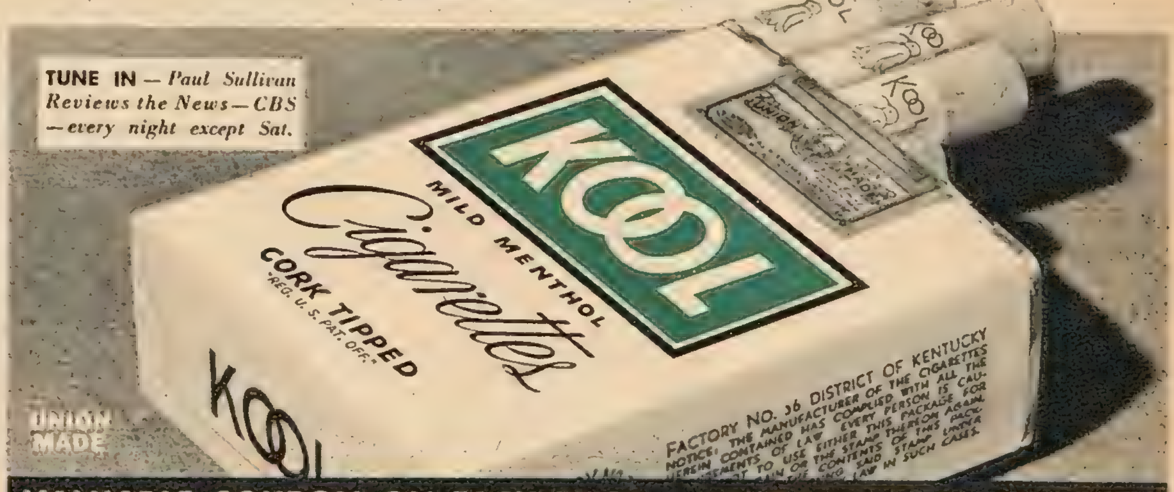

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# ATTORNEY *for the People*

## THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

Appointed as Special Racket Prosecutor, Thomas E. Dewey took office in 1935, when he was thirty-three years old. In spite of determined opposition from Tammany leaders, he swung wholeheartedly into the fight against organized crime. He smoked out and prosecuted Charles Lucky Luciano, head of the prostitution trust; Luciano and his aides were found guilty on all counts. He smashed the restaurant racket, in which members of the mob of the late Dutch Schultz used crooked labor-union leaders to aid in forcing restaurant owners to pay some $2,000,000 a year tribute to a protective association organized by the gangsters. He broke up the garment-trucking racket, the bakery racket, and the poultry racket.

During all his investigations he gave what the Tammany District Attorney's office had not given—protection against the racketeers' reprisals to victims who would talk. He perceived more and more that the rackets were receiving protection from crooked politicians. A famous future trial was foreshadowed during the trial of the restaurant racketeers when Dewey asked of the jurymen on the panel: "Do you know James J. Hines?" In the indictments sent up in the policy racket, the leading name was that of the notorious "Dixie" Davis.

In August, 1937, after much persuasion, Dewey consented to run for the office of District Attorney of New York County on the Republican ticket. The Fusionists and the American Labor Party also named him. During his whirlwind campaign he made many amazing speeches, but the most sensational of all his speeches came unexpectedly, and brought toppling down one of the most powerful political figures in the city.

### PART SIX—AN ELECTION THAT ELECTRIFIED A NATION

THOSE who listened to Dewey on the radio Sunday evening, October 24, heard a note of menace in his voice as it lashed out to catch and flay no less a person than a Tammany leader who was also the County Clerk of New York. For months Dewey, in the line of his duties, had been constantly encountering the name of this highly responsible personage in strange association with some of the lowest criminals, prison spawn, peddlers of narcotics. He had kept silent about this name till now. And now he flung it in the faces of voters whose very votes this man largely controlled.

"Tonight I am going to talk about the alliance between crime and politics in the County of New York. I am going to tell you about a politician, a political ally of thieves, pickpockets, thugs, dope peddlers, and big-shot racketeers: Albert Marinelli, County Clerk of New York, powerful leader of half the Second Assembly District, dominates the whole. He attained power by staying in the dark and keeping his mouth shut.

"Tonight we turn on the spotlight. . . .

"In 1932, when Marinelli set out to attend the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, there was with him a well dressed, pasty-faced, sinister man with a drooping right eye. He had an air of quiet authority. Together they turned up in Chicago, playing host in a suite at the Drake Hotel, and were constant companions at the race track in the afternoons. Marinelli's companion was Charlie Lucky Luciano, then almost as unknown as Marinelli, . . . now in Dannemora Prison, serving a sentence of thirty to fifty years. . . ."

With devastating thoroughness, Dewey made a catalogue of the deeds of Marinelli and his lieutenants. He cited the police records of thirty-two of Marinelli's county committeemen and election inspectors, twenty of whom had each been convicted at least once. Every accusation had been established with scrupulous care.

"In January, 1935, the Marinelli Beefsteak Dinner was a colorful affair," he said. "Benny Spiller, loan shark for the Luciano mob, bought tickets. So did Jesse Jacobs, the Luciano mob bondsman. So did the bookers and other hangers-on in the prostitution racket. They knew they had better buy, for Davie Betillo was selling tickets — the same 'Little Davie' who was a Capone trigger man for five years, and later Lucky Luciano's chief henchman in New York. All of these boys are now in jail at last, as a result of the prosecution completed last year. . . ."

Before making this assault Dewey had two men working on the record for months. In the preparation of his speech, he worked over their material for twelve hours in company with seven lawyers, two of them experts on libel.

He wanted to protect not so much himself as the newspapers, which, he knew, would publish his words and lay themselves open to libel suits unless his charges were thoroughly documented and carefully worded. The charges were deadly, but nobody was sued for libel because of them.

As one high Democratic leader listened in at his dinner table, his jaw and his fork dropped, and he gasped: "I didn't think even Dewey would dare do that."

The Monday morning papers naturally did not minimize the sensation. Reporters rushed to Marinelli. His only answer was: "No comment." They rushed to James J. Hines. Hines said even less.

The Democratic candidate for mayor, ex-Justice Mahoney, was driven to an open desertion of the Tammany ship, though it was his only hope of election.

Dewey publicly dared Marinelli to have his County Committeemen fingerprinted and submit the prints. This dare was not taken and the charges were unanswered, because unanswerable. The Post published an editorial on Tammany called "Government by Gorilla."

On Tuesday, October 26, Dewey tossed another grenade at Marinelli and one at another Tammany leader. A census of apartment houses had been taken quietly; his investigators had been checking up on Tammany's usual preparations for victory at the polls. In one apartment house, out of seventy-three registered voters thirty-one were proved frauds.

Dewey named, as the leader of the district in which these floaters were

# Dewey vs. Tammany—A great biography chronicles another sweeping triumph in the career of a man who may be President

## BY RUPERT HUGHES

registered, an Assistant Attorney General of the State of New York, sworn to uphold the laws of the State of New York, and asked: “Why is he so desperately anxious to save for the machine the office of District Attorney of New York County? Tomorrow night I will tell you on the radio, at ten thirty.”

True to his word, on the next night he launched on the ether a speech beginning:

“Murder is my subject again tonight—the murder of Billy Snyder in Avenue A.” He went on to give the ghastly story already cited in an earlier chapter. He told how the murderer, who has since confessed, had engaged a lawyer who got him released. Who was that lawyer?

“Charles A. Schneider, then and now an Assistant Attorney General of the State of New York! Schneider was a powerful politician of the Eighth Assembly District of New York County, and in a few months he became the leader in name as well as in fact.

“Who retained this politician Assistant Attorney General to represent Tratner? Who paid him to represent Morris Goldis? I tell you now, he was paid with part of the money collected by racketeers from the flour-trucking industry. I have here in my hand two of the checks by which that money was passed. [They totaled $2,000.] They bear on their backs the endorsement of Charles A. Schneider, who then was, and now is, Assistant Attorney General of the state.

“Now, it’s not a crime in the State of New York for an Assistant Attorney General to represent a man accused of murder. But it’s a shocking betrayal of the people of New York, and can only be rebuked by the people.

“The newspapers reported yesterday that I would mention Charlie Schneider tonight. I did not indicate what I would say about him. He actually tried to stop this broadcast by threatening to sue the radio station. He made rash and groundless charges. He even made a statement inviting an indictment for subornation of perjury. Tonight we have the picture: the mob murder, the fumbling prosecution, and the profiting politician public official appearing for the defense.”

Those who listened heard a note of menace in his voice as it lashed out to catch and flay a Tammany leader.

Tratner was subsequently absolved from any complicity in the case.

The next day Schneider announced that he would charge Dewey with criminal libel. But Schneider never pressed that suit. He may have been discouraged further when he learned this client (Goldis) he had freed had been under actual indictment for the murder when Dewey made his speech. But Dewey, not wishing to use his office for political effect, kept the indictment unknown and unpublished until after the election. This in spite of Dodge’s fierce criticism of Dewey for not solving the mystery of the murder before criticizing others.

The final chapters in the stories of Marinelli and Schneider were written after the election; but Dewey’s reputation for not speaking till he had the facts and of making his convictions stick had a paralyzing effect on the Tammany supporters.

In Madison Square Garden October 28, at a rally of the Labor Party, there were 18,000 people present and great numbers turned away. The Democrats at the Hippodrome on the same night had less than 2,000.

Meanwhile his opponent for the office of District Attorney, Harold Hastings, had returned from his vacation and begun to make many speeches. He kept challenging Dewey to a public debate, but the challenge was ignored. Finally Dewey accepted an invitation for a meeting at a Hotel Astor luncheon on October 30.

Hastings had claimed to be an expert on indictments and extraditions, and had frequently twitted Dewey about being too young to serve as District Attorney. Dewey replied:

“It has been bitterly complained that I am young. I plead guilty. I got a letter this morning that I can’t resist reading to you. A gentleman writes to me:

“ ‘Dear Mr. Dewey: Being desirous of hearing what those about to die have, in their last throes, to say, I tuned in last night to listen to our distinguished present District Attorney.

“ ‘He, like many of his associates, laid great stress upon your youth, upon which he gloated as if youth were a heinous crime. It may interest you to know what Sir William Pitt retorted in a similar instance. When only twenty-three he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and at twenty-four was Prime Minister of England. Being satirized in Parliament anent his tender years, he arose in his place and uttered the following immortal words:

“ ‘ “The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor to deny; but I trust that I may be one of those whose follies will disappear with his youth and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.” ’ ”

That same night he spoke at a huge Republican meeting in Madison Square Garden. In the tumult of his final three days he had found never a minute to prepare this speech. At a hasty dinner an idea came to him and he scratched it on a piece of paper. With only that in his hand, he faced 20,000 people. He began by raising a laugh:

“Well, it’s all over. All we’ve got to do is to keep them from stealing the voting machines. . . .

“Tonight I salute all of those forces who for these many years have lived and hoped and struggled for this day when all of the government of New York shall be delivered all at one time to the people of New York. . . .

“For twenty years there haven’t been any gangsters prosecuted, but occasionally the District Attorneys did have a lawsuit. And what did they do? Every time they had a lawsuit they had to go out and hire a lawyer. In 1921 there was an investigation, and they went out and hired Mr. Samuel Untermyer. . . . They got another case in the office, the City Trust scandal. They went out and hired another lawyer, Hiram Todd. Along came the Bank of United States, and that was too tough for them. So they had to hire Max Steuer to do the work of the District Attorney. The next case they got was the mortgage collapses. Jimmy Hines' boys and Al Marinelli's boys didn't understand that kind of financial matter. So they had to hire a lawyer again. . . . Finally, . . . when the racketeers were running all over the city, the Governor hired a Special Prosecutor.

"I propose to be the last of that line of people who have to be hired outside the office to do the work of the District Attorney of New York County. The people have, in my opinion, decided to hire their own lawyer for the first time in twenty years. And I have undertaken to accept the job."

As Election Day drew nearer he kept reiterating his warnings against election frauds. If any were committed at the polls, he announced, after his election, he would not send such small fry to jail. He would use them as witnesses against the leaders who sent them to commit this "theft of the franchise of decent people." As he put it bluntly:

"I am interested in the man who sent the man who sent the man to do the voting."

The typical indifference of Americans to the privileges of the ballot has rarely failed, from Revolutionary times on. A small vote has decided many of our great historical issues. But Dewey had stirred the public to such enthusiasm that the polls were thronged on November 2. And it was an exceptionally "clean" election, devoid of vote frauds or other "incidents."

On election night he dined with his wife and mother at a little restaurant near his headquarters at 11 East Forty-fourth Street. Photographers and reporters lay in ambush for him. Outside was a truck carrying a shortwave transmitter to a broadcasting station. But Dewey would not speak while the result was in doubt.

AT length he went to the microphones set up in a room in his headquarters and addressed his jubilant supporters everywhere:

"In the campaign just ended I made but one pledge to the public. I promised that, beginning January 1, the people would be protected by their own District Attorney and by a staff of lawyers who owe their allegiance to the people. We shall restore criminal justice in this county. We go ahead with a deep sense of responsibility to the people of New York."

Although Dewey's name was under the sixteenth handle on the voting machines, he ran ahead of his ticket and even exceeded the plurality of La Guardia, whose name was under the first handle. Dewey's plurality was 109,019, nearly twenty per cent more than La Guardia's. Dewey's plurality was also larger than the total vote he received as a candidate of the American Labor Party, the Fusion, or Progressive parties.

Until January 1, 1938, however, Dewey was still Special Prosecutor, and the word was, "Business as usual."

Assistant Attorney General Schneider resigned promptly if not precipitately. Denying that Attorney General Bennett had demanded his resignation, Schneider insisted that he had tendered it from "a sense of obligation to my superior, not to place him in a position where injury might befall him—call it 'gallantry' if you like; that is a lost and much forgotten word."

A year later Schneider quietly resigned as leader of Tammany Hall. Two days after election, his client Goldis, whom he had kept free, was indicted for the murder of Snyder. Goldis has since confessed, but, as it is a first-degree murder case, he must stand trial.

On the Saturday following election Dewey and his wife sailed for Bermuda, seeking a brief respite from his labors and from the armies descending on him for jobs in his new office. He took along his assistant, Paul Lockwood, together with a mass of documents for study.

On November 25 the vacation was over and Dewey told the reporters that he had read three mystery stories in Bermuda. When asked about his running for the Presidency, he laughed:

"That's a pipe dream."

Dewey's annihilating assault on so prominent a Democrat as Marinelli had naturally rankled in the minds of the heads of the state party and a citizens' committee had demanded that Governor Lehman remove him at once from office. They presented Dewey's radio speech as their formal charges. The Governor forwarded the charges to Marinelli for his attention.

ON November 24 Marinelli sent the Governor a nineteen-page blanket denial of all charges and asserted that he had never taken a dishonest dollar in his life.

With this in hand, Governor Lehman on November 25 invited Dewey to submit some proof of his pre-election accusations, adding the adroit suggestion that Dewey should make an affidavit to the truth of anything he chose to say.

Thirty minutes after the Governor's letter struck his desk, Dewey sent out his own special corps of process servers with police escort. They carried subpoenas for no less than three hundred of Marinelli's followers. Both of the grand juries were kept busy. By November 30 the reply to Lehman was drafted. This document repeated under oath every charge, and added as many new ones. The cold restraint of it caused much discussion among lawyers. It was the very bleakest of understatements.

The accompanying letter acknowledged the Governor's invitation to submit charges against Marinelli based on his speech, and added:

"In my address of October 24 I stated that Albert Marinelli was 'a political ally of thieves, pickpockets, thugs, dope peddlers, and big-shot racketeers.' I repeat this statement and I set forth below the relevant matters to which I referred in this connection."

Dewey did not give out the names of the persons whose records he had collected, although he furnished them in confidence to the Governor. The Governor called on Marinelli to reply. After a week of silence and concealment, Marinelli replied by resigning his County Clerkship with its $15,000 a year salary and all its perquisites. He took the altruistic ground that if he asked for a public hearing to prove his own innocence, it might cause some of his friends suffering.

Dewey was now invited as a guest of honor to the annual Gridiron Dinner in Washington. President Roosevelt was there and spoke, as did LaGuardia. Dewey was simply there. But he was honored by being impersonated in the course of the satirical review of the political year in which the newspapermen of the Gridiron Club show that they are no respecters of persons. Dewey was accused of nothing worse than ambitious dreams.

BACK in New York, Dewey himself gave a dinner on December 17 at the University Club. His guests were the nine judges of General Sessions. All but two of them were Tammany men. The purpose of this dinner, and of a luncheon he had given to the sixteen judges of Special Sessions at the Lawyers Club, was to become acquainted and exchange ideas to facilitate the work of his new post as District Attorney.

He did not propose to accept as it stood the old rookery of the District Attorney's barracks at 137 Centre Street, originally built for a laundry. He had the corridors narrowed so that they could no longer serve as "bull pens" or hold crowds. Big offices were made small and numerous. The Complaint Bureau was moved down to the first floor, where it was easy of access through a small hall in which only the policeman on watch was permitted to linger.

Extra space had to be found for two new bureaus Dewey created: the Rackets Bureau and the Fraud Bureau. When he learned that the two top floors of the old Health Department Building next door were vacant, he applied for and secured permission to occupy them. Doors were cut through.

And now his offices could be entered by way of the Tombs or the Criminal Court, or 139 Centre Street, as well as by the regular entrance at 137.

With the two Bridges of Sighs connecting the three buildings, there were so many entrances and exits and elevators that it was practically impossible for outsiders to keep tabs on the visitors. The District Attorney's office was now as it should be—a depository of secrets and a laboratory of investigation instead of, as before, a cave of the winds where politics and gossip ruled.

Knowing how difficult it would be to persuade veterans of the old order to adapt themselves to the new dispensation and how full of politics the force had been, Dewey resolved to dismiss all of Dodge's sixty-four assistants.

He made three exceptions: One would be eligible in a few months for pensions earned by twenty years of service. He kept John MacDonnell because of his ability and his war service—he had gone overseas with the Seventh Regiment, and received a Distinguished Service Medal for raiding two German machine-gun nests the same day. Dewey also kept Felix Benvenga as head of the Appeals Bureau; he had started as a stenographer in the office thirty years before, worked his way up, and revealed distinguished ability. Benvenga has now become a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York State.

DEWEY had outlined his needs and plans in a letter on December 29, 1937, to the Director of the Budget. He explained how he could add two new bureaus without added expense; how he would save much money by abolishing a number of positions that were either political or ornamental. Arguing that it would impair morale, he refused to cut the salaries of employees he retained. But where he dismissed political appointees who had been doing merely nominal work for large and unearned sums, he reduced the salary for the vacated post and then made new appointments on a basis of ability and qualification. He showed how the clerical staff could be reduced with no loss of efficiency, and new positions created which were of vital importance.

He appointed to the staff four additional Deputy Assistant District Attorneys, ten accountants skilled in criminal research, and ten investigators trained in criminal law. These came from his other staff and several of them had served as G-men with the F. B. I.

He abolished nearly fifty useless posts and put fifty-six under qualified civil service, with a total saving for the city of $346,000 in wages and salaries. He brought with him all of his aides in the Special Prosecution except William B. Herlands, who left him to become the Commissioner of Investigation of New York City, charged with the investigation of all city departments. Sewell T. Tyng, who had gone into private practice for a time, returned to the fold.

Dewey's effort to clean house and install new tenants met with stiff opposition, and the State Civil Service

"You'd be a Riot on the Radio!"

1 **What a laugh riot!** Mac, my wooden-face pal, was the hit of the evening at our annual lodge show. And why not? I'd been practicing ventriloquism for six months!

2 **"More! More!"** yelled the audience, when Mac sang "How Dry I Am." And then came the pay-off! "Don't be so tight," says Mac. "Let's Double the Enjoyment of the boys with some of that swell TEN HIGH straight whiskey. After all, it only sets you back about a buck a pint!"

3 **"You've a heart of oak, Mac!** But tell me, how do you know so much about liquor?" I ask him. "Why," he says, "my grandpa is a whiskey barrel back in the distillery where they make TEN HIGH! That's how I know it's the whiskey with No Rough Edges!"

TEN HIGH

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*The whiskey with* "NO ROUGH EDGES"

Commission was urged to make every single position free from his interference. But, on Dewey's explanation of his plans, he was granted permission to create new positions and discharge old employees as he felt best for the service.

On the last day of the year Dewey was sworn in by General Sessions Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., in his chambers in the Criminal Courts Building. Dewey's wife and his mother were present at the ceremony.

At midnight December 31, 1937, Dewey took over. On New Year's afternoon he held a long conference with such of his staff as had been selected. The next morning he and his large family formally moved into his incompleted offices.

With a grin of malicious delight, he offered his predecessor's swivel chair to any one else who wanted to keep it warm.

When a mob of reporters and photographers crowded in to see his installation, they came to a friendly understanding as to what he considered and the press would agree to regard as "off the record."

He said that his first job would be to reduce the large population imprisoned in the Tombs awaiting trial. One man had been kept there for over a year and his case had not been presented to the grand jury for eight months. In six months Dewey had the number reduced to the lowest on record. Dodge had left him 548 routine indictments, many of which were secured on evidence that, Dewey felt, would not hold up at a trial. He planned to weed these out.

WHEN the reporters released him, he administered the oath to forty-four of his aides who had already been assigned to their respective bureaus. He appointed Paul Lockwood as his executive assistant.

Since New York never sleeps and criminals prefer the dark, he saw to it that at least part of the Homicide Bureau of twelve Assistant District Attorneys was on duty twenty-four hours a day 365 days a year.

Instead of following the usual New York custom of long absences at lunch hour, Dewey continued his own long-standing custom of lunching on coffee and sandwiches served at his desk. On the first afternoon he held a reception to such judges as could attend, and introduced his aides to them. Then he officially turned to the people of New York. And the people of New York did not leave their servant idle.

On that first day one thousand people came to the office of their lawyer. They kept close to that average for a year. It was as if an iron door of ancient injustice and indifference had been holding them back. And now the door was flung wide. They found welcome, willingness to listen, to help, to protect, and to avenge.

Even people who had no legal complaints came to call with a small-town neighborliness. Women actually brought their bad children to the office and told the man on duty: "I want Mr. Dewey to give this boy a good talking to."

From all over the country the strangest appeals poured in and were handled by the staff. Foreign nations wrote to the office to look up citizens who had vanished somewhere in the United States. Many demented persons wandered in with pitiful delusions, and were tenderly counseled by the tactful chief interviewer Michael Monz or his assistants.

Months before he ever thought of running for District Attorney, Dewey had described the legal set-up of New York City in an address on May 11, 1937, at a luncheon of the Citizens Committee, on The Control of Crime in New York.

"There are five regular District Attorneys in this city in its five counties, having a total of 132 Assistant District Attorneys and enjoying a total appropriation of $1,560,275. There are also the Rackets Bureau of the Attorney General of the State of New York; the Rackets Bureau of the Attorney General of the United States, operating in New York County; the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, which includes New York and Bronx Counties; and the United States Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, which includes the other three counties of the city."

While Dewey was now only one of five District Attorneys, his office had more responsibility than all the others put together. His county contains one tenth of the entire wealth of the United States. It is the financial center not only of the nation but perhaps of the whole world. It includes Wall Street and the incalculable activities of the railroads, the shipping, coastwise and to all nations, and wholesale and retail business of every sort.

The business of the District Attorney of New York County is far greater than that of the majority of the states in the Union. The administrative problems are greater, too. These include supervision of ten bureaus, the work of a staff of eighty lawyers appearing daily in fifteen different courts. Eight of his assistants receive $10,000 a year and three get $12,000.

The posts in the office had been political plums since time almost immemorial. The District Attorneys whom Tammany selected and elected had hardly been consulted about these appointments.

Elected by the people, not the bosses, Dewey demanded education and experience of his lawyers. Though he was not a Phi Beta Kappa man himself, there were so many of the key holders on his staff that a judge in General Sessions Court once said he was tempted to rule that a Phi Beta Kappa key was a burglar's tool.

Applicants for legal posts were required to give their personal history and background and each was interviewed. Those who seemed to pass the test were carefully investigated. Once chosen, Dewey insisted that his lawyers should give up all private practice and assure him of their ability and willingness to live on their salaries.

Former District Attorneys had simply ignored complex fraud cases. Dewey felt that they were of the utmost importance, and built into the office a real Fraud Bureau with seven Assistant District Attorneys working full time. The Rackets Bureau took over the intricate and wearing investigations of the Special Prosecutor's office. The addition of these large and busy bureaus had to be kept within the budget.

Former District Attorneys had made no use of staff accountants. Dewey brought over ten. He also found work for twenty WPA accountants.

His supreme aim was the executive ideal—that is, the delegation of power and activity into such channels and controls that the executive's absence, disability, or death will not stop the machine.

AS finally organized, the office was divided into the following bureaus:

The General Sessions Bureau, with Sewell T. Tyng as its head; the Homicide Bureau, with Jacob J. Rosenblum at the head; the Special Sessions Bureau, under Sol Gelb and Mrs. Eunice H. Carter; the Indictment Bureau, under Stanley H. Fuld and, later, Robert H. Thayer; the Complaint Bureau, under Thomas B. Gilchrist, Jr.; the Appeals Bureau, under Felix Benvenga; the Rackets Bureau, under Murray I. Gurfein; the Fraud Bureau, under Barent Ten Eyck; the Bail Bureau, under Ernest Lappano; the Accounting Staff, headed by A. J. Gutreich; the Investigators, headed by Chief Investigator John O'Connell; the detectives and policemen specially assigned to the office.

Besides these bureaus and in association with them, there are many miscellaneous activities. Back of the legal staff of eighty lawyers are 150 clerks, stenographers, and others. The financing of this great institution was a major problem. Dewey's budgets stood the test of action and were not, as so often in high politics, mere golden promises forgotten as soon as made, or discarded for alleged emergencies. He allowed for emergencies and only increased his outlay when he had secured appropriations in advance.

He was able to add to the District Attorney's office the work he had done as Special Prosecutor, and accomplish both tasks on less than the previous cost of the District Attorney's office alone.

There was only a week's delay while Dewey devoted himself to building his organization for action. Then, with a crew largely inexperienced in the new work, he began to handle the immense business of the office with a speed and effectiveness before which all known records fell.

Two grand juries were sworn in to

take care of the work. These, with the two serving for his special prosecutions, made four grand juries for the office to feed. And the office kept them fed.

Among Dewey's very first acts was one of mercy. He was making the rounds of the fifteen courtrooms in which his assistants were conducting cases. In one he found his assistant troubled because of a young prisoner who had pleaded guilty to a second-offense charge under Dodge. The young man's first offense had been the theft of an old typewriter worth about eight dollars. He committed another crime, and his counsel, in the month before Dewey took office, had pleaded him guilty to a charge of grand larceny in the first degree.

This made it mandatory on the judge to sentence him to from ten to twenty years.

When his assistant expressed his regret for such cruelty, Dewey interrupted the Court with a protest:

"The plea of guilty and mandatory sentence are an outrage, and I suggest that the plea of guilty be withdrawn. This young man has had an unfortunate and hopeless family life, but has always worked when he could get work. He and a friend, both unemployed and without funds, held up a man, but had no weapon and committed no assault. The sentence would be a gross miscarriage of justice.

"I suggest that the defendant's counsel make an application to allow this defendant to withdraw his plea and plead guilty to grand larceny in the second degree. The District Attorney will join in the motion."

Judge Koenig consented and sentenced the man to two and a half to five years, saying:

"The Court commends the fine attitude of the District Attorney in his effort to attain the humane administration of justice."

Under Dodge's administration, a nineteen-year-old Negro lad had been convicted of possessing a pistol, but had not yet been sentenced when Dewey took office. The Assistant District Attorney who inherited the case was concerned about the justice of the charge, and took it up with Dewey, who ordered an investigation, which took two weeks. Incensed by the facts disclosed, Dewey walked into the court when the Negro was about to be sentenced and said:

"I have a grave and unpleasant duty to perform in this case. I move to set aside the conviction on the grounds that perjured testimony was given by a member of the New York Police Department."

Then Dewey told the story of the policeman, so ambitious for promotion that he had falsely accused the youth.

The officer was tried and convicted of perjury and sent to jail.

This was a revolutionary change in the fashions for District Attorneys. Policemen had been punished before, but not for accusing humble and friendless Negroes. Their exile had come from annoying the pets of politicians.

That Dewey was no enemy of policemen as a class was incessantly proved. On January 6 a patrolman had been killed when he interrupted the hold-up of a crowded bar. At a meeting of a police organization Dewey said:

"I want to serve notice on the underworld that any man who points a gun at a cop will be prosecuted to the limit, and any man who kills a cop will go to the electric chair if the combined power of police and prosecutor can send him there."

Dewey had been in office only two months when already, on March 2, 1938, it was proposed that he run for Governor in the next campaign. He answered the proposal with a blunt reminder that he had a job to finish.

On March 10 one of the greatest financial scandals ever known in New York broke.

---

*The D. A.'s office sends a socialite broker to jail, then masses for a swift, concerted attack on the policy racket. Read next week of the night raid under sealed orders that brought the tools of the policy racketeers to the famous old Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive; of the questioning that led Dewey to the higher-ups; of the capture of Dixie Davis and the arrest of the prominent Tammanyite and old friend of the late Dutch Schultz, James J. Hines!*

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# WORDS Within Words CONTEST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APPLD FOR

DIAGRAM No. 7 in the third column carries you into the seventh week of Liberty's Words Within Words game. If you have not entered, you can still start from this page with an excellent chance of winning a cash prize. The Rules give all the information you should require in order to construct a successful claim to a share of the prize fund. Please study Rule 3 with particular care and apply it to any questions that arise. As previously announced, plural forms are permissible in constructing your horizontal words.

### LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed the first six contest diagrams you can obtain reprints upon written request to the contest address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Upon each late-entry reprint will be reproduced a completely worked-out diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score.

## The RULES

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters, the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnalls New unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word, i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the diagonal lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

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**DIAGRAM No. 7. Total........**

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# RIGHT TURN TO DANGER!

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MARY DAULTON, young, pretty, and alone in her roadster, is on her way to Red Rock Ranch, a dude outfit in Arizona, when she runs into a dust storm, makes a wrong turning, and loses her way. On a lonely road she comes upon an old Ford in a ditch. The driver is slumped over the steering wheel and there is an ominous red wet spot on his head. A second car stands near the first, and beside it are two men, one with a revolver in his hand. Mary pretends she hasn't seen the dead man and inquires the way to the ranch. The older of the two men directs her to a certain branch road, and she drives on.

She tries to tell herself, despite the presence on the scene of the armed man, that the driver of the Ford met his death by accident. But even though she doesn't know that the man who directed her is James Bennet, a crook hiding under a cloak of respectability as president of Mesa Cotton Lands, Incorporated, in the desert village of San Simon, and that he and his companion murdered the man in the Ford, who was blackmailing Bennet, she cannot make herself believe in the accident theory. She doesn't know, either, that Bennet, fearful of what she has seen, has arranged that she shall die too; that the branch road he told her to take leads to the edge of a cliff.

She turns into the road, and suddenly her car lurches as it speeds forward to plunge over the brink!

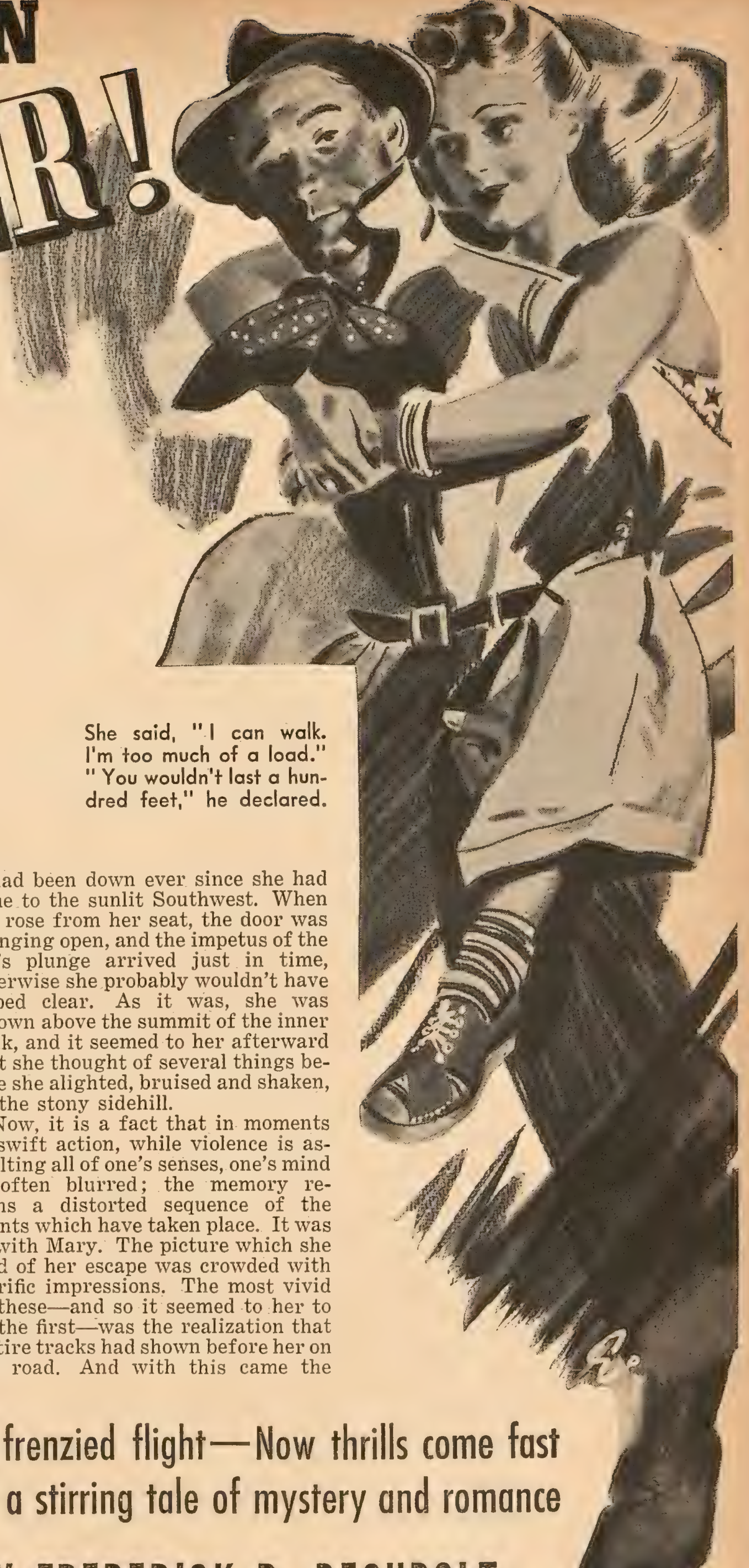
### PART TWO—TRAPPED?

MARY had found the handle of the door and she was fighting to shove it down. The door was swinging open when the roadster leaped into the depths.

When Mary bought that roadster, she had been very near to choosing a neat coupé. But the salesman, who knew his business and therefore understood the predilections of 1939-model young women, had managed to make his manner casual in diverting her attention from her original preference. He had said, quite indifferently, "This sport job is quite snappy," and he had waited until she was sufficiently intrigued before he showed her how easily the top could be folded down. He never dreamed that he was saving an extremely good-looking girl from a very ugly death.

The top was down this afternoon; it had been down ever since she had come to the sunlit Southwest. When she rose from her seat, the door was swinging open, and the impetus of the car's plunge arrived just in time, otherwise she probably wouldn't have leaped clear. As it was, she was thrown above the summit of the inner bank, and it seemed to her afterward that she thought of several things before she alighted, bruised and shaken, on the stony sidehill.

Now, it is a fact that in moments of swift action, while violence is assaulting all of one's senses, one's mind is often blurred; the memory retains a distorted sequence of the events which have taken place. It was so with Mary. The picture which she held of her escape was crowded with terrific impressions. The most vivid of these—and so it seemed to her to be the first—was the realization that no tire tracks had shown before her on the road. And with this came the



She said, "I can walk. I'm too much of a load."
"You wouldn't last a hundred feet," he declared.

A frenzied flight—Now thrills come fast in a stirring tale of mystery and romance

### BY FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

certainty that she had been deliberately misdirected.

If she had been under oath on the witness stand, reciting the facts as she remembered them, she would have said that she recalled the lack of tracks, the look in Bennet's eyes, the automatic pistol which she had seen Joe shoving into his pocket, and the dead man who was slumped over the steering wheel of the Ford car: that all of these things passed through her mind during the fraction of a second while she was leaving the roadster.

Just when they really did occur to her isn't of any great importance. But she saw the situation as it was, and because she did, she saved her life a second time a few minutes later.

There was another curious thing about the impressions she held: it seemed to her as if everything took place as it does in a slow-motion picture, as if the struggle to get the door open went on for minutes and she was as long in falling. Then she was lying above the bank, with the breath knocked from her body, and she heard the roadster as it struck the rocks a hundred feet or so below.

When she got to her feet, she noticed that there was a bad rent in one leg of her slacks, and, for some reason or other, the discovery was more disconcerting than the sight of the fresh bruise on her thigh which the tear disclosed. She slid down the bank and limped to the outer edge of the road. She saw the way the bank had been sheared off here. She didn't know anything about the cloudbursts which sometimes gouge away huge sections of mountainside in the Southwestern deserts, but it was evident that the washout had taken place some time ago.

And this confirmed her in the knowledge that the man with the shallow black eyes had intended she should never tell what she had seen.

A CAR was coming up the road. Mary forgot all about the pain of the bruised leg and ran back to the bank. She climbed it on her hands and knees. The racketing of the motor and the rattle of running gear were growing louder behind an abrupt turn, and she was running up the boulder-strewn slope when the brown dust cloud dissolved. She caught sight of the engine hood, and dropped like a shot rabbit.

It was the same battered little Ford that she had seen in the ditch. It was coming slowly; the radiator was boiling and a column of steam was spouting above the cap. There were two men on the front seat. She recognized the driver by his five-gallon hat. There was no mistaking the limp form that swayed to and fro beside him. As she was staring at it, the body lurched and draped itself over the car door. One arm was hanging out and the bald head was nodding as if the dead eyes saw something extraordinarily interesting down in the gorge. The man who had directed Mary to take this road was standing on the running board.

Then the dust storm thickened; the Ford and its passengers were immediately extinguished. A moment later the noise of the engine ceased and one of the doors slammed. Mary started creeping up the hill; but her first movement sent a shower of loose rubble cascading down the slope, and she gave up the attempt at once.

A voice emerged from the dust cloud, the same voice that had sent her to this place where she should have met her death: "What about it, Joe?"

And the other answered, "O. K. She went over, all right."

And this, Mary told herself, is the West, where even the outlaws used to protect women!

## THE PARTING

### *Two-Minute Story*

NATALIE suffered. She knew, with a feeling of intense sorrow, that she had only half an hour at the most to be with Jim and Nora. It had been a long series of struggles, and yet she dreaded it too. She was unable to foresee the end.

She felt she couldn't leave Jim and Nora when their whole happiness was at stake; when they scarcely spoke to each other. She looked back over the joys and heartaches she had shared with them, and she fingered the paper in her hand nervously.

She tried to keep back the tears. Her children, sitting there beside her, must not see her distress. When one muffled but fierce sob burst its way into the air, and Mary, her youngest daughter, turned anxious eyes to her mother's drawn face, she forced a feeble smile to reassure the child. She wanted to teach her always to face everything calmly.

With each passing second, Natalie's heart pounded harder, until she felt it would beat its way out through her side. She could scarcely bear the suspense of waiting. With a feeling akin to dismay, she noticed that the room was growing momentarily dimmer; that her children's faces swam before her tired eyes in the gathering gloom. She tried to brace herself for the end.

I must hurry! I haven't much time, she thought anxiously, and the paper in her hand rattled faintly.

She thought desperately of Nora and Jim, and longed for something to happen to bring them back their love before it was too late.

At last she gave a faint fluttering sigh, and it was all over. The last lines of the book had read: ". . . and Jim took Nora in his arms and kissed her lovingly."

Smiling, Natalie hurried out to the kitchen to fix dinner.—*Jean Self.*

**Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.**

It wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for the vagaries of the dust storm. One minute she was as completely hidden within the cloud as if she were miles away from the pair down there on the road; and then, as suddenly as the lifting of a shade before a window, the dingy curtain would draw aside. On one of these latter occasions a shaft of sick sunlight fell upon the hillside, disclosing giant cacti and clumps of Spanish bayonet and a waste of granite boulders sloping steeply to a ridge two hundred feet or so above her.

She had a glimpse of the narrow road below, the car with the dead man in the driver's seat, and the pair who stood behind it. They couldn't have helped discovering her then if they had glanced up the hill, but their backs were toward her and they were peering over the brink. The young fellow in the big hat was pointing down into the canyon; she heard him say: "I can see her roadster now."

While he was speaking the dust cloud made another of those abrupt descents upon the place, and she began to breathe again. Only their voices remained to remind her that she wasn't out of danger yet.

"O. K. We'll send him down to keep her company." That was the older one.

THERE was an interval while the only sounds were the stirring of the wind among the rocks and the slight clicking of a released brake lever sliding free.

"Starts hard. This grade is stiffer than it looks." That was Joe's voice. He ended with a prolonged "A-a-a-ah!"

The rattle of loose stones. An interim of stillness. And after that a crash.

"Anybody's welcome to what they find now," Joe said, and Bennet's answer came out of the swirling dust wreaths: "Maybe. But we're going to set those two crates afire, and while we're down there we'll make sure about the girl."

There was no choice for Mary now. The first step that she took sent another small avalanche down the hill; but her single thought was to get as much space as possible between her and that pair in the road. Just as she gained the talus of granite boulders which led upward to the ridge, Bennet's voice overtook her through the brown dust fog: "She's up there, I tell you. I heard her."

The slope was so abrupt that the angular chunks of gray granite seemed to cling to it by some violation of nature's laws. The rocks were so large that sometimes they rose on either side of her above her head, and once, when she was passing between two of them, she heard the buzzing of an angered rattlesnake. She came to a spot where an enormous boulder blocked the way. She strove to clamber up its side, but slipped and fell. She lay there, spent, and everything before her turned black.

When she opened her eyes again, the man in the five-gallon hat was standing on the rock whose summit she had striven to gain. His back was toward her; he was leaning forward as if he were listening to something farther up the hill. He stood thus for a long time; then he straightened and he shook his head. He said:

"I don't know what you heard up here, but a dollar gets you ten if she ain't laying under that roadster."

He leaped to the next rock and disappeared.

She waited in her hiding place for several minutes, and when she became positive that the two were gone, she started slowly down the hill. The bruise was beginning to punish her, and there were times when the leg might as well have belonged to some one else, for all the control she had over it. She heard the rattle of dislodged rocks down in the canyon, but she did not catch a swift footfall behind her until the man was within a few yards. Then she turned, and when she saw him emerging from the dust cloud, she started to run.

The brink of the cliff was on her right and it closed in ahead of her. She doubled back and forth. She was making toward the inner bank when the bad leg gave way beneath her.

SHE was lying against the steep slope of the bank and the man was standing over her. He said:

"What's it all about?"

She had never seen him before, and he was smiling. For the moment those two details were the only things that she noticed; they were, in fact, the only things that mattered.

"It's time somebody came," she gasped; and then she added fervently, "Thank God!"

There was reassurance in his smile, but his eyes were puzzled. They were, she noticed now, nice eyes of gray. They searched her own eyes briefly, they wandered to the road, and they lingered on the tracks of tires in the loose earth along its outer edge; they returned to her, and she saw little lines of perplexity deepening around their corners.

"Two cars, and both of them went over." He spoke as one who is talking to himself.

She remained motionless, gazing up at him. Her posture was eloquent of fear, but there was no dread in her face as she took him in, swiftly, in the manner that women do, appraising members of the less subtle sex.

He was all of six feet tall; he was wide-shouldered, lean-flanked; he was young, and he was different. It was that difference which made him appeal to her. There was a sort of roughness which he owned, a dusty and well worn lack of sleekness; and there was an unobtrusiveness which made him fit into the background of rocks and sun-dried earth and giant cacti. His good looks were camouflaged by the lack of a clean shave, by the shapelessness of his old gray hat. His blue denim work shirt was open over his chest, his overalls were stagged halfway to the knees above laced boots. He was sunburned, undisturbed, and he wore an air of capability.

She took in all of these things during the progress of that single glance from the crown of the battered hat to the scarred soles of the boots, and she said, "I was in one of those cars. There's a dead man in the other."

"I heard the crash," he told her, and she was conscious of the steady

**Tense?**

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IT takes a quick head and steady nerves to be a test pilot—to take up new planes for the first time and put them through their paces.

So coffee is a favorite beverage of the men who do such hazardous flying. It brightens the perception—sight, hearing, touch and other senses. It improves self-control. It even increases physical strength—and eliminates the causes of fatigue.*

If you want to perk up—ease the strain of a busy day—be able to work better—drink coffee. The pick-up lasts only two hours with 97 out of 100 people, so you can enjoy coffee in the evening and a good night's sleep too. Try it—and see.

**Medical authority on request*

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

**RIGHT or WRONG?**

*Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?*

**COFFEE IS SERVED TO ATHLETES**

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

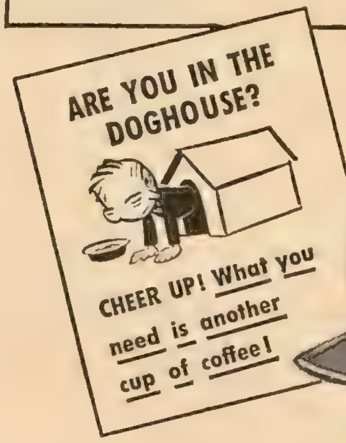
The fact is, coffee enables the muscles to contract more vigorously, puts new life in them. Also livens up the brain for better coordination. So, many famous coaches have coffee served at training tables and during the rest periods of strenuous football, basketball and hockey games. Check "Right" above.

**COFFEE AIDS DIGESTION**

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Coffee is almost universally served to patients in hospitals, and is prescribed by doctors and dietitians. For coffee stimulates the flow of the gastric juices in the stomach and so helps the digestive organs in their proper functioning. Check "Right" above.

***REMEMBER THIS:*** **To make good coffee, use enough — a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.**


ARE YOU IN THE DOGHOUSE?
CHEER UP! What you need is another cup of coffee!

COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

*Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world*

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Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

See
WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITER

depth of his voice. "How did you happen to take this road?"

The sound of falling rocks came from the canyon as he spoke. He was staring toward the brink when she called him back.

"They're trying to find me." Her voice was sharp with dread. "They killed that man in the car."

He nodded; then he bent and picked her up with as little effort as if she were a baby.

"We'll talk about them later," he said.

He climbed the bank, which had given her so much trouble, in three strides. When he had gained the summit of the ridge, he set her down, and she saw that they were beside another road of sorts.

"Tell me now about the dead man," he demanded.

She gave him the story as briefly as she could, and when she described the meeting down on the flat, he whistled. After she had done, he asked a question:

"That fellow in the Ford. What did he look like?"

"He was leaning over the steering wheel," she answered. "I couldn't see his face, of course—just the back of his head. I remember a bald spot; it was sunburned, and there was blood in the hair beneath it."

"And they told you to take this road?" His eyes were bleak.

"I was afraid of that man," she said. "It seems strange now, but I never thought about the other, and he had a pistol in his hand."

"It's funny the way things happen," he remarked quietly. "I've owned a gun for three years and this is the first time I've ever wanted it. But it's in my car. And if I had my car—which is just such a Ford as you described—I could get you out of this right quick. But I let a fellow take it today. I didn't like him, either; a fellow who was prospecting up the road a ways. A bald-headed man, and the bald spot was sunburned. That's what you'd call coincidence."

He smiled but there was no mirth in his eyes.

"Ever try riding pickaback?" he asked.

"Not since I was eight or nine years old," she said.

"You're going to try it now," he announced. "My camp is a long ways up the hill and that leg of yours doesn't look so hot. Just stand on this rock and put your arms around my neck. And, by the way, my name's Jefferson Hudson; you may call me Jeff."

"I'm Mary Daulton." She got up on the rock and put her arms around his neck. He slipped his muscular hands under her knees and started up the ridge.

IT wasn't really a road at all, just an old wagon track climbing the backbone of this spur ridge until the going became too steep; then it swung off along the flank of the mountain, to turn sharply and regain the ridge once more.

Mary felt the heave of the big young chest beneath her arms and the damp warmth of perspiration through the flimsy shirt. She said:

"I can walk. I'm too much of a load."

"You wouldn't last a hundred feet," Jeff declared. "Don't worry about me; I'll take a breather when I need it."

A few minutes later he halted and she slid from his back. The dust storm, a dirty brown cloud, lay beneath them now. The sunshine up here seemed dazzling after that dingy twilight below. The giant cacti of the lower levels had disappeared; the gray mountainside was stippled with tufted yuccas and there were a few little pin oaks among them. Farther up the slope, the yuccas ceased and the oaks grew larger. Still nearer to the rigid sky line, streaks of stiff pines and cedars darkened the gulches.

HOW on earth did any one ever drive a car here?" Mary asked. Jeff smiled. "I brought a trailer up this morning with the old heap that those fellows pushed over the grade." He rose to his feet. "Come on," he bade her; "let's get going." She mounted a boulder and slipped her arms around his neck; he picked up her legs and resumed his climbing.

The sun was hovering near the western summit, but the long slanting rays were still fervid; and when her bearer halted for another rest a few hundred feet farther up the hill, Mary pleaded:

"Really, my leg's not hurting now. Let me walk awhile."

He shook his head. "Don't be silly. I'm used to packing."

"Girls?" she asked.

"Not girls. All sorts of other nice things, though. Beans and potatoes and flour and blankets."

"And you're used to making roads," she reminded him.

"I learned that," he told her, "driving sheep wagon."

Half an hour later the pretense of a road swung away from the ridge and edged along the hillside toward the bed of an ascending gulch. Here, where the ravine attained its head, it opened out into a sort of amphitheater. And when they entered this, Mary found that the pines which had looked like toys from a distance were good-sized trees; that what had seemed to be a strip of bushes was a line of willows through whose interlaced branches running water gleamed in the late sunshine. Jeff let her down, and she saw a large trailer near the creek. Jeff pointed to it.

"You've got to like it, sister," he announced. "It's all the home you're going to have till some one comes along and rescues you."

"You and me," she corrected him.

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*Will her would-be murderers track Mary to Jeff's hidden trailer? Do other dangers await her, alone in the wilderness with a man she has never seen before? Follow her weird adventures in Liberty next week!*

# BAD MAN ON Ice

## A shining star of hockey dooms himself to partial eclipse. It's sad news for the fans!

### BY ARTHUR MANN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

Eddie Shore, holder of Hart Trophy and penalty records, as well as some 600 stitches.

MIDWAY through last season two big-league hockey managers, Art Ross of the Boston Bruins and Red Dutton of the New York Americans, sat in a tavern near Madison Square Garden and bolted their lunch. When two hockey pilots commune like that, it isn't for food or to exchange compliments, but to get something the other fellow has; and so they hastened into the customary song and dance.

Dutton needed a good and colorful defense player to hold the wandering attention of the New York fans and the opposition's attack. He had gambled in vain early in the season on Ching Johnson, long a Rangers star. Old Ching couldn't pull the wings out of line nor the crowds into the Garden. But Boston's Eddie Shore—!

Now, there was a personality player, still great after almost twenty years of ripping and tearing and being ripped and torn; holder of penalty records as well as 600 stitches in his anatomy, souvenirs of savage body clashes; thirty-six years old, but a great drawing card, and a defense player that managers name first when jotting down their all-time all-star hockey teams.

"Look, Art," Dutton began. "I got a proposition."

"Has it been O. K.'d by Calder?" Ross taunted.

Dutton ignored the crack. His New York Americans are run by the National Hockey League through an escrow agreement with the creditors, and President Calder controls the purse strings; but Dutton was certain he could go as high as $25,000 for Eddie Shore.

"I want Eddie," Dutton confessed, like a kid going through the toy department. "Just name your figure—"

Ross wrote a dollar sign on the tablecloth. Dutton edged forward and licked his lips. Then Ross wrote a figure 7, then a cipher, and another, and another, and another, and he kept on writing ciphers until he had reached the edge of the table.

"I see," Dutton sighed. "You mean he's still not for sale."

"You catch on awful quick," Ross laughed. "What a sap I'd be to sell the difference between the Stanley Cup and one more disappointment. We've had too many. But we're hot this year, Red, and Shore is still one of the biggest reasons."

Now, imagine the Boston manager's feelings some months later when, with the Bruins champions of the league and his Stanley Cup prophecy a part of hockey history, he learned that his valuable chattel had purchased a minor-league hockey team. Not only had Eddie Shore paid $42,000 ($26,000 cash and a note for $16,000) for the Springfield, Massachusetts, Indians, but, the announcement said, the great defense star had calmly assured the International-American League that he would pep up the circuit as playing manager!

Justifiably, Mr. Ross hit the ceiling. He let out a double-barreled roar of protest on behalf of his boss, Charles F. Adams, and his own high dudgeon. What kind of thing is this, Mr. Ross demanded in effect, when a fortune in playing ability walks out of big-league hockey to cash in personally somewhere else? Where do the Boston Bruins come in or get off? How can they be compensated for loss of gate receipts and hockey skill, or for that twenty-five grand which Red Dutton might still be willing to pay?

Such were the unprecedented facts surrounding the unpredictable Eddie Shore when he became one of those rare sports champions who pour their savings back into the fount from which they pumped them. The situation was more than peculiar, for surely a player has a right to quit the big leagues when he chooses. Usually hockey has to roll them out in wheel chairs. No doubt Shore could render great missionary service in the minor leagues.

But Ross stuck to his guns. Shore was one of the Boston Bruins' tangible assets and, signed or unsigned, his services belonged to Boston, according to the rules of organized hockey. If Shore played the game, it would have to be in a Boston uniform.

With $42,000 of his hard-earned money invested, Eddie Shore quickly adopted a policy of appeasement. He agreed to "half retirement"!

He agreed to play any or all games in Boston, subject to the whims and needs of Manager Ross. Between the home games, he would rush over to Springfield, acting as mother hen to his Indians, managing, directing—perhaps taking tickets.

But he cannot play for them. Such was the edict up to a few weeks ago. But the International-American League president, Maurice Polodoff, expressed a firm belief that Springfield hockey fans, and perhaps those of a few other cities, would have the rare privilege of seeing one of hockey's immortals enjoying his immortality in a minor-league uniform.

Thus flashes another flaming episode in the fiery saga of Eddie Shore, which began as a mere spark twenty years ago when some know-it-all on the Indian Head Tigers told him to give up hockey and return to farming. He obeyed by getting a job as fireman on the Canadian Pacific Railways and sinking his earnings into farm land near Edmonton, Alberta.

But the career counselor failed to mention permanently or positively. He hadn't said what to do when the hockey urge overwhelmed all else. The game had taken hold of Eddie from competition at St. John's College in western Canada and then on the Melville Millionaires. An amateur game in Montreal brought him a taste of victory when he won it—but at a price of six teeth, a broken nose, a broken jaw, and two black eyes.

And so he climbed down from the engine cab in 1923 and got a skating job with the Regina Capitals in the Western League, operated by the famed Patrick brothers, Frank and Lester. The following year he played with Edmonton. When the Patricks sold their teams and players to the expanded National Hockey League in 1925, Eddie was deposited in Boston, where he fell under the spell of a great showman and a brilliant manager, Art Ross, who devised such strategic schemes as yanking the goalie and playing with six forwards. On occasions of excitement, and with referees too busy to count noses, he has been known to use seven forwards.

ROSS began at once to build Eddie Shore into a Boston legend. They fed stories to the press and backed them up with a prima-donna act. They made Shore a heel and a brute and a surly character for box-office purposes. Ross worked out a ceremonial entrance for the great man, staged while the rest of the Bruins were busy with their pre-game warm-up. The band would suddenly strike up Hail to the Chief! At this cue, the players would halt action to watch Shore appear, enshrouded by a long black cape such as worn by matadors. With him was a manservant who lifted the cape gently from his padded shoulders.

This was the high spot of Boston hockey until the New York Americans decided to do something about it. Their specific consisted of waiting until Shore had staged his grand entrance one night in Boston. Then two New York players carried out what seemed to be a large roll of rug. They heaved to and uncoiled the roll across the ice in solemn silence. At the end of the coil there was Rabbit McVeigh, pint-sized New York forward. He jumped from the rug, executed a dainty pirouette on skates, threw kisses to the Boston crowd, and ended Mr. Shore's grand-opera treatment.

It was obvious within a season or two that Eddie Shore needed no simulated color. He had the prime requisite of showmanship: hockey greatness. His abnormally long stride thwarted attempts to spill him on the ice. His effective, aggressive defense play made him the target of reciprocal maneuvers, and the panic was on. One by one, and then team by team, they set out to get Eddie Shore. His surgical embroidery was extended to all parts of his body. The scars increased. He was talked about among players, reporters, and fans.

IN 1926-27 he set a new record for major penalties—four five-minute trips to the hoosegow. The next year he set another record with a total of 166 minutes in the penalty box. Yet he was named each year as the most valuable member of his team, and in 1932-33 received the Hart Trophy as the most valuable in the league.

Fate dragged him into hockey's greatest tragedy the next year. Toronto Maple Leafs, perennial barrier to Boston's Stanley Cup ambitions, were playing in Boston, and feeling ran high. Shore ran into Ace Bailey, Toronto star, knocking him to the ice. Red Horner rushed Shore and felled him with a blow. Both teams converged for a refreshing free-for-all, when somebody spied Bailey. His face was ghastly white, his eyes staring and glazed, and convulsions shook his body. The players forgot their tempers and carried Bailey off.

The Toronto star hovered near death for a week as physicians trepanned twice to relieve cranial pressure. Shore was hounded by the horror of having helped kill a man, though unintentionally.

But Bailey recovered, never to play again. Sixteen games later Shore returned to the line-up with no ostentation. Those who speculated on him losing his urge didn't know Eddie.

Facing facts and hockey fire has given him a contempt for all but Eddie Shore that is nothing short of enormous. His meticulous care of himself and of the details of his public and personal life is appalling.

Once an editor decided to clear up a question of Shore's birthplace. The records had it in Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, but the editor had learned on good authority that Shore's folks were not living there at the time.

Shore was perturbed at the probing, and denied that he was born there. The editor pleaded.

"They were taking my mother from one town to another when it happened," he said. "We were plenty of miles from Fort Qu'Appelle."

"But they were taking your mother there," the editor persisted.

"Yes."

"Then we'll apply the law of the sea," said the editor in triumph. "A child born on a ship is a citizen of the country for which the ship is sailing, and so remains until registry declares otherwise. For the records, you were born in Fort Qu'Appelle."

He is even more meticulous with the care of his body. Before every game every portion of his physique, excepting his head, is covered by padding, harness, wads of cotton batting, and bandage. The slightest cut, scratch, or pinprick is treated immediately.

This might suggest a horror of pain or a fear of complications, but it is simply a business man guarding his only asset. On the ice he knows no fear. He played one Boston game against the savage Montreal Maroons with a broken nose, two broken teeth, a cracked collarbone, and a brain concussion. He refused to quit until two minutes before the end of the game, when victory seemed assured. Then he went to the hospital and remained for almost a week.

Though the league rules limit a player's salary to $7,500, it is common knowledge that Eddie Shore has often topped that figure by $10,000 or more. Rarely, in fact, has his income sunk below $15,000.

He not only saved his hockey earnings wisely, but played semiprofessional baseball in the summer with great profit. He invested in an Alberta farm and added acres from year to year. Today he has 400 acres, and he cares for that investment with the same meticulousness that he applies to his physique.

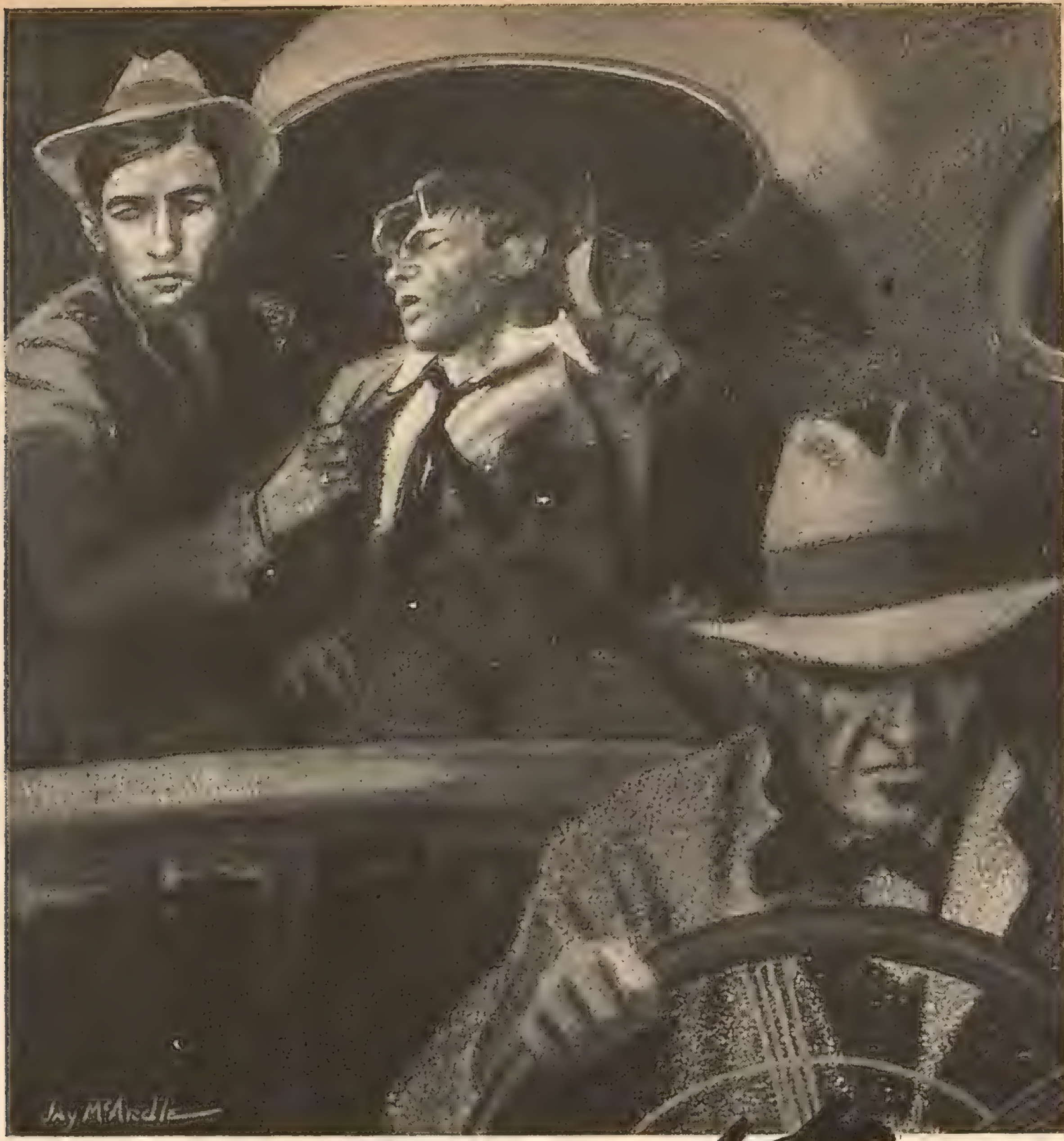
HE grows a valuable wheat crop, the best of Canadian red, and that theme extends through his farming philosophy. Pure stock is best, and so he will have nothing of a mongrel nature on his farm. Everything is thoroughbred or blooded.

And now he wants to step down from big-league hockey without fanfare or trumpets. Modest? No; Eddie has figured it out. Perhaps the Cleveland hockey situation influenced his decision. Bill Cook, the great Rangers star, went to Cleveland for the purpose of building the team strong enough to win the approval of the National Hockey League and a franchise therein. At the end of a single season the N. H. L. moguls noted that Cleveland had outdrawn many of the big-league teams. Straightway the Cleveland owner was invited to buy the Montreal franchise.

"Don't be silly," he replied. "Why should I throw money away? I'm making big-league profits on minor-league salaries and overhead. I'm satisfied."

And so the half-retired Eddie Shore goes forth with the same idea in mind. He can pack them in by advertising a single body check.

THE END



Christman was badly wounded and Green was assigned to attend him. He knew what to do.

# Death COMES FOR EDDIE GREEN —POSTMASTER OF GANGDOM

### Another true detective tale from the G-men's files

### BY FREDERICK LEWIS

**READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS**

EDDIE GREEN was the smartest hoodlum of them all.

Compared with him, his friends Alvin Karpis and John Dillinger were just run-of-the-mine robbers and killers and bums. They grabbed the headlines. Green grabbed the cash.

Karpis and Dillinger would lie about all day and carouse all night, thereby attracting the suspicion of neighbors wherever they lit. Green left his apartment at the same hour in the morning as his neighbors did, returned at the same hour in the late afternoon. He and his supposed wife, Ruth, lived, on the surface, the same kind of life that any respectable couple in fairly comfortable circumstances would live.

Eddie's services were always at the disposal of his more blatant pals. He would accompany them on a job, and if one of them was wounded in the course of a getaway, he would arrange through his connections for the attendance of an underworld physician.

His own home was always open to them but on one well understood condition: not more than one thug could call at one time, and he, whenever possible, must be accompanied by his "wife." As a result, the Greens' apartment never became known as a rendezvous of crooks. Their occasional visitors, obviously respectable married couples like themselves, never caroused or disturbed the peace.

Among these "respectable" couples, protected by the cloak so carefully fabricated by the man known as Eddie the Wise, were John Dillinger and Evelyn Frechette, Homer Van Meter and Marie Conforti, Alvin Karpis and Dolores Delaney, Jess Doyle and Doris O'Connor, Tommy Carroll and Jean Delaney, Baby-Face Nelson and his wife Helen Gillis.

These visitors usually came to Eddie when they were in a jam. Eddie knew all the exits. He had almost as many road maps as Rand & McNally, and he had carefully charted and marked them all for quick and skillful getaways.

Eddie Green not only had maps, he had guns, he had ammunition, he had bulletproof vests. He knew ways to get them. He dealt with unlicensed manufacturers of firearms and hot-gun bootleggers. He was every bit as much a merchant of death as Sir Basil Zaharoff ever was. He was the man behind the gunmen.

But none of these services to crime, born of Eddie Green's superior I. Q., rated with a more subtle performance which apparently he alone in the whole directory of crime could successfully offer. It was a simple thing but it was his supreme gift to evil.

Eddie's friends lived in abysmal ignorance of the whereabouts even of their closest associates. They never left a forwarding address—except with Eddie. Naturally, therefore, his house became the underworld General Delivery, to which a thug hiding out in Michigan could send a letter which would eventually unite him with his pal or his moll who might be in Texas or Arkansas. Eddie became the Postmaster of Gangdom.

Because of the trusted position which he thus made for himself, and also because of the continuing need for some one in such a position, crime with Eddie Green became almost a stable business. His mates were alternately in the money and out. Eddie was always in. His mates wandered continually, driven from hide-out to hide-out by threats of danger. Eddie and his girl friend were by way of becoming "old family" in the communities in which they lived.

He was, according to his lights, Eddie the Wise.

Yet, no casual passer-by would take Eddie for an Albert Einstein. His face was florid, ill-shaped, weak-chinned. His lips were too thick, his ears too wide, his brow too bushy, his

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lids too heavy. Nor had he grace of figure any more than of mien: a short, soft, droopy man, who somehow managed to be gawky without being thin.

Actually, of course, the mentality of this behind-the-scenes hoodlum was of a very cheap order. He would not have stood out in a company of really first-rate confidence men and counterfeiters. He just happened to flourish in the time and in the company of about the lowest-grade mentalities which ever terrorized a countryside. By which is meant the mentalities of Alvin Karpis, John Dillinger, Baby-Face Nelson, Pretty-Boy Floyd, the Barkers, and all the other synthetic Public Enemies No. 1 who followed in the wake of the puissant Capone.

So Eddie Green stood out by contrast.

BORN in St. Paul, Minnesota, young Green was "conditioned" for the life that he later led. However, it was not until his seventeenth year, and after he had journeyed so far afield as Milwaukee, Wisconsin, that he matriculated in that prep school of infamy, the House of Correction, and, during a six-month sentence for larceny, received instruction from experienced professors of the criminal arts, his fellow prisoners.

At seventeen and a half, a member of the class of 1917, Eddie Green was that perfect product of our antiquated prison system, the confirmed criminal. He returned to his home in St. Paul, firm in the conviction that only the stupid worked. The clever, he had learned, didn't take jobs; they pulled them.

He wasn't altogether successful at first. But after further postgraduate study at the Minnesota State Penitentiary, he emerged as such a finished student of criminology that he was admitted, without further examination, as an honorary alumnus of Hollyhocks Inn.

This St. Paul hostelry, run by Dapper Dan Hogan, who was, back in the middle '20s, "the man you had to see" in underworld Minnesota, was a coeducational institution. One of its fairer graduates was a girl known as Ruth; one of its duskiest alumna was the Negress known as Sarah Godfrey; both of whom were destined to play feminine leads in the drama called Edward Green.

Ruth learned all she could from Danny Hogan. Then she opened a crime rendezvous of her own, a tavern which became well known to Frank Nash, Thomas Holden, Francis Keating—all escaped prisoners from Leavenworth Penitentiary — Vernon C. Miller, who figured so prominently in the Kansas City Massacre, and practically all the members of the then dominant Karpis-Barker gang.

After Danny Hogan's demise, Harry Sawyer, long affiliated with the Hogan interests and later notoriously prominent in the Bremer kidnaping case, extended the comforting protection of his friendship to what the boys had come to know as "Ruth's Place." And through Ruth, Eddie Green, fresh from Stillwater, met Sawyer, who now wore the Hogan mantle of omniscience; and through both Ruth and Sawyer he gradually met every prominent member of the gangs which were then devastating great stretches of the Middle West.

No hoodlum, the G-men often said, knew so many other hoodlums as Eddie Green.

By virtue of these introductions Green was graciously permitted to participate in the robbery of the Fairbury National Bank at Fairbury, Nebraska. His colleagues on this occasion included practically all the leading members of the Karpis-Barker gang. The gang planned the raid in Chicago, and made Fairbury by motor. After the ceremony all of the participants, except Earl Christman, one of the gang, and Green, returned with the loot to Chicago. Christman was so badly wounded that he couldn't go; Green was assigned to attend him.

Eddie knew what to do. He rushed the wounded gangster to the home of Vernon C. Miller at 6612 Edgevale Road, Kansas City, then considered a safe retreat for mobsters in trouble. He managed to dig up an underworld doctor who would attend the stricken crook and keep his own mouth shut. Eventually, however, Christman died and was buried by Green in an unidentified grave.

Ruth of "Ruth's Place" had abandoned the dine-and-dance business soon after she met Eddie Green. From the beginning there had been a strong affinity between this experienced woman and the then comparatively unknown gangster. Perhaps both were smart enough to feel that with her contacts and his shrewdness they might do better together than on their own. Perhaps it was a more straightforward feeling than that. They certainly lived the quiet lives of people very fond of each other. They were, unprofessionally speaking, home bodies.

AT the time of the Fairbury bank robbery they were living as Edward and Ruth Green in an apartment house on Kedzie Avenue, Chicago. Kate, Fred, and Doc Barker had previously lived in the same house. Other members of the Karpis-Barker mob, including Karpis himself, were believed to reside not far away. During the spring of 1933 Alvin Karpis and Dolores Delaney were frequent visitors at the Green home.

It was at this time that Eddie began working out the rules and regulations under which he was to become so useful not only to this gang but later to Dillinger and his pals. He is the only gangster ever to have served in what might be called an executive capacity with these two top-flight mobs.

Even while Karpis and Green lived in Chicago, St. Paul remained the business headquarters of the gang. Harry Sawyer was the "friend" to whom they went with their loot after the Fairbury affair, and he it was who arranged to get rid of the hot money in a safe exchange for cool. To be nearer this great power and to act as contact man between him and the less respectable-appearing crooks, Green soon moved back to St. Paul, where his active career as a big-time gangster now began.

During this period Eddie took part in a number of successful bank robberies, which, if they weren't conceived by him, were carefully charted and executed under his direction. In addition to road maps covering the entire territory in which the two big gangs were then operating, Green possessed a dozen notebooks containing closely written instructions for getaways after robberies. These books, used in connection with the carefully marked-up road maps, constituted an asset in the business of bank robbery quite as important as the sawed-off rifle and the machine gun.

Eddie was a good man in the field, too. But it is not as an ordinary breaker and enterer that he claims our interest. And it was not as an ordinary criminal in the field that he was to come to his end.

ABOUT Christmas, 1933, Homer Van Meter, a parolee from the Indiana State Penitentiary and trusted lieutenant of John Dillinger, arrived in St. Paul and sought the protection of Harry Sawyer. Sawyer turned the hoodlum over to Green, who was living at the time as T. J. Randall at 3300 Fremont Avenue, South, across the river in Minneapolis. The two parolees became great friends; and when Van Meter and his girl friend Marie Conforti moved into the apartment house next door, they and the Greens, or Randalls, saw a good deal of each other.

On March 3, a little over three months after he met Van Meter, something happened that was to change the whole course of Eddie Green's life, and to shorten that course abruptly: John Dillinger escaped from the Lake County Jail at Crown Point, Indiana.

Seizing Sheriff Lillian Holley's automobile, the notorious gangster, who was then considered Public Enemy No. 1, drove to Chicago, picked up his woman, Evelyn Frechette, and beat it for hospitable St. Paul. Through the ever useful Harry Sawyer he was able to make his "meet" with his henchman Van Meter, and through Van Meter came under the guiding hand of Eddie the Wise.

Now, Dillinger was the "hottest" stuff in gangland, almost as much a menace to the thugs who associated with him as to the honest people he killed. Although Eddie was willing to help, he didn't fancy having this stick of dynamite planted in his back yard.

Dillinger, of course, needed money. One way that Eddie could help was to assist him in getting it. On March 6, 1934, three days after Dillinger's jailbreak and one day after his moving

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(SEE PAGES 32 and 47)

in on the Greens, the Security National Bank of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, was robbed of $49,500. One week later the First National Bank of Mason City, Iowa, was taken for $52,000. Eddie Green participated in these raids, along with Dillinger, Van Meter, John Hamilton, Tommy Carroll, and Baby-Face Nelson.

The boys were well heeled now, what with a $100,000 week, and out of consideration for the cautious Eddie they might have had the grace to move on. But this Dillinger crowd was singularly without grace.

Instead, the boys seemed set on making the Twin Cities their permanent home. Tommy Carroll brought on his moll Jean Delaney, sister of the infamous Dolores, who shared the life and to some extent the fate of Alvin Karpis. Baby-Face Nelson moved in with his wife, his child, and his mother. And to complete the anguish of the dismayed Greens, Dillinger himself and Evelyn Frechette took an apartment only one block away.

Something had to be done. Green couldn't leave the Twin Cities. His profitable relations with Harry Sawyer precluded that, as well as his commitments to both gangs, of which he was now a key member. But he could move away from Fremont Avenue, so that whatever " heat " might be generated by Dillinger's presence in the neighborhood would not immediately burn its way into him. Accordingly he rented an apartment under the name of D. A. Stevens at 2214 Marshall Avenue, St. Paul.

This precaution, so typical of Edward Green's whole career, proved his undoing.

Before he and Ruth could move into their new home, Dillinger and the Frechette woman announced that they were themselves moving over to St. Paul. Nothing could have suited the Greens better. He and Ruth would stay where they were, and let Homer Van Meter and Marie Conforti use the Marshall Avenue apartment.

Now, the chief reason for Eddie Green's concern over the nearness of Dillinger at this time was the fact that, for the first time in the latter's criminal career, he had committed an offense that came within the investigative jurisdiction of John Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

So curiously were our laws framed at the time his previous offenses had been committed, that none of those depredations ranked as federal offenses. On the other hand, the comparatively minor act of taking a stolen automobile across a state line in March, 1934, *was* a federal offense, and therefore prosecutable by federal authorities.

At last the G-men were in the Dillinger case.

Eddie Green knew what this meant. He had seen the identification orders which Hoover had immediately sent out from the Bureau's main office in the Department of Justice at Washington. These orders, pasted up in banks, post offices, courthouses, police stations, and other public buildings from coast to coast, contained not only the photograph of the wanted man but his description, fingerprints, and criminal record. The Bureau's branch officers throughout the country were galvanized into a nation-wide army of watchfulness. Inspectors and special agents were assigned full time to the capture of the man whose name had become a stench in the nostrils of every respectable American.

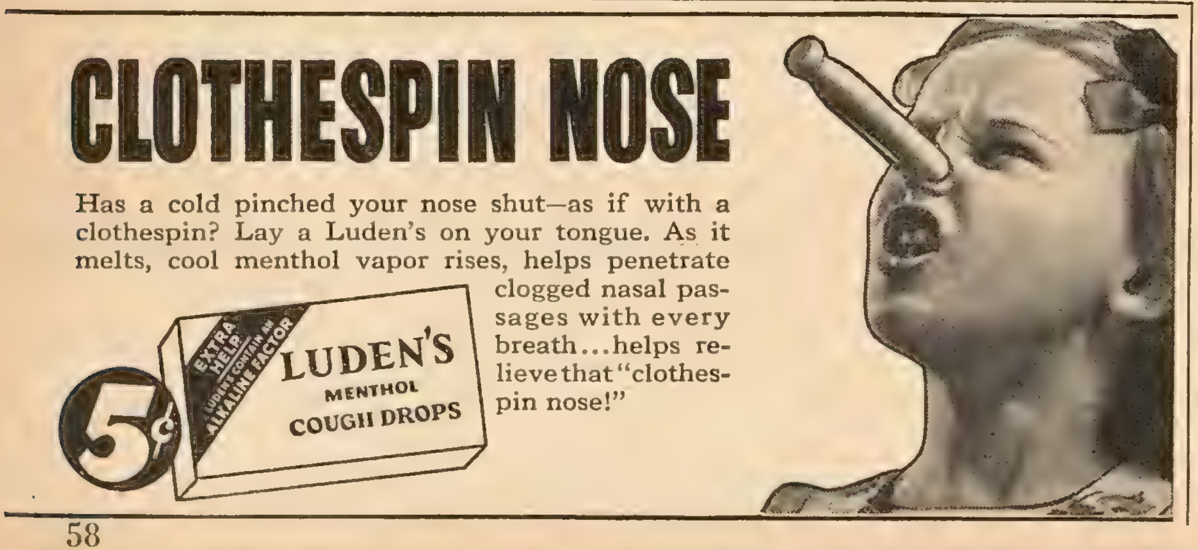
THE publicity attending the killer's stay at the Lake County Jail, the ease with which he escaped in the sheriff's own car, all added heat to the gathering conflagration of enraged public opinion and efficient official action which was gradually encircling Dillinger and his fellow thugs.

Honest apartment-house managers were more suspicious than they had been of prospective tenants who could give no references from previous landlords but who were quite ready to pay rent several months in advance. They were increasingly suspicious, too, of tenants who had no visible means of support, who slept all day and caroused all night, who behaved in general as the average gangster behaves when he is between jobs and in the money.

The woman manager of the Lincoln Court Apartments on South Lexington Avenue, St. Paul, was among those whose suspicions were thus aroused. The shades in the windows of her Apartment 303, occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Hellman, were lowered from just after dusk until about half past ten every morning. The couple stayed indoors most of the time, and when they did go out they used the rear entrance.

The landlady took her suspicions to the United States Attorney at St. Paul, who promptly notified the local office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Special agents established immediate surveillance at the apartment house throughout the night of March 30, without observing any unusual happenings. The shades *were* drawn, but, as the apartment was located, this precaution would be necessary to assure a normal amount of privacy. The use of the back door might also be explained by the fact that the couple kept their car in a garage at the rear of the apartment house.



CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Has a cold pinched your nose shut—as if with a clothespin? Lay a Luden's on your tongue. As it melts, cool menthol vapor rises, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages with every breath...helps relieve that "clothespin nose!"

However, in the interest of thoroughness, the special agent who had conducted the all-night surveillance decided before leaving the next morning to determine just who Mr. and Mrs. Hellman might be. Accordingly, with a plain-clothes man of the St. Paul Police Department, he went to the door of No. 303 and knocked. A woman opened the door narrowly, took one look at the two officers, and slammed the door in their faces.

Fully convinced now that the apartment-house manager's suspicions were justified, the agent and his companion quickly retraced their steps with the idea of telephoning the F. B. I. office to send men to guard the apartment's exits.

In the hallway they encountered an individual who seemed as surprised to see them as they were to see him. Asked what he wanted, he said he was a soap salesman. Asked where his samples were, he said they were in his car outside. Whereupon the alleged salesman started down the stairs. The special agent followed. The policeman remained to watch the hall outside Apartment 303.

As the visitor passed the open cellar door leading off the lower lobby, he turned suddenly on the special agent with drawn pistol.

"You asked for it," he shouted, "and I'm giving it to you!"

He fired several shots and disappeared into the entrails of the building—and as he did so, the door of Apartment 303 opened slowly and the occupants began raking the hallway with machine-gun fire. The policeman returned the fire as best he could, but the machine-gun barrage was too much for him. Under cover of it, the man and woman retreated through the rear door of the building to the garage and made their escape by car.

MEANWHILE the supposed soap salesman had made his way through the cellar into an alley and finally on to the street. He jumped on a passing truck and forced the driver at point of gun to drive him to safety.

The G-man and the policeman had not captured the occupants of Apartment 303 or their mysterious visitor, but between the special agent and the detective they had gotten a fairly good look at all three. Mr. and Mrs. Hellman were unquestionably John Dillinger and Evelyn Frechette. The soap salesman was Homer Van Meter. The Lincoln Court apartment house was the address in St. Paul to which the former had moved from the Greens' neighborhood in Minneapolis; and Van Meter, occupying the apartment which the Greens themselves had rented when contemplating their own removal to St. Paul, had apparently dropped in for a call.

Echoes of the gunfire on Lexington Avenue, St. Paul, had scarcely subsided when Homer Van Meter showed up at the Greens' home on Fremont Avenue in Minneapolis. When Ruth and Eddie heard Van Meter's story, they saw their hoped-for security departing before their

**NEW ENDURANCE GAINED** by men and women on Knox Gelatine energy diet. Supervised experiments *prove* Knox Gelatine's ability to promote energy output.

FILE PROOF NO. 199

**BALLET PRAISES KNOX FOR ENERGY**

World-famous ballet school mistress reports Knox Gelatine "puts new life" in dancers. Even after hours of strenuous rehearsal, pupils are fresh and ready for stage performance. Premier danseur says "intricate steps seem easier." Boys say there is less muscle strain in difficult adagio. Opening night "jitters" greatly reduced due to less physical exhaustion.

FILE PROOF NO. 216

**MORE "SALES-APPEAL"**

Walks many miles per day in store selling shoes. Suffered chronic shoulder pain reaching for shoe boxes. So tired fell asleep after dinner. Now, after taking Knox Gelatine regularly, says "shoulder tremendously eased." Much peppier—"doing twice as much business." Not exhausted even after most strenuous day. Group of salesmen constantly standing or walking equally enthusiastic about benefits of Knox Gelatine feedings.

**FEELING LET DOWN?**

Thousands have ended dull days, tired sluggish evenings—with Knox Gelatine—the simple, modern way to gain more vigor and energy. Knox Gelatine is not a quick stimulant. It is a food. Certain properties in Knox Gelatine help to increase staying power. Regular Knox Gelatine feedings have meant more than 100% increase in energy output to many. Scientific tests have proven these feedings work!

***Fight Fatigue With***

**KNOX GELATINE**

KNOX
PLAIN
SPARKLING
No 1
GELATINE

**THIS WAY:** Empty 1 envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass ¾ filled with water or fruit juice, or ½ water and ½ fruit juice. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink rapidly or it will thicken. Take 4 envelopes a day for 2 weeks, then continue with 2 a day. Take faithfully for 1 month. Then if you wish, discontinue, and resume when you feel the need.

**CAUTION:** Be sure to use Knox. Only Knox was used in the scientific experiments. Only Knox is *proved* to have energy elements. Write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Company, Johnstown, New York, Dept. 74.

**WELL-KNOWN RACERS CRASH!** And the well-known cuts and bruises result. But no harm done because, after the cut has been treated properly, Band-Aid is there to dress the wound. Band-Aid is a ready-made bandage of gauze and adhesive. Easy to put on and once on . . . it *stays put*. Ideal for knees, elbows, and other hard-to-bandage places. For *genuine Band-Aid*, look for the Red Cross on box.

Johnson & Johnson
BAND-AID
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ADHESIVE BANDAGES

Use Super-Power Light To Get Peace of Mind

IF alarmed at night by what may have been a strange sound, or perhaps seems like an odor of smoke or gas—there's reassurance in your Bond flashlight. Use it to investigate—quickly, safely—without alarming or waking others. But be sure your flashlight is ready, with—

BOND PLASTIC SAFETY SEAL Patented BATTERIES

Invaluable dependability is locked up securely in each Bond Super-Power battery by its modern plastic Safety Seal. Also prevents accidental outside short-circuit. Each cell dated, so you know it's FRESH. Buy them and keep your flashlight's bright, lasting, safe light at your service, for its many every-day uses and for emergency.

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Division of Western Cartridge Co.
NEW HAVEN, CONN. CHICAGO, ILL. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

eyes. Less than forty-five minutes later they knew it had gone for good. Evelyn Frechette rushed in with the news that John Dillinger had been badly wounded during the escape and must have medical treatment at once. He was in their car, just down the street from the Greens' apartment.

Two things Eddie Green knew he must do, and do at once. One was to get Dillinger away from his, Eddie's, house and hide him some place where he could not only receive treatment but where his wounded condition wouldn't attract the attention of the police and thus bring the law down on the whole crowd. The other was to remove all trace of Homer Van Meter's occupancy from the St. Paul apartment which he and Ruth had hired as Mr. and Mrs. Stevens.

The first, though risky, with the hunt for Dillinger as hot as it was, did not worry so skillful an operator as Green had now become. He lost no time in finding a doctor criminal who would give Dillinger medical aid and supply the hide-out where he could live during recovery.

Who are the "aristocrats of the criminal world"? If you're curious, read the next article in the F. B. I. series. Coming soon!

The second job looked simple too. It seemed impossible that the G-men in so short a time could establish the identity of the man who had been seen briefly in the house on Lexington Avenue as that of the man who had lived for two weeks in the house on Marshall Avenue. On the other hand, to go there himself or have Ruth go there was an unnecessary risk. So he sent Sarah Godfrey, the colored maid whom Ruth had known back in the Hollyhocks Inn days.

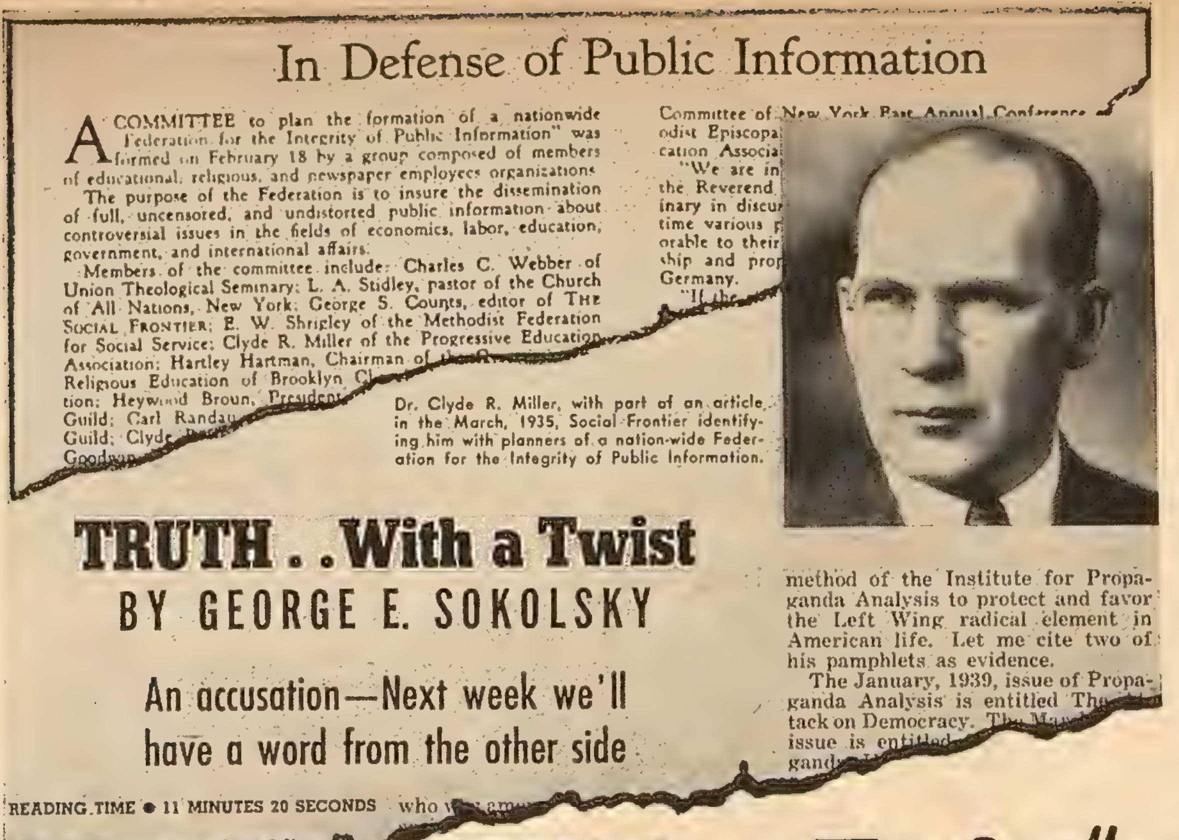
When Sarah and her sister arrived, the G-men were waiting for them. And that night, when Eddie Green arrived at the Godfrey home to pick up Van Meter's belongings, they were waiting for *him*, too. When they told him to halt, he reached for his gun. The G-men reached for theirs. They took him that night to the Ancker Hospital in Minneapolis. A week later he died.

There was $4,700 on deposit in one safe-deposit box; $4,000 in another. This, apparently, was all that remained of the vast fortune that Eddie the Wise was supposed to have acquired by becoming the Postmaster of Gangdom.

Perhaps Eddie Green wasn't such a smart guy after all. But we can't be sure. Admittedly he wasn't smart enough to elude John Edgar Hoover and his G-men. But who is? According to underworld standards, he was far above the average.

Yet he went to his fate before either of those dumb clucks John Dillinger or Alvin Karpis went to theirs. So, inescapably, there is a moral in the story of Eddie the Wise. In crime, even smartness doesn't pay!

THE END



Here, to refresh your memory of it, is a glimpse of the article by Mr. Sokolsky to which Dr. Miller replies.

In Defense of Public Information

A COMMITTEE to plan the formation of a nationwide Federation for the Integrity of Public Information" was formed on February 18 by a group composed of members of educational, religious, and newspaper employees organizations.

The purpose of the Federation is to insure the dissemination of full, uncensored, and undistorted public information about controversial issues in the fields of economics, labor, education, government, and international affairs.

Members of the committee include: Charles C. Webber of Union Theological Seminary; L. A. Stidley, pastor of the Church of All Nations, New York; George S. Counts, editor of THE SOCIAL FRONTIER; E. W. Shrigley of the Methodist Federation for Social Service; Clyde R. Miller of the Progressive Education Association; Hartley Hartman, Chairman of Religious Education of Brooklyn C tion; Heywood Broun, President Guild; Carl Randau Guild; Clyde Goodwin

Committee of New York East Annual Conference odist Episcopa cation Associa

"We are in the Reverend inary in discu time various p orable to their ship and pro Germany.

"If the

Dr. Clyde R. Miller, with part of an article in the March, 1935, Social Frontier identifying him with planners of a nation-wide Federation for the Integrity of Public Information.

TRUTH..With a Twist

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

An accusation—Next week we'll have a word from the other side

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

who w

"O denounce the other fellow

method of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis to protect and favor the Left Wing radical element in American life. Let me cite two of his pamphlets as evidence.

The January, 1939, issue of Propaganda Analysis is entitled The tack on Democracy. The Ma issue is entitled ganda

# "TRUTH..With a Twist"—the Other Side

### Presenting an outspoken reply to an article in last week's Liberty

### BY CLYDE R. MILLER

Secretary of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

MOST of what Mr. Sokolsky writes about the Institute for Propaganda Analysis seems to be what he suspects or wants his readers to suspect about the Institute. His article contains so many misstatements of fact that Liberty may not have the space to cite and answer all of them. Let us, therefore, deal with three major errors Mr. Sokolsky makes, and let Liberty readers judge for themselves the extent to which Mr. Sokolsky has misinterpreted the aims and methods of the Institute.

*Error Number One:* "Dr. Clyde Miller of Teachers College, Columbia University, . . . starts an Institute for Propaganda Analysis, Inc. . . . His organization is to be a Supreme Court to which every one will turn with the question: 'Is this propaganda or is it honest-Injun?'

"When a man sets himself up on so lofty a plane, he must be sure in his own mind that he is coldly objective, frigidly nonpartisan, without bias and without feeling."

Mr. Sokolsky, further, has suspected that a "Society for the Integrity of the News" was the father of Propaganda Analysis.

*Comment:* I know of no "Society for the Integrity of the News." The immediate cause of the founding of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis was the interest of the late Edward A. Filene, one of America's most eminent business men, in promoting a type of education which might help American citizens protect themselves against distorted news, untruthful advertising, and similar attempts to deceive and misrepresent. To this end, Mr. Filene, shortly before his death in September, 1937, made available a modest sum to found the Institute. Had Mr. Sokolsky read and reported accurately the first bulletin of the Institute, issued in October, 1937, and subsequent bulletins, he could not possibly have written that the Institute is to be "a Supreme Court" and described its secretary as a man setting himself up as "frigidly nonpartisan, without bias," etc.

In its first bulletin the Institute made clear that it does have a bias or conviction, namely, that propaganda should be analyzed in terms of whether or not it conforms to what the Institute considers democratic principles. It stated specifically that "the Institute does not have all the answers; it lays no claim to infallibility. It will try to be scientific, objective, and accurate. If it makes mistakes, it will acknowledge them. It asks those who receive its letters to check its work; also to co-operate with it by supplying documented evidence on the sources of propaganda, and of censorship or distortion of essential news in press, radio, and newsreels."

The bulletins of the Institute and its other publications are not the work of the secretary or of any one person. They represent the thought in collaboration of a small staff and of nineteen directors — among them Charles A. Beard, the eminent American historian; Frank E. Baker, president of Milwaukee State Teachers College; Hadley Cantril, Princeton University; Edgar Dale, Ohio State University; Ned H. Dearborn, dean of the Division of General Education, New York University; Leonard Doob, Yale University; Paul Douglas, University of Chicago; Gladys Murphy Graham, University of California at Los Angeles; F. Ernest Johnson, Teachers College, Columbia University; Grayson N. Kefauver, dean of the School of Education, Stanford University; William Heard Kilpatrick; E. C. Lindeman, New York School of Social Work; Robert S. Lynd, Columbia University, co-author of Middletown; Malcolm S. MacLean, University of Minnesota; Kirtley Mather, Harvard University; Ernest O. Melby, dean of the School of Education, Northwestern University; James E. Mendenhall, Stephens College; and Robert K. Speer, New York University.

*Error Number Two:* Mr. Sokolsky implies that the Institute invariably uses propaganda in the word's vicious sense, and then pictures the Institute as accusing "all the constructive, capitalistic, patriotic groups in America of propaganda."

*Comment:* Mr. Sokolsky either did not read or failed to report the Institute's definition of propaganda, stated in its first bulletin, October, 1937, as follows: "As generally understood, propaganda is expression of opinion or action by individuals or groups deliberately designed to influence opinions or actions of other individuals or groups with reference to predetermined ends."

In other words, propaganda is "good" as well as "bad." Most Americans probably would regard as "good" propaganda that which tends to uphold familiar democratic processes, and regard as "bad" propaganda that which obviously tends to undermine such processes. What is “good” to one may be “bad” to another. Hitler, for example, regards propaganda in favor of democracy as thoroughly “bad,” and says so.

As indicated in its October, 1937, bulletin, the Institute believes in everybody's freedom to propagandize, including Mr. Sokolsky's. Believing as it does in the Constitution of the United States, the Institute could take no other stand. It holds that “to deal with propaganda by suppression through federal legislation would violate the Constitution of the United States. ‘Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.’

“These freedoms are the essence of democracy. In terms of them, the Institute will subject propagandas to scientific analysis and seek to indicate whether they conform or not to American principles of democracy.”

In this same connection, the Institute has frequently quoted with approval the statement of the New York Times in an editorial in its issue of September 1, 1937, that what is truly vicious about propaganda is not propaganda but a monopoly of it. The Institute would oppose a monopoly of propaganda, whether by the C. I. O., which Mr. Sokolsky and Mr. Thomas Girdler do not like, or by Mr. Thomas Girdler, whom Mr. Sokolsky apparently does like.

(Mr. Sokolsky apparently draws the inference that the Institute implied that the National Association of Manufacturers bribed him by the payment of more than $28,000 to attack the C. I. O. That was not the Institute's interpretation. He was, however, paid $28,000 and he did attack the C. I. O. By his own words, in which we heartily concur, no bribery was necessary. It would be like bribing Paderewski to play the piano; but he does play the piano and he does get paid for it.)

THE Institute has also quoted with approval, as Mr. Sokolsky might have observed in the above-mentioned bulletin, the editorial from the Springfield Republican of September 3, 1937: “Free propaganda is nothing but free publicity for the views, interpretations, arguments, pleadings, truths and untruths, half-lies and lies of all creation. Propaganda is good as well as bad. ‘We are surrounded by clouds of propaganda.’ . . . It is up to each of us to precipitate from those clouds the true and the false. . . .”

In connection with this, the Institute has stated in the same bulletin that it will, “by methods of education and scientific research, help the intelligent citizen detect and analyze propaganda so he may form his own judgment as to what is good and bad.”

The Institute recognizes that only under a democratic system is it possible to carry on the educational and scientific research it is attempting to carry on. Under an authoritarian system, questioning and criticism of the propaganda of the dictator is forbidden by law and punishable often by death.

*Error Number Three:* Throughout his article Mr. Sokolsky links the Institute with “Left Wingers.”

*Comment*: Mr. Sokolsky uses this term sometimes to denote the New Deal, sometimes to denote the C. I. O., sometimes the Communist Party. He cites our analyses of Communists and Fascists in America in an attempt to prove that we are engaging in propaganda against the Fascists but are friendly and defensive when dealing with the Communists.

In large part, materials for both these bulletins of ours were obtained from the same sources utilized in reports now available of the work of the Dies Committee. Any reader of Liberty may obtain those reports, may examine the source material for himself, and then check the Institute's analyses with Mr. Sokolsky's article. Such checking would reveal that Mr. Sokolsky is attempting to discredit the Institute by associating it with a bad name—Left Wing. Liberty readers familiar with history will recall how Middle Age theologians used the bad name “heretic” to discredit any one who questioned their wisdom or power. Today's bad name is “Left Winger” or its variations, “Red,” “Bolshevik,” and, to such as Mr. Sokolsky, “C. I. O.” and “New Deal.”

Mr. Sokolsky writes: “How does he [the present writer] know whether the [Communist] party has 75,000 or 750,000 or 7,500,000 members? . . . What accounting has been made of the money collected in this country for Spain, China, refugees, right to work, etc.? Who knows what happened to the money raised in Hollywood for Spain and refugees? In whose names are these funds kept in banks? I do not know, but I take it from the first few lines of this pamphlet that Dr. Clyde Miller does know. Let him produce the evidence.”

### Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 16

1—William C. Bullitt.
2—Tobacco Road and Abie's Irish Rose.
3—108.7 acres.
4—Iron ore.
5—From the French, meaning disguise.
6—Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.
7—Admiral Nicholas von Horthy, regent.
8—It accelerates the transformation of material in plants and animals; in other words, it is a ferment.
9—David.
10—The National Labor Relations Board.
11—Laura Ingalls.
12—From the German *Unterseeboot*, or undersea boat.
13—Eighty yards.
14—Leavened bread contains a substance that lightens the dough; unleavened bread does not.
15—Cushing, brain surgery; Osler, internal medicine; and Reed, research, especially in yellow fever.
16—Sometimes, but the majority are now synthetic.
17—Distinguished service in certain fields associated with the career of former President Theodore Roosevelt.
18—Southern, Duke; Southwest, Texas Christian; Pacific Coast, University of Southern California and University of California (tie).
19—Marshy land.
20— Grant Wood

Mr. Sokolsky would have the readers of Liberty believe that nobody can possibly check on what the Communists say about their membership and finances. That is nonsense. For example, every organization that raised money to aid either the Spanish Loyalists or the Spanish Nationalists or both was required by law to inform the State Department of its activities, how much was raised, and how it was spent. As for Communist Party membership, Earl Browder claimed 90,000 members at the time, not 75,000. After checking on this claim, we decided to discount it slightly.

Incidentally, the Communist Party received 80,159 votes in the Presidential elections of 1936. Can any one reasonably say that it may have 750,000 or even 7,500,000 members?

MR. SOKOLSKY indicates in his article that the Communist Party is pro-Semitic. In this he follows the familiar Hitler and Father Coughlin technique of linking Jews and Communists together. We recommend for Mr. Sokolsky's reading a book lately published, entitled The Fine Art of Propaganda. It deals primarily with the propaganda of Father Coughlin, showing how that propaganda parallels that of Hitler and Goebbels. Carefully documented facts cited, including quotations from Lenin, reveal that the Communist Party is anything but pro-Semitic.

As for the Institute bulletins on Communist and Fascist propagandas in America, our correspondence shows that neither the Communists nor the Fascists liked what we revealed. Many of them were angry, and that is putting it mildly.

There are numerous other errors in Mr. Sokolsky's article. These would become apparent to any one who examined what the Institute bulletins really say. In our November, 1937, letter we set forth the simple devices used by propagandists. We suggest that Liberty readers use these devices to see to what extent Mr. Sokolsky himself is a propagandist and whether his propaganda is “good” or “bad.” Further, we suggest that they check this comment on Mr. Sokolsky's article and any statements in Institute bulletins to see to what extent the Institute itself is a propagandistic organization and whether its propaganda is “good” or “bad.”

To repeat, the Institute certainly is not infallible; it does want its work checked; it is definitely committed to the kind of society represented by the United States Constitution.

THE END

## Swiftly, flamingly, new terror strikes in a lovely prisoner's dark adventure

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SCENTING a big story, two writers go in search of what is behind the attempted assassination of Captain Gordon McArdle, an evangelist who was exhorting a throng in the New York Yankee Stadium. They come upon a mysterious unnamed woman who tells them what she knows.

While serving as a captain in the American forces of the World War, Gordon McArdle fell in love with a French nurse, Yvonne Durand, but he doubted that she was faithful to him. Once in a blinding rage he killed a German prisoner. Captured by the enemy, he was sent to the worst of detention camps, but it was there that his spiritual regeneration began. When released at the armistice he was a changed man. A supernatural influence had touched him deeply.

Going to Paris, he sought Yvonne. He was stunned when informed that she had had a baby—his child—and that both had vanished into nowhere. Desperate, a psychic dream directed him to go to Dou Van, Indo-China, whither Yvonne had flown. Indeed, she had gone there as nursemaid to her own little son Jean, adopted by Colonel and Mme. Lubersac.

Bitten by a leper on his journey in Indo-China, Gordon was immured in an isolation hospital, where he remained as patient and orderly for ten years. But neither he nor Yvonne had ever forgotten the other. Their love burned steadily through all the trials of adversity. Without warning, one day Gordon was confronted with a scarehead in a native newspaper which told of an uprising of the Moys in Dou Van—massacre of a French post and the carrying off of women and children into slavery. There was a picture of Yvonne and a boy among them!

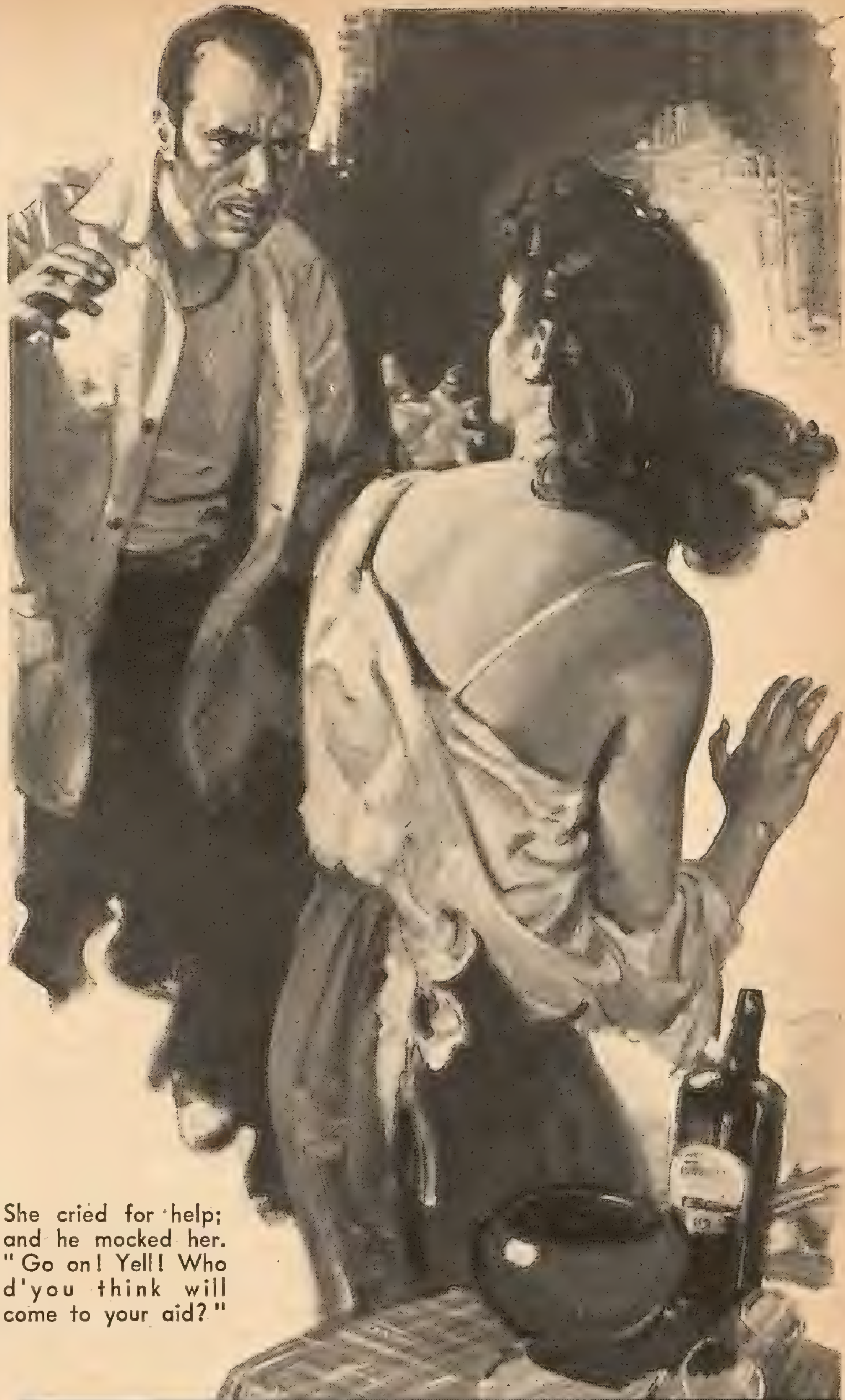
Communists under the leadership of Meh Sao, a Tonkinese, and Martin Greenes, a Russo-American, had instigated the revolt.

Immediately Gordon set out for the terrible jungle between him and Dou Van to save his own. Miraculously he fought his way against a thousand deaths.

### PART TEN—THE CAPTIVES LEARN THEIR FATE

GORDON McARDLE reached the tribesmen's principal village the same day on which Milton Greenes returned there—and that, to believe the Russian, was mere coincidence. But the American was ready to call it the great calm hand of the Lord pointing out to him the road, the means, and the time. The American had gone a long way!

Milton Greenes had left his friend Meh Sao behind. The latter—so he



She cried for help; and he mocked her. "Go on! Yell! Who d'you think will come to your aid?"

# THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER

### BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

AWFUL CASE OF UGLY SURFACE PIMPLES

We want to help!

No matter what you've tried for disfiguring surface pimples and blemishes without success—here's an amazingly successful Doctor's formula—powerfully soothing Zemo—which quickly relieves intense itching and starts right in to help nature promote FAST healing. Results from few days' use of Zemo should thrill you! Praised from coast to coast. So clean, dainty yet so EFFECTIVE. Liquid or Ointment form. Used in best homes yet costs only 35c, 60c, $1.

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Doorway to St. Louis Hospitality
All rooms with bath
radio reception
Hotel Mayfair
DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS AT YOUR DOORSTEP

*Each Week*

LIBERTY SELLS MORE COPIES
For Cash Than
Any Magazine Published!

explained to Man-Coc Teng, the tribal chief—was proceeding toward the farther frontier. There, shipped from Russia across Siberia by train, thence by caravan through Mongolia and China, enormous quantities of rifles and ammunition, machine guns and poison gas were awaiting transportation into the Dou Van territory. Also on the way were a number of foreigners trained in modern warfare, and trained, as well, in preaching the Bolshevist gospel.

Not mercenaries. But, in a perverted way, idealists.

"Frustrated, pathetic, pitiful men," Gordon was to say later on—and speak the truth.

"Brave men," argued Milton Greenes—and he too spoke the truth.

Greenes went on to explain to the chief that Meh Sao was accompanied by hundreds of porters belonging to a dozen wilderness tribes. Volunteers all, more than willing to carry the heavy loads of war material on their wide shoulders. A proof that the two Communist agitators had been successful in their mission; that the whole of Dou Van was on the eve of bloody revolt against the French.

"On the eve, by the same token," continued Milton Greenes the renegade, "of achieving freedom."

HE spoke about freedom, having the gift of words in a dozen languages, eloquently and with a certain beauty of expression. But Chief Man-Coc Teng was a simple savage, interested in loot and lust.

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, a little impatiently. "I know all about the Laos and the other tribes. The signal drums brought us word."

"Did they bring you word, too," demanded the other, who had a disconcerting trick of quickly switching from an emotional outburst to matters of strictly practical aspect, "of what the French are doing? I doubt it—since the drums do not drone beyond Dou Van."

He went on to say that, through a wandering Cambodian trader, a message had been sent to the French. They had been informed that the women and children captured at Chiring-Phang were a pledge in the hands of the rebels, who were prepared to enter into negotiations.

A harsh refusal had been the answer. Oh, yes—the French were well aware of the dreadful fate in store for these poor women and children. But their national honor was at stake.

Therefore:

"*En avant, soldats de la république!*"

Already a plan of campaign had been worked out. Mobilization orders had been given. Two brigades of infantry were pushing toward the north. The caissons were rolling and rumbling along. Tanks were under their groaning lumbering way. Cavalry patrols were in swift motion, scouting on the Dou Van border. Planes were beginning to make an air survey. . . .

The chief frowned at Milton Greenes.

"What," he inquired anxiously, "is going to be the outcome? We had counted on squandering many long weeks in bargaining with the French while the friendly clans rallied to our support. And now, with the French—bless them not, the gods!—already on the march . . ."

Momentarily he was silent. He stared at the other with a sinister threat in his beady black eyes.

He continued, his voice rising shrilly: "If you, O vulture, mislead us . . ."

Milton Greenes was not easily frightened.

"Have you not a proverb," he rejoined, "that there is always meat in the vulture's nest?"

"Go on!"

"Rich meat—in this vulture's nest! A wise vulture. Much wiser than yourself."

"So?"

"So! Listen to me. . . ."

There was nothing — Milton Greenes said—to get worried about. Time was *still* on the inside. All they had to do, while the other tribes were arming and getting under way, was to retreat; to abandon their villages and seek refuge in the farther denser jungle, where planes were useless, where the lumbering tanks were unable to travel, where the infantry would have to hack and slash every weary mile, almost each weary step of the advance, trying to catch up with an elusive enemy who shot from ambush and cut off stragglers, and where heat and fever, thirst and poisonous insects would be the tribes' trusted allies.

Long, bitter months it would take; a terrible toll in sick and dead. And before the rains came all Dou Van would be aflame. The French, drawn far away from their base of support, battling in a treacherous territory of which they knew little, and opposed by men as well armed as themselves and as shrewdly led, would be outflanked.

A surprise attack!

And then . . .

"You see, Man-Coc Teng?"

The chief laughed delightedly.

"I see indeed, O wisest of vultures!"

After a while he continued, speaking casually:

"What about the white women and children? They are no longer a pledge

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in our hands. Therefore no longer of use to us. Shall we kill them and send the French a brace or two of bloody heads—for the jest of it?"

"A waste of good material," replied the renegade. "For as to the children"— Oh, yes! The man was utterly, fanatically sincere—"they are young enough to be taught the lessons of freedom and justice. And the women? . . ." He smiled. "Not bad-looking, some of them."

Then suddenly an idea came to Chief Man-Coc Teng. He wondered why it had not occurred to him before.

"Am I not the paramount chief of the Moys?" he cried. "And are not all those captured in battle and foray my personal property, my slaves, to be disposed of as it pleases me? There are eager lads in this village. Foolish lads willing to spend their all for the sake of red lips. I shall sell the foreign women to the highest bidders."

He laughed loudly.

"And as to you," he added, slapping the renegade heartily on the back, "you shall have the pick of them—for nothing—as a token of my friendship."

Milton Greenes contracted his brows.

Here, he thought, exemplified in Man-Coc Teng's words, was all that was wrong with civilization—the root of all evil. Almost he launched forth into one of his stock harangues—flaying capitalism, cursing ruffled individualism, denouncing the profit system. But noticing the hard greedy expression on the other's features, he decided that the full application of Karl Marx's economic principles in the Indo-China wilderness had better wait a while. . . .

THERE comes in many a life a moment when, faced by a merciless and immutable fact, the brave know that frenzied heroism is of no further avail.

It was so with Yvonne and the rest of the captives.

When they learned what Man-Coc Teng had decided—that this afternoon they would be sold into slavery to share the beds of tribesmen—they accepted their fate. They accepted it as stoically as, at the time of the Indian Mutiny, the women of England had submitted to the blood-crazed, sex-crazed Hindu sepoys.

For, they had asked themselves, what else was there to do?

And — these Frenchwomen asked themselves today—what else was there to do? They were too well guarded to be able to end their own lives. What then? Weep? Yell? Tear their hair? To what good?

They looked at each other. Then looked away. Stared, dry-eyed, into the distance. . . .

Yvonne gave an involuntary shiver—and little Jean touched her hand.

"What's the matter, Mama Yvonne?" he whispered—he called her Mama Yvonne now, no longer Ma'm's'lle Yvonne.

She could not tell him.

Beverly Roberts, featured in the Republic picture, "Main Street Lawyer", is . . .

. . . pictured here with King Boreas V, who rules over the famous St. Paul Winter Carnival. His . . .

. . . royal car is being Sinclair-ized for Winter as are the vehicles which will pull the colorful floats in this winter's carnival parade. Sinclair-ize for Winter service will . . .

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. . . make your car safer to drive this winter, too. And it will help give you fast starts and easy shifting. See your nearby Sinclair Dealer today and have him Sinclair-ize your car for Winter.

"Just a slight headache. The heat . . ."

"Shall I rub your forehead?"

She closed her eyes. Should she pray? . . .

"Our Father, who art in heaven . . ."

But was He in the jungle, in the miasmic stench of the Dou Van jungle?

"Hallowed be thy name . . ."

But was His name hallowed here, among the savages, the slim brown catlike men with their sensuous fleshy lips, their flat noses, their coldly obscene eyes? . . .

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven . . ."

But was this not the kingdom of the Moys? Was it not their chief's will which would be done here? . . .

"Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us . . ."

But would it not be the bread of shame and utter degradation she would have to eat? And could she ever forgive those who forced it down her throat? . . .

"And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil . . ."

She shrugged her shoulders. No, no, no—she thought—praying was useless. Things—oh—just happened. They happened because they must. Everything was foreordained.

FOREORDAINED that she met Gordon. Foreordained that she gave birth to Jean. Foreordained that . . .

It was fate. To struggle against fate—God's immensity of fate—was futile. Even thinking was futile. Thinking—hurt.

She said to herself:

"I shall try not to think—or pray. I shall accept—whatever is His will for us."

And, later on, Gordon told her that this was in itself a fervent prayer to the Lord. . . .

She gave a start as she heard a clash of weapons.

An armed sentinel had crossed the threshold. He stood there, naked and insolent.

"Listen!" he began.

Orders, he informed the prisoners in broken guttural French which he had learned, years earlier, when he had been captured in a raid and sent to jail, had been issued for the village to be abandoned. The trek into the interior would begin in the morning. But the children, unable to travel as fast as the grown-ups, would leave today, escorted by a number of warriors. This, he added, included the foreign children. Let them be ready within the hour.

Again the women looked at each other.

To be separated from their children! One more cross to bear. And this cross, too, they accepted with apathy—all but Yvonne.

She ran after the sentinel who had stepped outside. She addressed him in his own language of which she had acquired a smattering at Chiring-Phang.

Was there no way, she asked him, for her to keep her little son?

The man shook his head.

"Orders," he replied. "The white chief himself, the prophet of freedom, has given them."

"I'll talk to him."

"Impossible! He is in the *pholy's* house, alone, brewing secret powerful medicine against the French. He must not be disturbed."

"Ask him. Tell him that I . . ."

The tribesman's strong hand restrained her. She tried to tear herself free.

"Did I not tell you that he must not be disturbed?"

"Please—please! . . ."

Her own hands went up, imploringly touching his heavily muscled arm—and he looked at her with sudden interest.

She was not precisely to his fancy. Her hips were not broad enough. Her face was white, not golden brown. Still, there was fire in her eyes.

He grinned at her.

He owned, he considered, three tiger skins, a handsome necklace of amber and lapis-lazuli beads, another necklace made of human finger bones, and a silver-sheathed silver-handled dagger. Too, after the storming of Chiring-Phang he had looted well; had helped himself to a half a dozen gold watches and four glittering rings. He was, in fact, one of the richest men in the village; and—*hayah!*—when the foreign women were put up for sale, nobody would be able to outbid him. . . .

He fondled Yvonne's throat.

"I shall buy you," he told her, "tonight. I shall give for you, if necessary, everything I possess, having always been freehanded and splendid. You shall bear me many, many strong men-children. And, since it is my habit to be generous to those whom I honor with my passion, I shall grant your request, thereby—I have no doubt—incurring the white chief's grave displeasure. Go and talk to him," he cried jovially, giving her a hearty slap across the small of her back.

SHE hurried to the house of the chief.

The secret powerful medicine which Milton Greenes, the renegade was brewing, sitting there alone, consisted of brandy and absinthe—he had found a bottle of each in Colonel de Lubersac's cellar during the looting of Chiring-Phang — mixed in equal proportions.

For the last hour he had been drinking heavily. He needed it. Needed it badly.

Not, again, that he was easily frightened. The only thing Milton Greenes was afraid of was his own fear; and at all times he had had sufficient courage to overcome it, either by psychological or, rarely, as today, by alcoholic methods.

This fear had been born in his heart years ago, when Milton Greenes had still been Misha Barovine, the only child of a Russian priest of the Holy Orthodox Communion—but a priest engaged in revolutionary intrigue. So one day police had come to arrest him. He had resisted arrest—and had been killed.

Blubbering, panic-stricken, young Misha had run away; had hidden in the attic. And in the evening, creeping forth, seeing his father stretched out dead before an icon of the Blessed Virgin—ah! the Blessed Virgin had not been able to save him—he had made a stark resolution:

"Never again shall I give way to fear!"

So he had overcome it. Largely with the help of hate. Hate, first, of the Czar, the Czar's police, the Czar's Cossacks, the Czar's harsh laws. Hate, presently, against all established authority. Hate, finally, against Christianity. . . .

Ah, to liquidate Christianity and all it stood for! To smash the entire Christian system! To jerk Christ from His throne and put in His place a new Christ—a Christ called Lenin who sat on the right hand of Karl Marx while on the latter's left was to sit the spirit of Trotsky!

Here was the Bolshevik trinity before which he bent his knee in abject idolatrous worship. The Bolshevik trinity which—he was convinced—would ultimately conquer the whole world, just as this afternoon he was conquering himself—was conquering his fear as he stared through the window at the coiling matted jungle, the savage tribesmen, as he told himself that it was easier to preach revolution in Brooklyn than to fight for it in the wilderness.

THE door opened. He jumped up. He grew angry as Yvonne entered—because he was embarrassed, wondering if she had seen the bottles, had seen his face, pale and drawn and tense with the struggle between his fear and his bravery.

He turned to her. He tried to be calm and sternly dignified.

"Get out of here!" he said.

But he spoiled the effect by winding up in a resounding alcoholic hiccough; and Yvonne—her sense of humor being stronger than her own fear—could not suppress a sad little smile.

It made him still more angry.

"Will you get out of here?" he cried, and he came a step nearer to her.

She controlled her mirth.

"Wait!" she begged. "I want to talk to you about my son, to ask you if . . ."

"Orders have been given."

"I know. But . . ."

"Impossible to make exceptions."

"Please—listen to me . . ."

She stated her case in simple terms. Her little Jean, she told him, had never been away from her. He was inclined to be nervous, high-strung; had recently had an attack of malaria. But as long as he was with her he wouldn't give any trouble. So . . .

"Impossible to make exceptions," Milton Greenes repeated.

She pleaded with him. He remained adamant. She wept.

"Please," she sobbed, "please, please! Oh, you cannot say no to me! You cannot! Please, please—for the love of Jesus!"

Here—had she known the man, his history, his obsession—was the worst blunder she could have made.

"For the love of Jesus, eh? . . ." he yelled. "I do not love Him! I despise Him! I hate Him! Ah"—unconsciously quoting from one of his speeches with which often, in the past, he had brought down the house in Paris, Barcelona, New York—"I have declared war against Him! I shall fight Him—vanquish Him! . . ."

Then a flood of foul invective against the Deity. And suddenly Yvonne forgot her fear. She forgot the reason which had brought her here; forgot little Jean.

This—*bon, Dieu!*—was blasphemy unspeakable.

"*You*," she exclaimed, "hate *Him?* You fight *Him?* Why"—and her laughter was harsh and brittle—"you funny, funny, funny little man!"

He turned pale with rage.

Always—since a day of his childhood when a large beefy Russian policeman had made fun of his pipestem legs, his thin arms, his narrow sunken chest, his weedy neck—Milton Greenes had flinched before ridicule. Ridicule aimed at his physical shortcomings.

He gave a scream of rage. He cursed her, raised an arm to strike her.

Instinctively she recoiled. His hand, aimed at her face, came into contact with her shoulder, clutched it. She pulled away. He held on. There was a ripping sound, a glimpse of soft, white flesh—and all at once the man's taut mental excitement came to a physical head. The brandy-and-absinthe fumes shot a flame of desire through his body. He took her in his arms. His breath was hot and sensuous on her mouth. . . .

She cried for help; and he mocked her.

"Go on! Yell all you want to! Who d'you think will come to your aid? The French army? Or maybe the Moys? Tell you what they'll do! They'll have you—after I'm through with you. . . ."

His fingers sought, clawed, tore. He rent her waist to ribbons. He dragged her toward a corner.

She resisted, struck at him.

He struck back. His fist hit her on the jaw, sent her reeling.

"Help! Help!"

So ineffectual. So ludicrous.

"Help! Help! Help!"

---

*Who will hear and heed the despairing cry of poor Yvonne cornered by this drunken coward? Is there a loophole of escape for her? Bestiality would seem to be the only answer. In next week's Liberty the final curtain falls on a scene you will never forget.*

DID I BLUSH WHEN HE ASKED HOW I KNEW SO MUCH ABOUT BARBASOL!

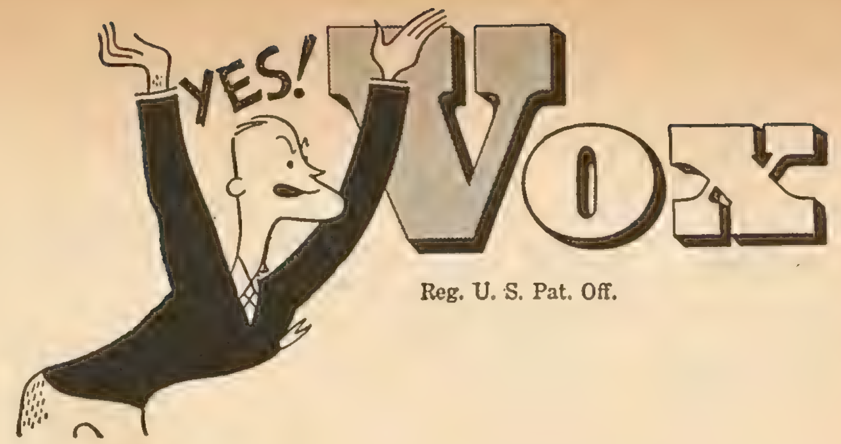
**"GEE, YOUR FACE IS BRISTLY,"** I says to this new boy friend of mine when I let him kiss me. "I know," he says, "but my skin's too tender to stand two shaves a day." And I says, "Fiddlesticks, why don't you use Barbasol instead of that old-fashioned stuff that bites and burns your skin and makes it rough and tender?"

**DID MY EARS GET RED** when he says "How come you know so much about Barbasol?" I thought quick and says, "Every girl knows that a gentle cream like Barbasol wouldn't hurt the skin, even if you shaved three times a day. That's why a Barbasol Face is smoother, fresher, sort of younger-like."

**HE GOT A BARBASOL FACE,** and is he tickled! Then he tells me his father set him straight about Barbasol—how it's made with beneficial ingredients that not only soften the beard, but are soothing as well. Has old-fashioned shaving beat a mile—quicker, cleaner, you know. (Barbasol is sold everywhere, 25¢, 50¢, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades, 15¢.)

Barbasol
for Modern Shaving
Barbasol

For modern shaving—
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## THIS VANDERBILT BOY CERTAINLY GETS AROUND

MIAMI, FLA.—When I read the article by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in which he graphically told us about the last hours of peace in Europe (October 14 Liberty), I knew at once just what our country needed most.

This Vanderbilt boy certainly gets around. He commandeers a plane every hour or so, and swoops down in a different country, where he permits the kings to dine or cocktail him, accompany him horseback riding or to a concert, pops in on Wallie and Edward, spares a moment for some stray general, admiral, ambassador, or other bigwig; analyzes the situation at a glance. Example:

He lands in France, dines with Ambassador Bullitt and several of the Roosevelts, quickly leaves them, calls up a girl and goes slumming in the Gare de l'Est, analyzes the situation at a glance. He excuses himself a moment, and telegraphs Liberty that France is secretly mobilizing, that Germany and Russia are negotiating, that something must be up. France gets excited, goes into a huddle, orders out the guillotine, captures Cornelius, and lures him into Premier Daladier's office, where M. Bressi and party give him the works. Vanderbilt parried these inquisitors, tricked them into spilling the beans, and walked out!

Two and a half hours later we find him dining at the American Embassy with Daladier, General Gamelin, Bonnet, the admiral of the navy, new air minister, president of the Bank of France, chief of press, and others. Missing from the luncheon: President Lebrun. But shortly after lunch Lebrun is granted an audience, where he breaks down and confesses that France would shortly have 6,000,000 men mobilized. Boy, that's showing Bullitt how it's done! I'll bet Bullitt looked as bewildered as a group of Rotarians trying to sing the national anthem.

After looking in on Germany and all the others (including the Scandinavian), where he analyzed them at a glance, we find our demon reporter at last in England and homeward bound. Here was the only king he missed; for there is no mention of dinner with George VI. But the big climax will make Jim Farley's hair stand on end.

At Southampton, the Empress of Australia, bound for Canada, took on Vanderbilt and $35,000,000 in gold and set out for home. And there sat Captain Meikel on the bridge, as complacent as a Christian holding four aces, unwittingly headed for certain destruction, when suddenly Vanderbilt, ever alert, picks up a strange S O S with his portable. Again he analyzed the situation at a glance. Fake message from enemy ship trying to lure the Empress, Vanderbilt, and $35,000,000 gold to destruction. He rushes to captain and informs him of the danger. Get the picture, folks. Remember how your mother looked when you told your little brother who Santa Claus was? Tush, tush! The captain looked at Vanderbilt—and what a look!—and ordered the engine room, "Put on that last boiler and give it to her!" And, with Vanderbilt and $35,000,000 gold, the Empress of Australia zigzagged safely home.

We are all crazy to know the secret he has for President Roosevelt alone. Which brings us down to our country's greatest need:

When the President clears up the Woodring-Johnson feud in the War Department, let him give out to the press:

Vanderbilt now batting for Bullitt, Biddle, and Kennedy.

But it's all in fun, Liberty. Give us more of Vanderbilt. I haven't laughed so much since Hoover told us what prohibition was. — *Gaither Perry.*

## PEERLESS LUDWIG

ALEXANDRIA, VA.—I wish to protest the lambasting of Emil Ludwig by one of your Vox Poppers in September 23 Liberty. Mr. Ludwig, to my mind (and I believe millions of other Americans), is peerless as a biographer and interpreter of the times. His Napoleon, Son of Man, etc., were masterpieces.

To say give us no more Ludwig is like saying, give us no more bread.—*A. Ray Nolan.*

## RULING THE AIR WAVES

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.— I have just finished More They Would Not Let Me Tell on the Air (October 14 Liberty), and I agree with Mr. Oursler in his last paragraph: "This is one hell of a state of affairs in a free United States of America." But let's go a lot further and say that during the entire Roosevelt administration the country in general has been put in a hell of a state of affairs, and getting worse.

The reasons given by the official censor are disgusting and show the extent the Roosevelt administration will go to protect the name of one that donated a fortune to their campaign fund. It is my hope that the Dies Committee will expose every thin-skinned member of any organization that is supported by Reds, bunds, or isms. The Harry Bridges case out here on the Pacific Coast is a good example of how our government will support this kind of truck.

I am an ex-service man, wounded twice, gassed twice, went overseas with the first 5,000, and was paid good money to kill much better men than our government now allows to roam our country and create unrest.—*H. I. B.*

## LOT'S WIFE'S CLOTHES

JOPLIN, MO.—You picked a very charming Short Short, Lot's Wife, for your October 14 issue. However, the author evidently had the lady very much overdressed, or wanted to assure us that she didn't go out in her pajamas. He had her dress three times in the first four paragraphs.—*Chester D. Rowton.*

## WHY ALEXANDER WEPT

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Now that world conquest is under way again (?), it brings to mind what Alexander the Great wept for. He did not weep for "more worlds to conquer." Plutarch's description of this incident was that when Alexander heard from Anaxarchus that there was an infinite number of worlds, he wept. Upon being questioned by his friends, he explained that he thought it a matter worthy of tears that when there were so many worlds he had not yet conquered one.—*David Lockhard.*

## THE HORDES OF HELL NOW ON A RAMPAGE

MAGNOLIA, ARK.—For over a year I have been reading the editorials in Liberty, and I want to express my deep appreciation for Mr. Macfadden's courageous writings. His editorial on The Hordes of Hell Now on a Rampage (October 7 Liberty) is a very timely and forceful editorial. Hitler is mad. He is inhuman in his ruthless destruction of property and human rights. I am glad that England and France finally called his hand. I hope America will let England and France have all the airplanes, ammunition, and food supplies necessary to rid the earth of international lawlessness.

I want also to express my appreciation of the articles in Liberty on I Joined the Bund. You are giving the country great information that we all need. Russia and Germany are trying to overthrow our government by their secret organizations. We should make relentless war upon these organizations. If people coming here from other nations are not for us, let us get rid of them. We do not need them, and, for my part, I do not care how quickly they are

sent out of this country or put behind prison bars.—*Seth C. Reynolds.*

### SENT TO CUPID IN DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR

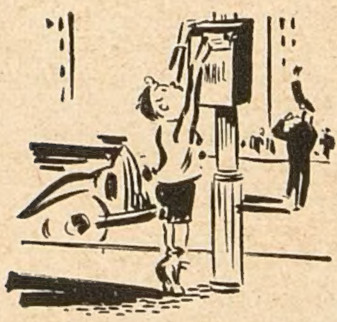
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Seeing you ask in Liberty, Can Such Things Be? I wonder if this is true: A woman wrote to the Interior Department asking the federal government to help her get a sweetheart.

"I have heard," she wrote, "there was a branch connected with the Interior Department dedicated to Cupid. I am twenty-seven years of age, am five feet three inches tall, weigh 135 pounds, am good-looking, neat. I like music, books, and the out-of-doors."

Maybe some Vox Poppers can give us the low-down on this.—*Emma Cody.*

### CHANGE F. D. R.'s BIRTHDAY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Now that we are told that we must eat our Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday, November 23, I would like to make a suggestion to the people who eat it: The President's birthday is too near Christmas and New Year's. Why not change it to April 1 and forget it?—*F. L. Foote.*



### ARTIST'S CUCKOO CLOCK

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Answering Jean Ballon (October 28 Vox Pop): When I painted that cuckoo clock, I wound it up and worked so cussed fast on it that the lower weight never did appear in the picture. Darn it! If Liberty would only make the cover longer, I could have put in the other weight.

Oh, yes, Jean, like you I live in a hick town too!—*Cushman Parker.*

### PUTRID PROGNOSTICATIONS

NASHVILLE, TENN. — For the first bunch of putrid prognostications in the 1939 football season, a great big bunch of sour grapes to Norman L. Sper (Pigskin Prophecies, October 14 Liberty).

Somebody please tell the gentleman that there's a little place up in South Bend, Indiana, that turns out some pretty darned good football teams each year. And since when does Notre Dame deserve to be left out of the "top ten"?

If Tennessee can't play the "best" on the Coast, they certainly won't go all the way to the Rose Bowl to play a push-over Trojan team. And, brother, don't ever think that Tennessee's opposition is of a lower caliber than the U. S. C.'s. It seems to me that Dixie teams have done pretty well in the Rose Bowl: winning four, losing three, and tying one.—*Karl Schmidt, Jr.*

### A DOLLAR WOULD GO MUCH FARTHER THEN

ARDMORE, OKLA.—Mr. Paul Bass proclaims (October 7 Vox Pop) that the story of Washington throwing a dollar across the Potomac near Mount Vernon is untrue and expresses the opinion that such a remarkable feat seems hardly possible of accomplishment.

I fail to concur with Mr. Bass in his opinion. I believe that an even more difficult task was accomplished by Washington when, on the memorable night of Christmas, 1776, he crossed the Delaware after his subordinates had repeatedly tried and failed.

Also, Mr. Bass seems to forget that during Washington's time a dollar would go much farther than it will today.—*Virgil Durham.*

### WASP-WAISTED MOTHERS

RICHMOND, VA.—The author of Corsets and Early Graves (October 14 Vox Pop) does not tell us of the thousands of women who have died before the age of forty-four that never wore a corset; nor of the wasp-waisted Elizabeth, one of the longest reigning monarchs of England. Thousands of similarly corseted women, French as well as English, have produced children that have made history. America, too, has never been wanting in brilliant intellects following wasp-waist corset fashions.

Personally, I have maintained my corseted figure through years of changing fashions, and have enjoyed perfect health. My physical weakness and ill health of childhood were entirely restored by properly fitted and tight corsetry.—*Marita Delores.*

### WHY NOT ADD TO YOUR VOCABULARY?

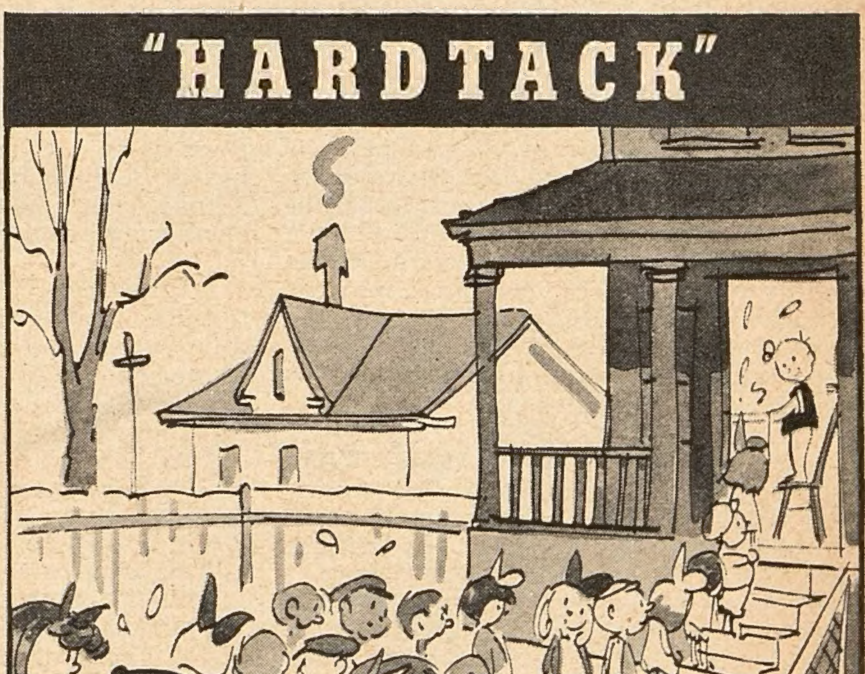
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.—How many people know the definition of "ferine," "prurient," "stridulant," and "cacophony," used in one short paragraph of The Shadow of the Master? (October 7 Liberty.)

The paragraph, "A mob, reacting to ferine prurient passion. Insane, as this German mob was insane—and the cries of hate no longer stridulant and distinct but a blurred cacophony."

It seems that everyday words and phrases could have been used, or does this type of story require these high-sounding words and phrases?—*Roland Rogers.*

### MISSES PRAYERS

HAMILTON, OHIO—We've been missing your prayer articles. What's happened? People quit praying? Then there is little wonder that the world has gone cockeyed. Ah, that feature was so much consolation! Why did it stop?—*Myrele Callahan.*



"Don't he know any other game besides follow-the-leader? I'm gettin' tired of washin' dishes every night!"

# Is It As Bad As This?

**FULTON OURSLER**
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

**SOME WEEKS** ago a literary agent brought into the office an anonymous manuscript. One always distrusts anonymous manuscripts, and of this one I was especially suspicious, because it dealt with the behavior of college boys and girls in coeducational colleges. There has been so much talk about the prevalence of immorality among students today that an anonymous treatment of the subject seemed unpromising indeed; yet, at the agent's urgent insistence, I read the manuscript, and was glad that I did. . . . The article purported to be a report of the observations of a sorority supervisor in an American college. What struck home was its calm air of detachment. Here was no old-maidish squealing with alarm at the antics of the younger generation. There was nothing shrill in its tone. It was clearly the product of a mature and gravely disturbed mind. One put down the manuscript with the thought, Is it really as bad as this? . . . Naturally, before this manuscript could be published, we had to know the identity of its author. More, we had to investigate the standing of that person; and, still more, there must be forthcoming an affidavit certifying to the truth of the statements. So an investigation was started. The identity of the author was at once disclosed and we found that her standing was unimpeachable. Moreover, she signed an affidavit attesting to the complete truth of the conditions which she described, most of which she had observed for herself, the rest of which had been observed by her husband, who was a professor in the college.

**IT IS NOT A PLEASANT TASK** to present these findings to the American people. Our young people have come in for a lot of kicking around in the last few years. Many of them feel that they have been unfairly attacked; that the older generation will not give them a fair hearing. We of the Liberty staff who have read this manuscript do not for one moment believe that it constitutes an indictment against American youth. We believe that American youth is made up, like American middle age, of all sorts and conditions of people—wise and prudent, stupid and intelligent, ambitious and indolent. But there are conditions in our colleges, and especially in coeducational institutions, that are completely out of hand; conditions that must disturb every thoughtful person. The sooner American parents become aware of what these conditions are, the sooner that portion of our youth involved in such excesses can be brought back to their senses. . . . One of the most upsetting features of this situation is the collapse of discipline, the helplessness of the faculty; an indifference that seems to pass quickly into a sense of dazed futility. When teachers shut their eyes to promiscuity among boys and girls placed under their care, and give up the battle, it is time for frank speaking. . . . We publish this manuscript next week in a public-spirited sense of duty, and we feel that every parent should read it.

**WELL, THAT IS ONLY ONE SIDE** of life, and we can take comfort from that fact. There is plenty of fun in life too, and there will be plenty of fun in next week's Liberty, including three excellent short stories: Headline Lady, by Reita Lambert; Tenderly and Forever, by Nan O'Reilly; and A Lion by the Tail, by Sidney S. Lenz. John Erskine has another exciting article about Hollywood, and other features include A New Weapon for Peace Insurance, by Senator Robert R. Reynolds; Red Ink: What Russia Is Doing to American Books and Movies, by George E. Sokolsky; More Dreams that Cleared Up Murder, by H. G. Hargrave; How I Will Take Another Title from Armstrong, by Lou Ambers; other features and installments of the current serials.

**CHATTER BY THE WAY:** You will be interested to know that another article from Liberty, this time " Stay *Out*, America! " by a group of war correspondents of the first World War, was reprinted in the Congressional Record for October 14. . . . From Lester B. Colby, associate editor of Sales Management magazine, comes the following rib at our old friend Carl Crow:

" After carefully following Liberty for quite a time I'm convinced that something queer is going on. In fact, I suspect trickery. You claim to have the one and only Carl Crow on your staff writing about China.

" The one real, original Carl Crow is an old pal of mine with whom I cubbed down in Texas. Just a little while ago I said good-by to him over a cold bottle, and he went away to the China Coast.

" Now look at the guy you've got!

" He has been described in Liberty as: *Short and fat.* That's *your* man. My Carl Crow, I know, is supple and slender, trim as an Astaire, nimble and airy on his toes. *Red-faced.* That's what *you've* got. My fellow is, by Mohammed, clear of eye and his skin is fair; his cheeks like the pink of a young girl's fingertips. *Teeth*—modern put-and-take models, in-and-outers. My boy has the teeth of a primitive—good, pearly nippers, stout and firm; hell-raisers with a steak. *Blood for breakfast*—ugh! *My* Carl Crow is a grapefruit-poached-egg-coffee softy who likes his cream thick and his toast brown. Nearing 60! Yah! That convicts you. My kid Carl is in his twenties. I'm gray around the muzzle like an old beaver, but young Crow's a mere lad. I know it. He was just drying behind the ears when he sailed.

" Your Crow! My Crow! Nope. In the name of Confucius, something's wrong somewhere. I charge you, you've an impostor.

" Very truly yours,
" LESTER B. COLBY."

☆

**THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.**
**FULTON OURSLER.**

Liberty
*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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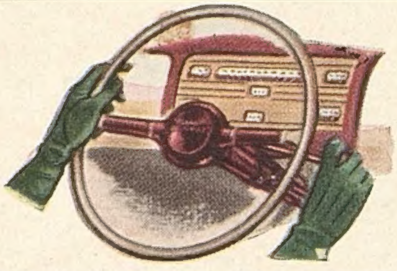
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY WILLIAM WILLS

# 22 Important Improvements in THE NEW FORD CARS for 1940



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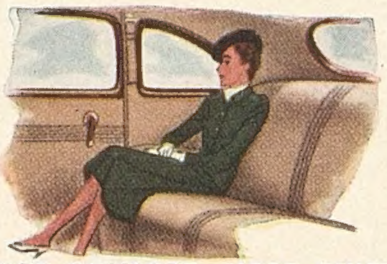

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Underlying all these improvements are the basic advantages which Ford owners already enjoy. Smooth V-8 engine — the only V-8 in its price class. Powerful hydraulic brakes. Steady, stabilized chassis. Triple-cushioned comfort. All-around economy.

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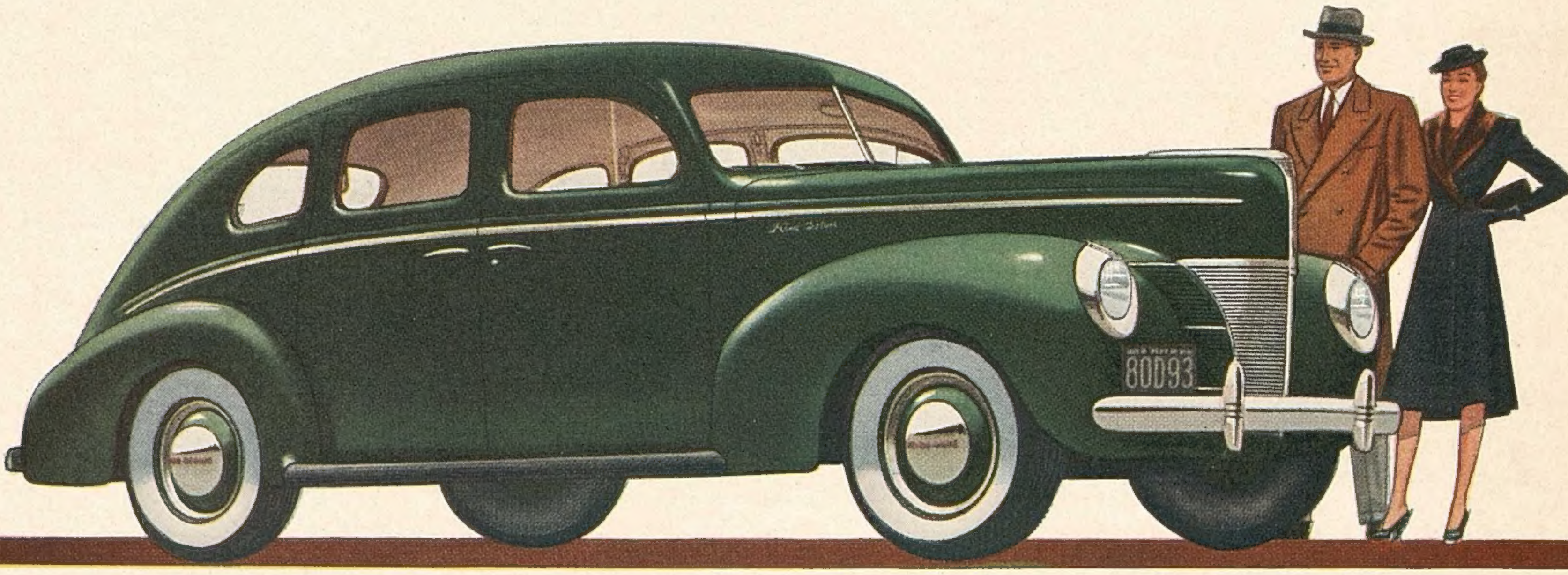

## 22 IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

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4. Improved spring suspension*
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**FOR CONVENIENCE**

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**FOR SILENCE**

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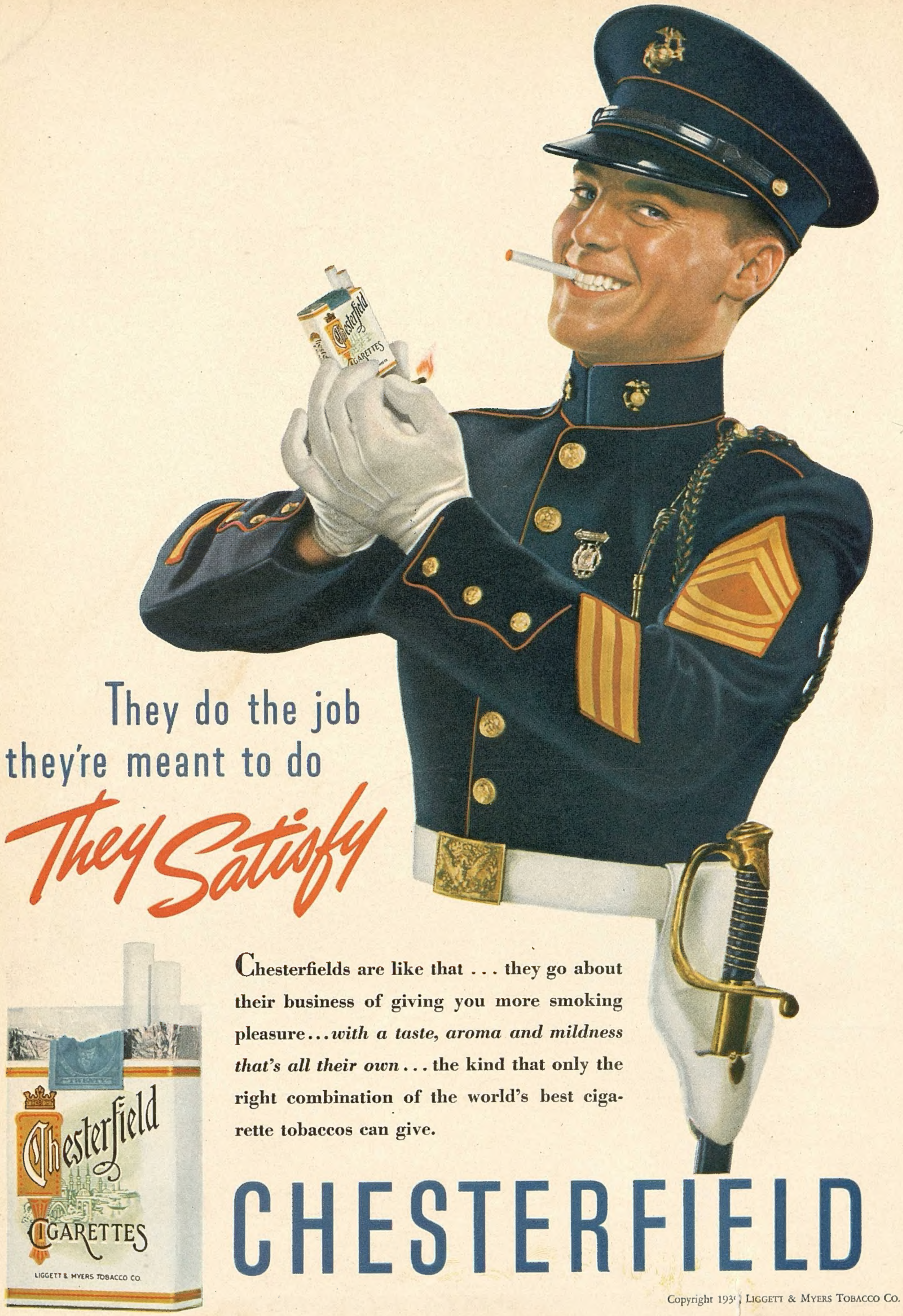
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